

# ARTNEWS

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200  
COLLECTORS

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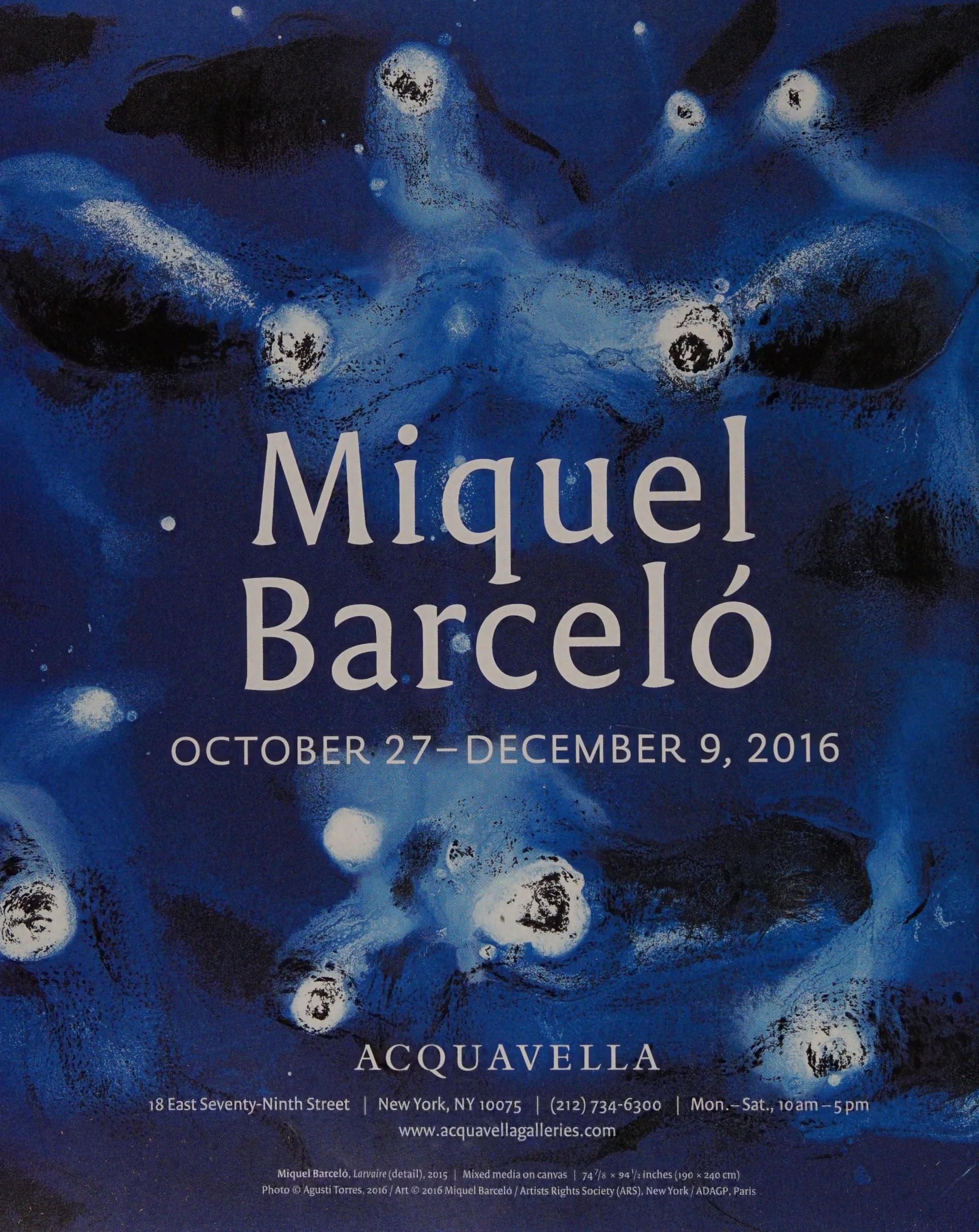
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Miquel Barceló, *Larvaires* (detail), 2015 | Mixed media on canvas |  $74\frac{7}{8} \times 94\frac{1}{2}$  inches (190 x 240 cm)  
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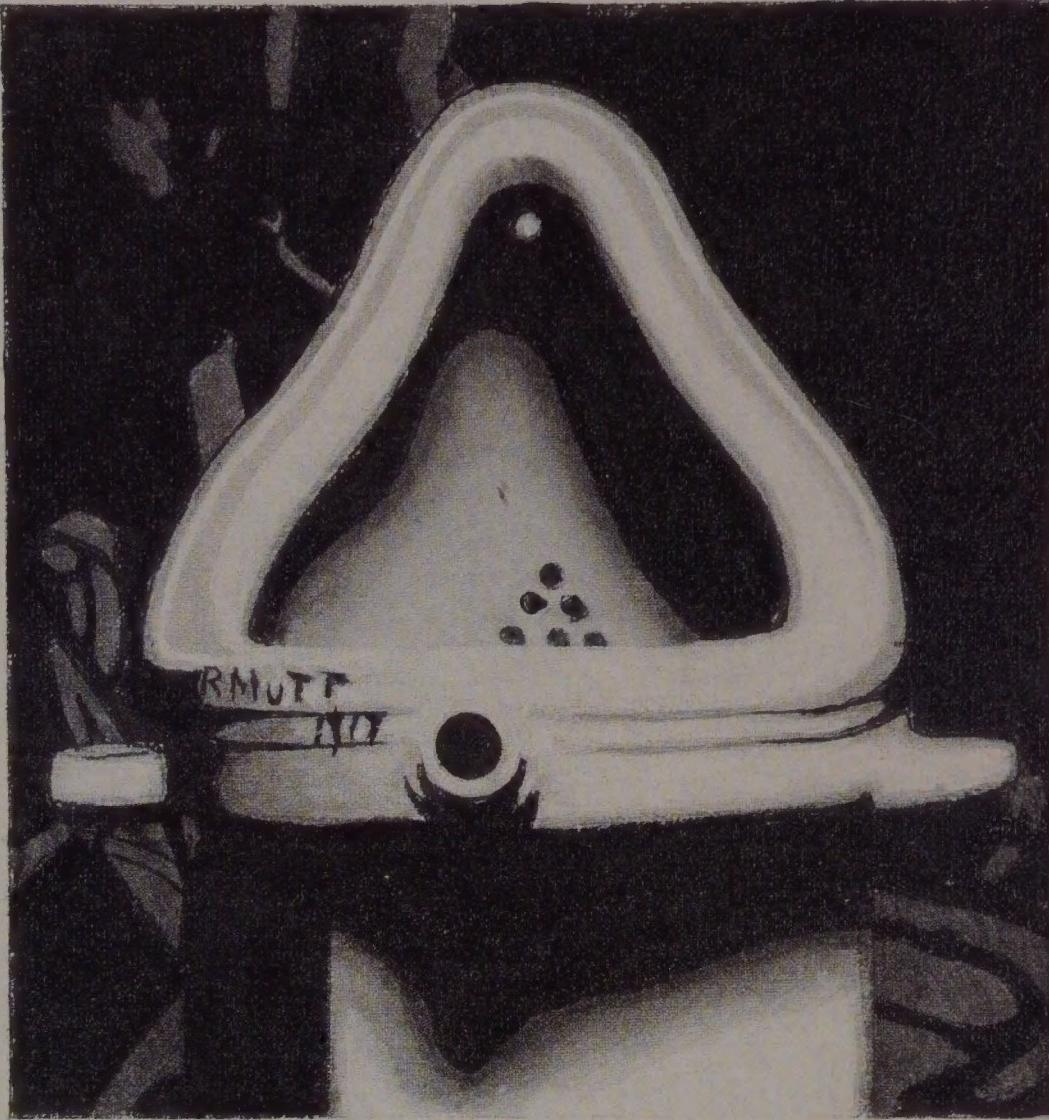


# Lynda Benglis

CHEIM & READ 547 WEST 25 STREET SEPTEMBER 8–OCTOBER 22, 2016

# THE BLIND MAN

PHOTO STIEGLITZ



R MUTT FOUNTAIN 1917

SELF PORTRAIT R PETTIBONE 2015

Richard Pettibone, *The Blind Man*, 2015, oil on canvas, 7 1/2 x 6 1/4 inches

## The Blind Man Recent Paintings by Richard Pettibone

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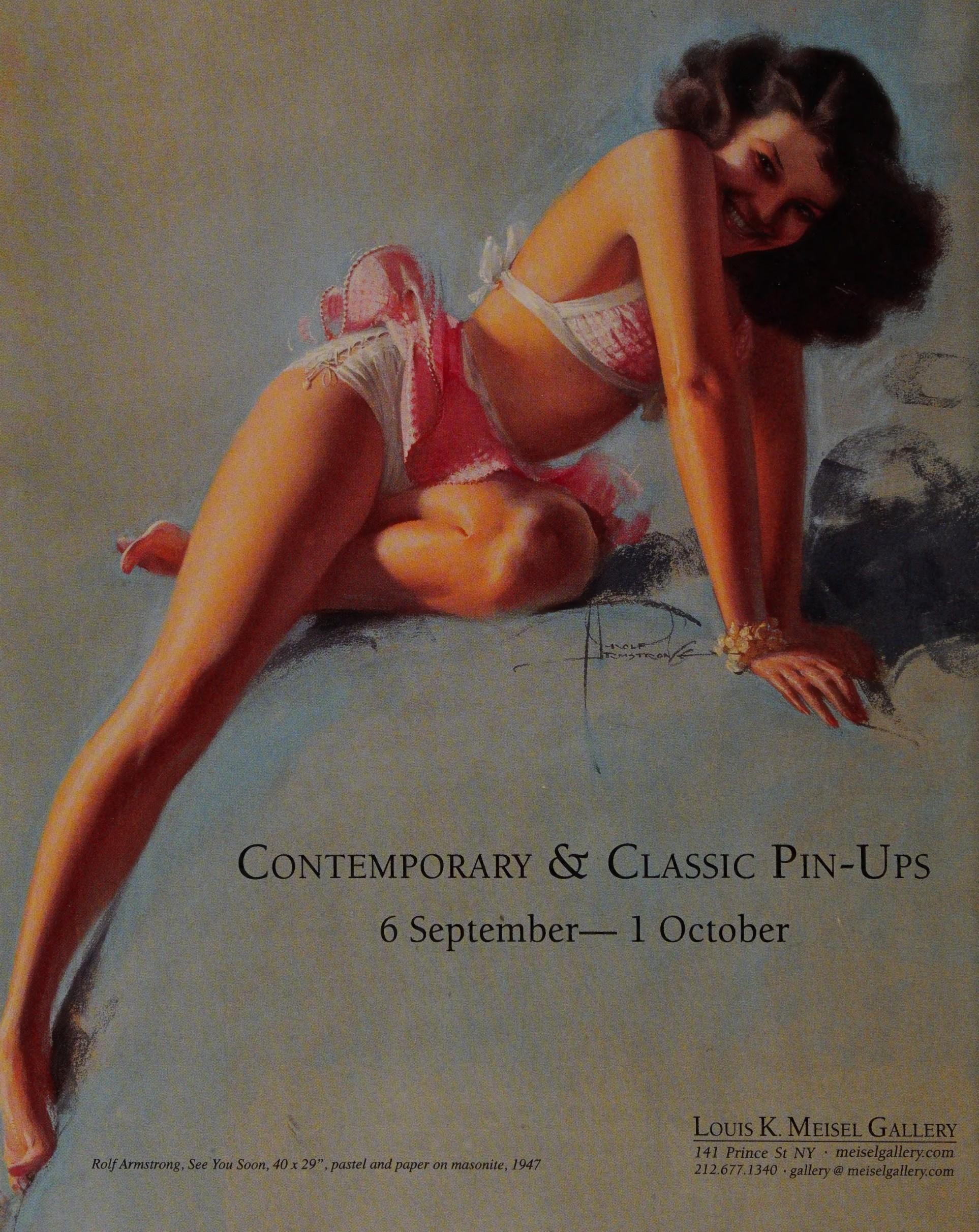
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Sean Scully, *Stranger*, 1987. oil on linen, 96 x 124 inches (243.8 x 315 cm)



## CONTEMPORARY & CLASSIC PIN-UPS

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Rolf Armstrong, *See You Soon*, 40 x 29", pastel and paper on masonite, 1947

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*The World's Top*

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COVER Kayla Camstra, as an auction bidder, photographed by Katherine McMahon, in Brooklyn, New York, on July 16.

**PACE**



# **Michal Rovner**

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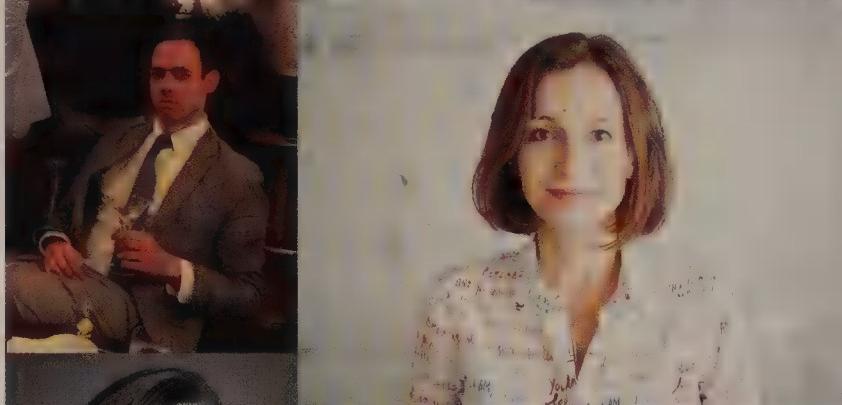
## Emmanuel Iduma

Emmanuel Iduma, born and raised in Nigeria, is a writer and art critic. He is the author of the novel *The Sound of Things to Come* (The Mantle, 2016) and co-editor of *Gambit: Newer African Writing* (The Mantle, 2014). He cofounded and directs Saraba magazine. A lawyer by training, he holds an MFA in Art Criticism and Writing from the School of Visual Arts, New York.



## Nate Freeman

Nate Freeman is the senior staff writer of ARTnews. He has written for numerous publications, including W, T Magazine, and Interview. He lives in Manhattan.



## Kayla Camstra

Kayla Camstra is an artist and an art handler at the Brooklyn Museum. She proudly exhibits her hand on the cover of this issue of ARTnews, posing as an auction goer, and plays the roles of gavel-wielding auctioneer and phone-bidding specialist in the opener to our Top 200 collectors list. Currently residing in Greenpoint, she enjoys textile painting in her studio with her 12-year-old poodle mix, her 20-pound cat, and her loving boyfriend.



## Rachel Wetzler

Rachel Wetzler is a New York-based writer and a doctoral candidate in art history at City University of New York Graduate Center. Her writing has appeared in Artforum, Art in America, and elsewhere.



## Zoë Lescaze

Zoë Lescaze is a writer and art critic based in New York, where she was born and raised. She is the author of *Paleoart: Visions of the Prehistoric Past 1830–1990*, forthcoming from Taschen.



## Steve Brodner

Steve Brodner, whose illustrations appear in "House Arrest" (p. 92), has been a satiric artist for more than four decades. His work has appeared in many major publications in the United States and won many awards. It appears regularly in the Nation, the Village Voice, the New York Times, the L.A. Times, and the Boston Globe, among others.

## Sarah Thornton

Sarah Thornton is the author of three books and hundreds of articles. Her narrative nonfiction bestseller, *Seven Days in the Art World*, is available in 20 languages. Her latest book, *33 Artists in 3 Acts*, is a behind-the-scenes investigation of artists' lives and practices. Formerly the chief writer on contemporary art for the Economist, Thornton is a Canadian and British citizen who now lives in San Francisco.

## Jacob Lewkow

Jacob Lewkow is a Detroit-based commercial and editorial photographer. His work focuses on people, food, and everyday life, highlighting Detroit's optimism and energy.

## Catherine Wagley

Catherine Wagley writes about art and visual culture in Los Angeles. She currently works as an art critic at L.A. Weekly and regularly contributes to a number of other publications.

## Samuel Adams

Samuel Adams is a research fellow at the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston. Previously, he worked at the Getty Research Institute and the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. He holds a Ph.D. in art history from the University of Southern California.



TO BREAK THE RULES,  
YOU MUST FIRST MASTER  
THEM.

THE VALLEE DE JOURX FOR MILLENNIA A HARSH, UNYIELDING ENVIRONMENT, AND SINCE 1875, THE HOME OF AUDEMARS PIGUET, IN THE VILLAGE OF LE BRASSUS, THE EARLY WATCHMAKERS WERE SHAPED HERE, IN AWE OF THE FORCE OF NATURE YET DRIVEN TO MASTER ITS MYSTERIES THROUGH THE COMPLEX MECHANICS OF THEIR CRAFT. STILL TODAY THIS PIONEERING SPIRIT INSPIRES US TO CONSTANTLY CHALLENGE THE CONVENTIONS OF FINE WATCHMAKING.



ROYAL OAK  
CONCEPT  
SUPEROCHRONOGRAPH  
IN TITANIUM

AUDEMARS PIGUET  
*Le Brassus*

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# Ashcan Perspectives



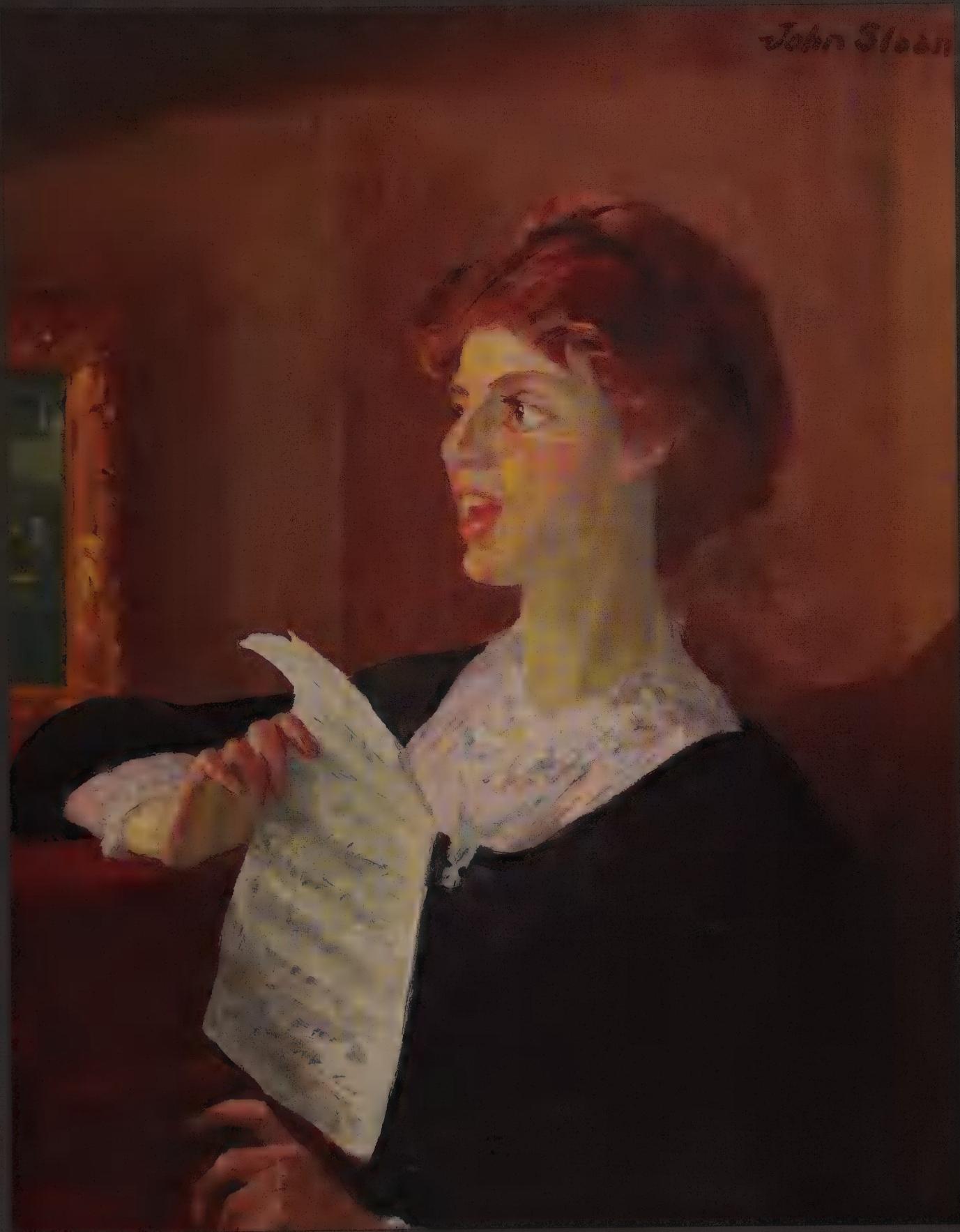
Left: Edward Hopper, 1882–1967  
*Portrait of Guy Pène du Bois*, ca. 1904  
Oil on canvas, 24 1/2 x 17 1/2 inches  
Signed (at lower left): EDWARD HOPPER  
Provenance: Estate of Guy Pène Du Bois

Right: John Sloan, 1871–1951  
*Volunteer Singing*, 1908  
Oil on canvas, 42 x 26 inches  
Signed (at upper right): John Sloan  
Provenance: Estate of the Artist

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# Editor's Letter



s we at *ARTnews* were putting this issue together, I kept returning to the story of Ernest Hemingway and *The Farm*. Hemingway bought Joan Miró's painting of that title—an exacting inventory of a typical Catalan farm, from donkey to watering can—in the early 1930s, shortly after Miró had completed it. Typical of Hemingway's macho mythologizing, he wanted posterity to register that he had bought the canvas with 5,000 francs in winnings from a boxing match; historians, however, believe that money was more likely earned from his delivering groceries. But what has always most transfixed me is Hemingway's description of bringing the picture home. "In the open taxi the wind caught the big canvas as though it were a sail, and we made the taxi driver crawl along." In highlighting the painting's physical vulnerability, he draws attention to its object-hood.

And it is indeed the object itself that is at the heart of collecting, which is the subject of this issue of *ARTnews*. The centerpiece, of course, is the 26th edition of our Top 200 Collectors list, and every article in it relates to collecting in some way or another. Barbara Pollack, for example, talked to Qiao Zhibing, a Chinese collector on our list about a museum that he's creating out of disused oil tanks. And artist Brian Belott, interviewed in these pages, tells Bill Powers about his stash of old answering-machine tapes. Then there are the art dealers, in particular, those of the past, for whom we now feel a great deal of nostalgia, as *ARTnews* co-executive editor Andrew Russeth argues. They helped assemble the world's great collections.

Eventually, some collections end up in the public trust: *ARTnews* deputy editor M. H. Miller spent a week in Detroit, a city that, during bankruptcy proceedings three years ago, flirted with the idea of putting pieces from the world-class holdings of its Detroit Institute of Arts up for sale to pay the city's creditors. The collector's impulse to preserve and protect finds an echo in Zoë Lescaze's feature on the arduous efforts of Donald Judd's children to maintain their father's properties in New York and Texas. And finally, *ARTnews* senior staff writer Nate Freeman gained access to the New Guard at Sotheby's, where many a collector has acquired many an artwork, and discussed with them how the business is changing.

We collect objects, but we also affix aspirations to them. In that vein, a comment that kept resonating for me as this issue went to press was that of artist Ursula von Rydingsvard, on her collection of wooden pieces ranging from African masks to old shovels, combs, and farm tools—things that she says "play a major role in keeping my spirits high and in continuing my belief in humanity."



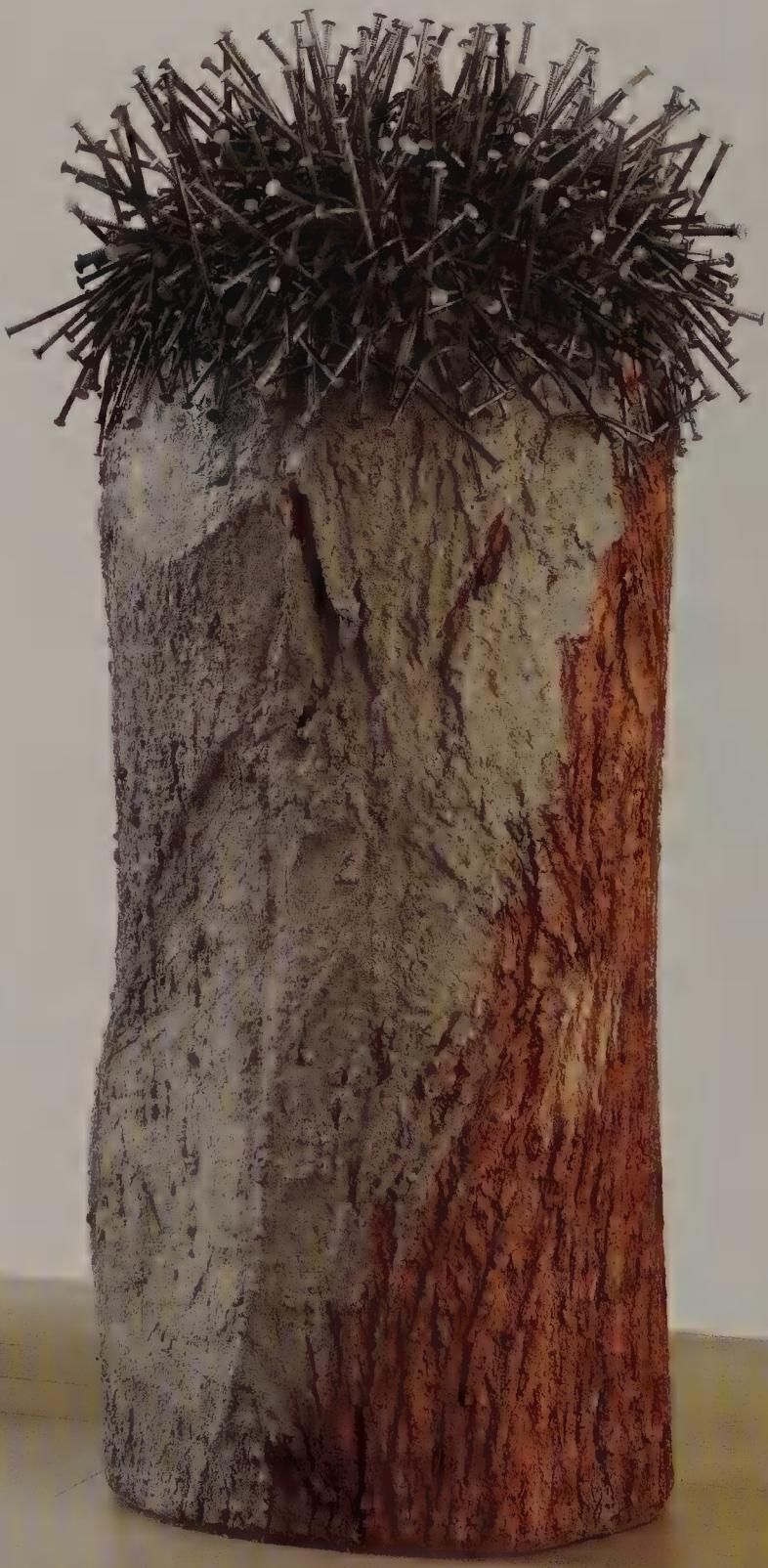
A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Sarah Douglas".

SARAH DOUGLAS, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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IMAGE: PABLO HELGUERA, "GALLERY STABLE," 2009, INDIA INK ON MUSEUM BOARD, 12 X 9 INCHES

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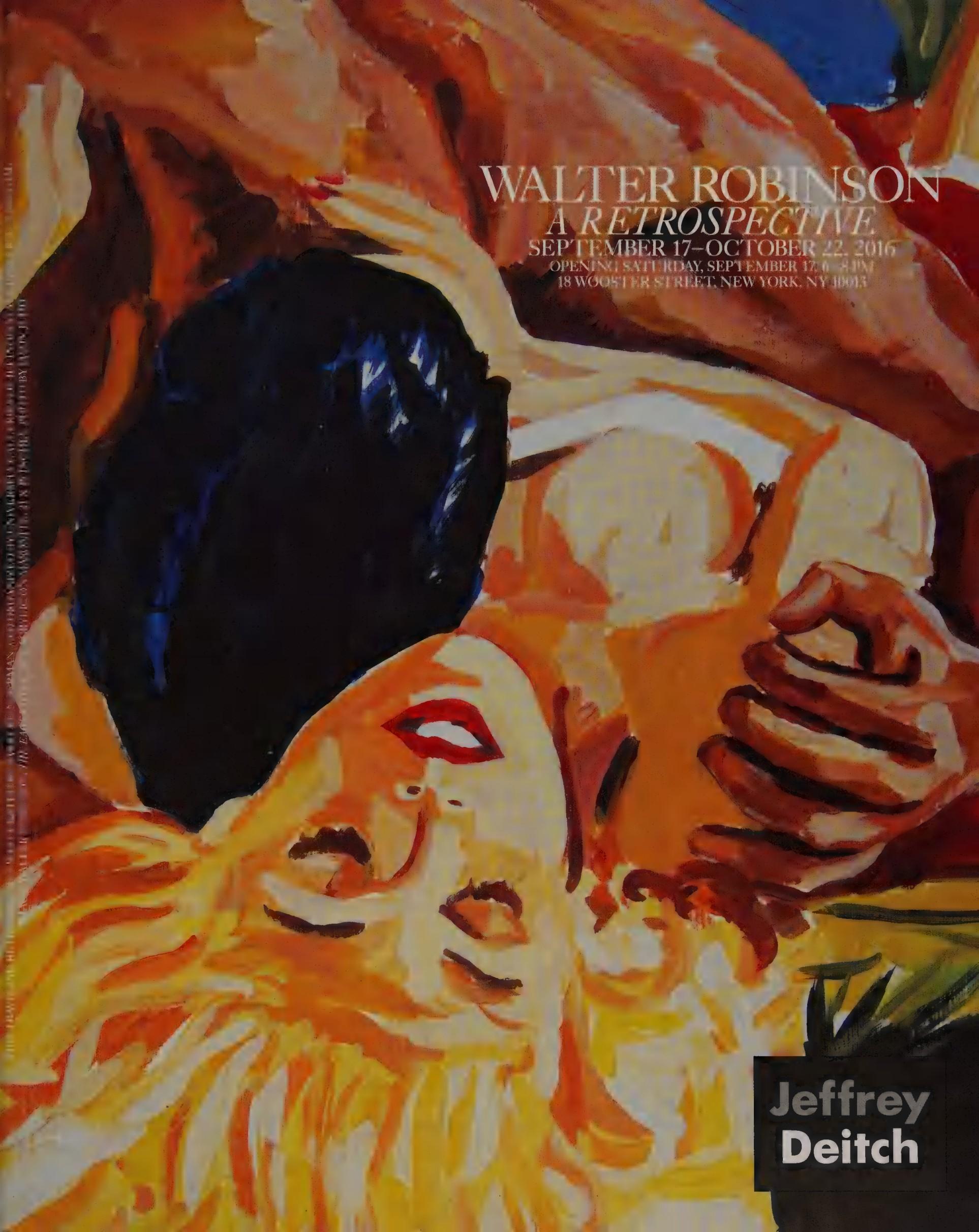
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# Q & A



# Brian Belott

BY BILL POWERS  
PORTRAIT BY CHRIS SANDERS

**Bill Powers:** Look at how decadent you are, with the window open in your studio and the AC blasting.

**Brian Belott:** I'm wasteful, but I recycle, so it balances out.

**BP:** I've never seen a box fan incorporated into one of your paintings before. Is that a new development?

**BB:** Yeah, pretty much. At [the] NADA [art fair in New York] this year I was juggling box fans with my friend Billy Grant. We opened for Tyson Reeder's performance *Cold Steel*. We're doing this Clothesline project together at the Serpentine in London.

**BP:** Is Clothesline the name of your collective?

**BB:** Well, we have several working names: one is Clothesline, one is Christmas, one is George de George Hair Cuts Hair.



**BP:** I don't think of you as a performance artist and yet you enjoy making a spectacle of yourself.

**BB:** I never got into skating, but what I do is similar, only without the board. Get your head where your feet are as quickly as possible. I've always been into Dadaism and absurdism. I think they're still the rule of the day.

**BP:** Do you like that kind of attention?

**BB:** I was the class clown in high school. I think it comes from being wound tight, from being rowdy and ridiculous. My father was an upstart and a loudmouth. I've always reacted to comedy in whatever form. I still remember seeing my first Marx Brothers movie, *Night at the Opera*, at the Jersey Shore in 1986. My little brain couldn't wrap itself around all those jokes, but I knew the movie was dear

to my psyche. There was something about the multiplicity of when the brothers overlapped and the mayhem they created. I'm always looking for a partner in crime, a way to hit people three times over.

**BP:** I believe it was Nam June Paik who said it's important to overwhelm your audience.

**BB:** I'm also obsessed with John Coltrane.

**BP:** Who is not really known for his comedy.

**BB:** No, but his freak-outs, his eruptions. Now, it's way different in his case because he was very spiritual. I found that a very strange mix—someone freaking out for God. I guess Bach was like that, too, or Sun Ra. They were daredevils of the highest order.

**BP:** Now that you're showing with Gavin Brown is it harder to keep to your absurdist roots?

**BB:** No, I need to follow that instinct and foil sensible things. I believe that our world is very open to clowns: [Jeff] Koons is a clown. [Mike] Kelley's a clown. Duchamp is a clown. Joe Bradley is a clown. Sometimes clowns can turn people off, because they think of the classic image with the guy wearing a red nose.

**BP:** Or a John Wayne Gacy painting.

**BB:** But that's not what I'm talking about. My definition of a clown is someone allergic to normality.

### ***"My greatest fear is that I'm making antiques."***

**BP:** When I look at you, I think of a cigar-chomping taxi driver from the 1930s.

**BB:** A few people have said I reminded them of Chico Marx, which is a big compliment.

**BP:** What other comedians do you admire?

**BB:** I love Jonathan Winters.

**BP:** Who was also a painter.

**BB:** His last movie was called *Certifiably Jonathan*, a mockumentary where one of his paintings is stolen. The dude I've been flipping my lid about for the last five years is Ernie Kovacs. He grew up in Trenton, New Jersey, and got his start on the radio, then went on to be one of the first comedic geniuses of early television. He's the original video artist.

**BP:** There's a famous YouTube movie of you with your hair on fire.

**BB:** I always think about Jimi Hendrix, another guy who used to throw tantrums. He could play the guitar with his tongue. And if you didn't think that was cool enough, he set the shit on fire. Before I made my video, I had a history of playing with fire. I would put



rubbing alcohol on my hands and light them, or then I burned my beard. The only place left to go was up. I made that video right when YouTube started. YouTube for me was like vaudeville all over again.

**BP:** I know Nicole Eisenman stockpiles images of “Sharpie pranks.” Do you collect found imagery?

**BB:** I’m obsessed with show-and-tell. I think a lot of artists—at their core—are about that. What used to take me months to find in thrift stores, I can find instantly on Instagram now.

**BP:** Does that immediate access sort of ruin the hunt though?

**BB:** Yes and no. For example, I collect answering-machine tapes, which were a lot easier to find before everyone had cell phones. Ten years ago I could go to the Jewish junk store in Brooklyn and pluck out these gems from all the answering machines, recordings that people never intended to be listened to as entertainment—so much great drama on those tapes.

ABOVE *Gedecktpommer*, 2016.

**BP:** Do you have studio rules about art making?

**BB:** Never trust yourself; always foil the paradigms you set up. I’m a big believer in the hermaphroditic principle, that things get exciting when you smoosh opposites together.

**BP:** And yet you keep your mustard and ketchup drawings separate?

**BB:** I don’t know why I segregate them. Maybe the smell?

**BP:** Do you still keep some artworks refrigerated?

**BB:** I call them frozen collages. The thing is that I inadvertently unplugged the fridge last year. I went to check on them a few months later and when I opened the refrigerator door it was a festering nightmare inside, with insects and the worst smell you can imagine. It was like one of the rings of hell. I immediately duct-taped the door shut and covered it in plastic. I still need to get it out of the apartment one day. It’s a disaster area.

**BP:** Do you remember when you decided to make a stone calculator?

**BB:** I have this thing I do called “The Dollar Store Challenge,” not unlike something you’d find on “Project Runway.” That’s how the first stone calculator happened. I was gluing rocks over the buttons, but then after a while it felt too Duchampian, so I started painting the bodies of the calculators in colored sand. I have two impulses constantly at play: one is the formalist who wants to make elegant things, and the other is the absurdist who wants to destroy them.

**BP:** And what do the stone calculators signify?

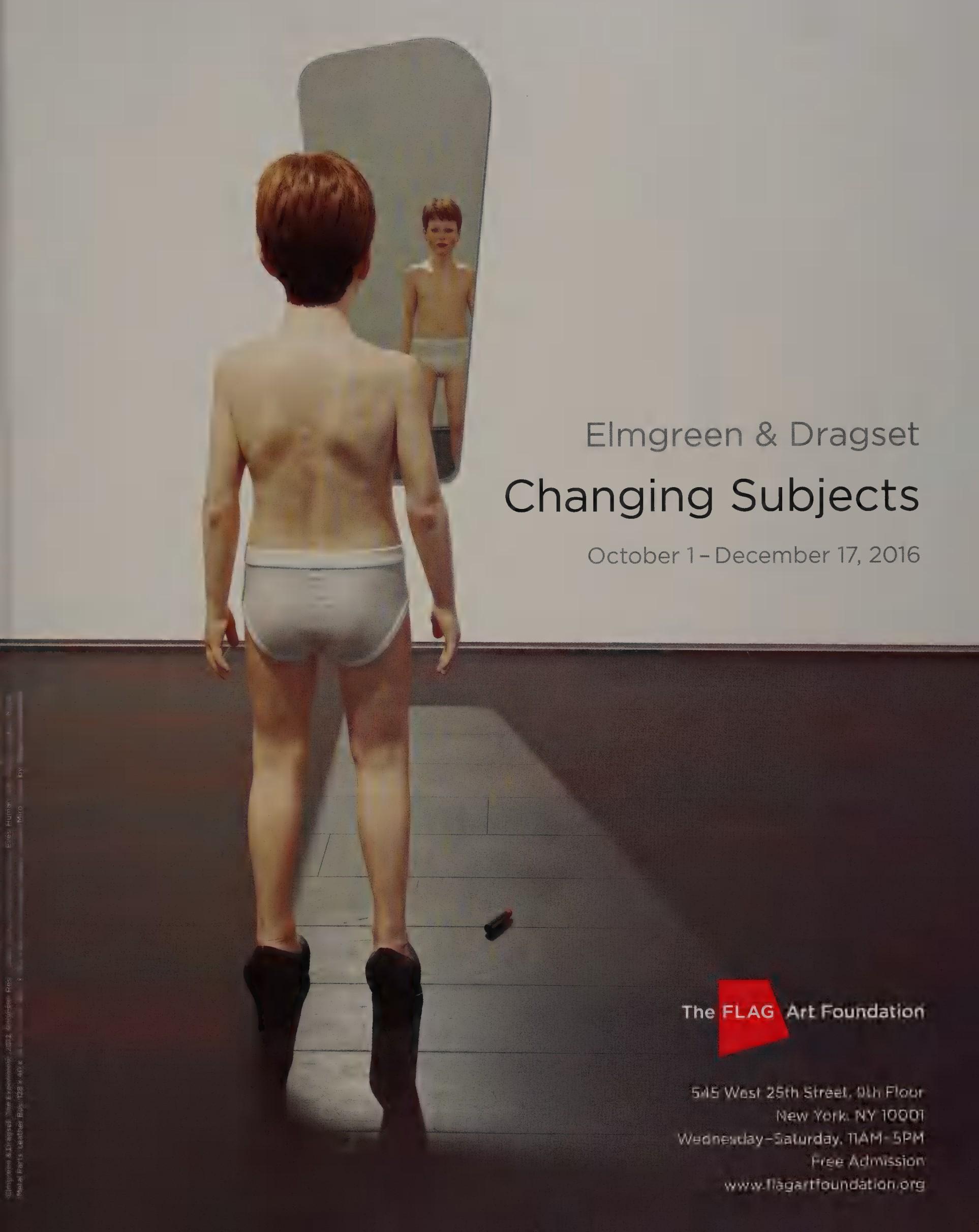
**BB:** I see the stone calculators as abstractions of our time, you know. We had the Bronze Age and the Stone Age and then our age now, which might be thought of as the button-pushing era before we integrated technology into our bodies.

**BP:** Did the rock gloves come afterward?

**BB:** No, I made them as a joke to give to my parents for Christmas one year. I told them they were the rejected prototypes for Michael Jackson’s diamond glove. I don’t want the pressures of history when I make something. I want my art to come from play with no ambition behind it. My greatest fear is that I’m making antiques. I think a lot of artists are making antiques and don’t realize it. No need to rush time—it’s coming for us!

---

Brian Belott has had solo exhibitions in New York at the Journal Gallery and 247365, and, most recently, at Moran Bondaroff in Los Angeles. He recently joined the roster at the New York-based Gavin Brown’s Enterprise.



# Elmgreen & Dragset Changing Subjects

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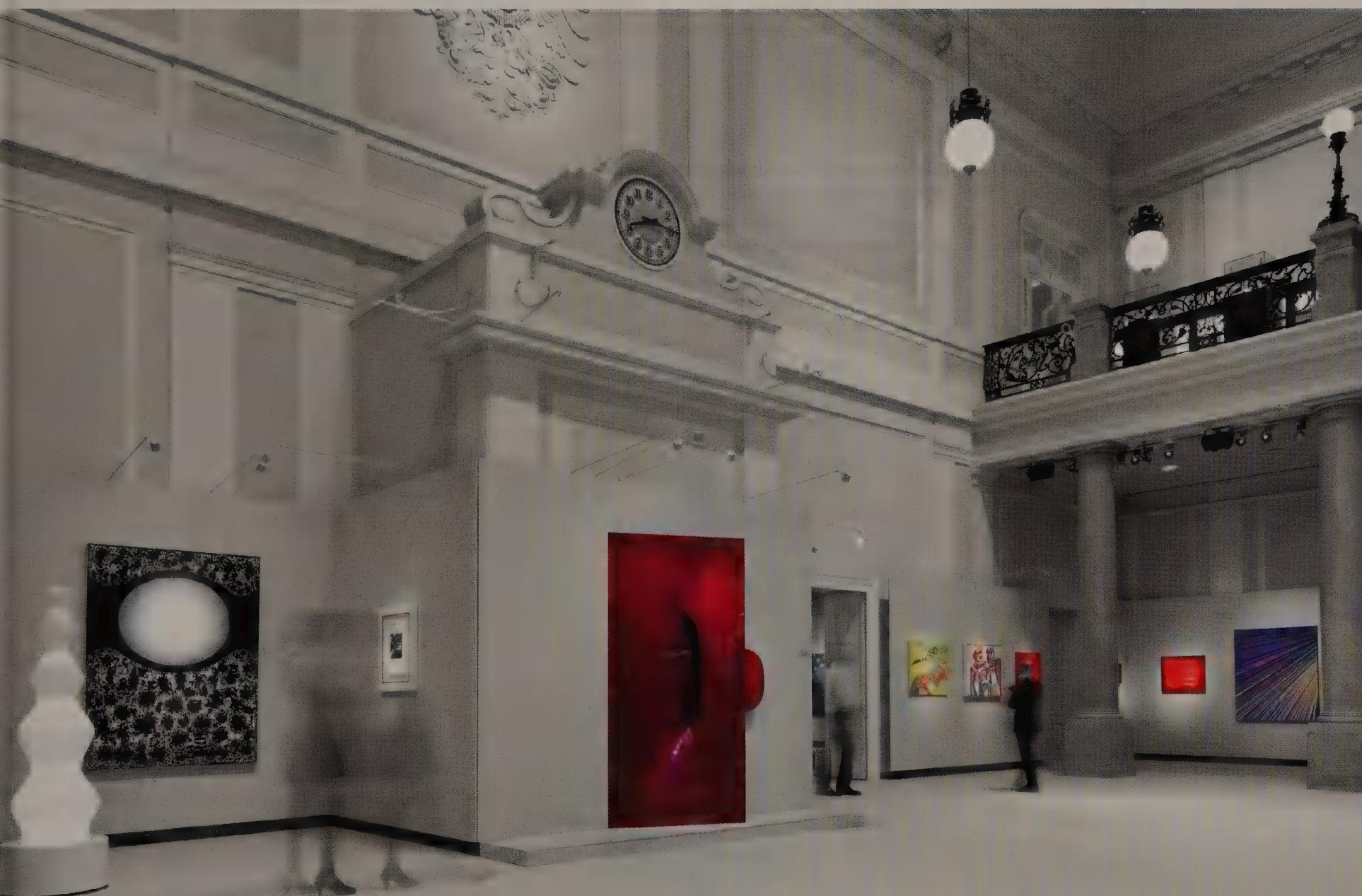
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# EDITORS' PICKS

## September

**Carmen Herrera**  
**Whitney Museum,**  
**New York**

**September 16–January 2**

In what has to be one of the most glorious, feel-good stories of the year, Cuban-born painter Carmen Herrera, aged 101 and still hard at work, is getting a 50-work, three-decade survey of her ingenious hard-edge abstractions. It will be her first solo museum show in New York in nearly two decades, and Dana Miller, curator and director of the Whitney's collection, is in charge. When the Whitney debuted its new building last year, it hung a Herrera alongside pieces by Ad Reinhardt, John McLaughlin, and Agnes Martin. The ensemble looked right. This show seems likely to secure Herrera's place among her better-known contemporaries.

—Andrew Russeth

**William Kentridge**  
**Whitechapel Gallery,**  
**London**

**September 21–January 15**

South African artist, filmmaker, and opera director William Kentridge will bring to Whitechapel Gallery his stop-animation films based on large-scale drawn, erased, and reworked charcoal drawings, the drawings themselves, and an assortment of large-scale installations, all addressing the human condition. Highlights of the show, curated by Iwona Blazwick, Whitechapel director, will include Kentridge's five-channel video installation *The Refusal of Time* (2012),

based on the work of science historian Peter Galison; the set-design model for his 2015 production of the Alban Berg opera *Lulu*; and *O Sentimental Machine* (2015), a video-and-sound work, featuring a pair of megaphone-headed creatures, whose title derives from Leon Trotsky's idea that people are "sentimental but programmable machines."

—Barbara A. MacAdam

**"Abstract Expressionism"**  
**Royal Academy of Arts,**  
**London**

**September 24–January 2**

Providing a modern art movement the United States could call its own and shifting the art world's center of gravity from Paris to New York, first-generation Abstract Expressionism is indelibly associated with the post-World War II American nationalism of the 1950s. It is often viewed in monolithic terms, defined solely by the monumentally scaled, emotionally charged work of the giants of the New York School—among them Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, Franz Kline, Mark Rothko, and Barnett Newman. This, the first survey of Ab Ex painting to be mounted in London since 1959, will examine

the multigenerational and multifaceted movement in its entirety, through the inclusion of such West Coast artists as Sam Francis and significant women players such as Helen Frankenthaler, Lee Krasner, and Joan Mitchell.

—Hannah Ghorashi



Hélio Oiticica with *B11 Box Bólido 9*, 1964, Carnegie Museum of Art.

## October

**"Hélio Oiticica: To Organize Delirium"**  
**Carnegie Museum of Art,**  
**Pittsburgh**

**October 1–January 2**

A member of Brazil's Neo-Concrete group in the late 1950s, Hélio Oiticica (1937–80) relentlessly pushed the boundaries of what could be considered art. This, the first comprehensive survey of Oiticica's work in the United States, will follow his career trajectory as he moved from making colorful abstract paintings and spatial constructions to creating increasingly participatory artworks: walk-in environments that immersed the viewer in the

shapes, textures, sounds, and tastes of Brazil; local billiard halls designated as art; and costumes for the famed samba dancers of Rio de Janeiro's Mangueira favela. A highlight of the exhibition is sure to be Oiticica's rarely shown *Eden* (1969), a massive installation equipped with tents and beds designed for sleeping, listening to music, or reading—a piece that is, like much of Oiticica's joyous work, created anew by each person who inhabits it.

—Anne Doran

**"The Figurative Pollock"**  
**Kunstmuseum Basel,**  
**Switzerland**

**October 2–January 22**

Jackson Pollock's name is a byword for abstraction, thanks to the allover drip paintings that he made between 1947

and 1950. However, few know that Pollock's drip period was in fact bracketed by bodies of figurative work. Following the lead of last year's enormously successful traveling show "Jackson Pollock: Blind Spots," which featured the rarely seen, semi-figurative black enamel paintings Pollock produced between 1951 and 1953, this exhibition—comprising approximately 100 paintings and works on paper made between the mid-1930s and the 1950s—will be the first ever dedicated to these significant chapters of the artist's career.

—Hannah Ghorashi

**Zeng Fanzhi  
Ullens Center for  
Contemporary Art,  
Beijing  
October 9–November 13**

Prolific Beijing-based painter Zeng Fanzhi comes to the Ullens Center for Contemporary Art this fall for his largest exhibition in China to date. Zeng is known for applying Western historical styles like German Expressionism to personal or specifically Chinese subjects in his "Hospital" and "Mask" series of the 1990s, as well as in later large-scale portraits and nocturnes. This survey will include a recent series of works on paper that show the artist adopting a dialectical approach to Eastern and Western painting traditions. In so doing, the exhibition will highlight Zeng's bridging of social, historical, and geographic divides in his art.

—Robin Scher

**Ulay**

**Schirn Kunsthalle,  
Frankfurt**

**October 13–January 8**

Poor Ulay! He's basically known only for his 1970s and '80s collaborations with former romantic partner Marina Abramović, whom he recently sued for back payments from sales. Abramović became a pop culture icon in 2010 for a performance in which she sat in a chair and stared down museum visitors in the atrium of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, but she was at her most transgressive and downright weird with Ulay (born Frank Uwe Laysiepen in 1943). Their work together included the two of them holding a drawn bow and arrow to Abramović's heart, and the couple breaking up on the Great Wall of China. In recent years, Ulay has been trying to step out of Abramović's long shadow. The artist's first major survey should further his efforts.

—M. H. Miller

**Ragnar Kjartansson**

**Hirshhorn Museum  
and Sculpture Garden,  
Washington, D.C.  
October 14–January 8**

Kjartansson's primary contribution to contemporary art has been to slow it down. He first came to prominence in the United States with a 2011 work at New York's Performa biennial in which he and a group of Icelandic opera singers sang the final aria of Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* on a live loop for 12 hours. In 2013 he had the rock band The National play its three-

minute-thirty-second song "Sorrow" for six hours straight at MoMA PS1. (That piece was called, appropriately, *A Lot of Sorrow*.) In Kjartansson's first museum retrospective, his feats of endurance will appear alongside his work in other mediums—photography, painting, and video.

—M. H. Miller

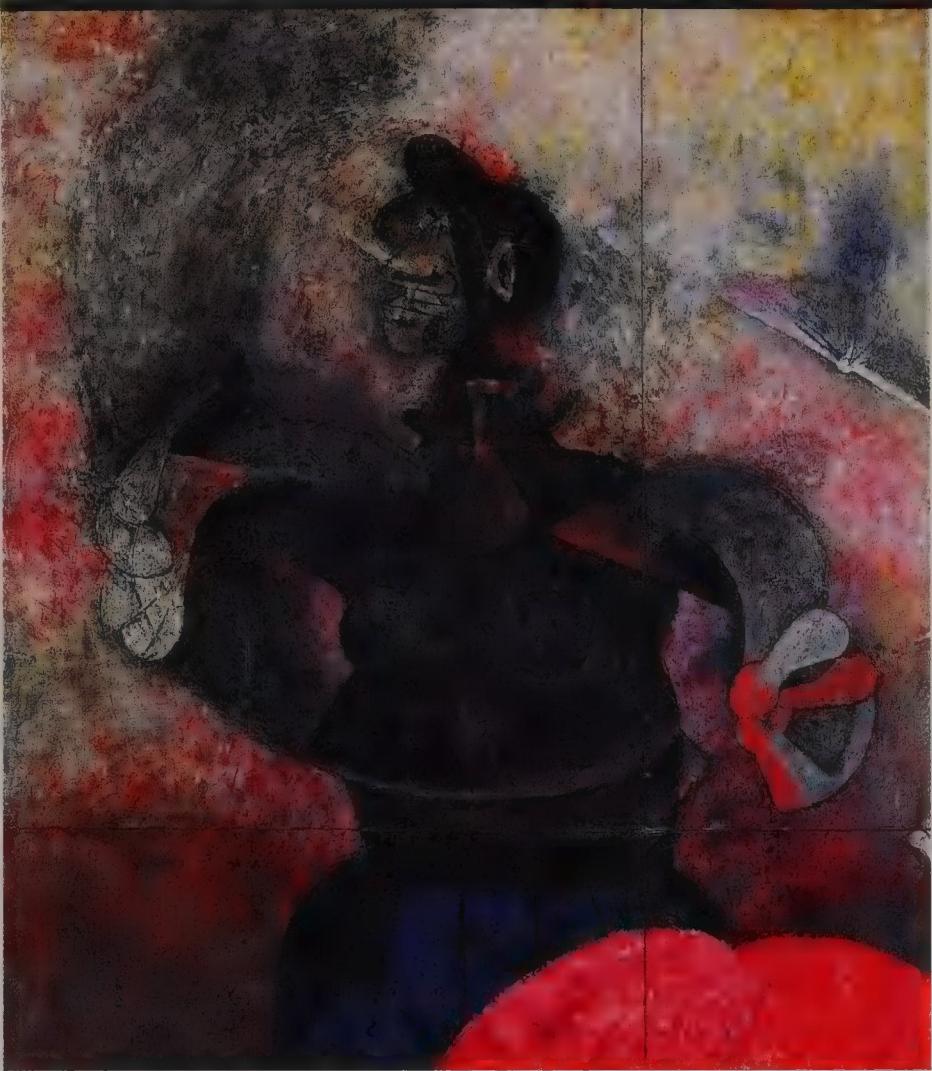
space. Just don't expect to take in this show via Instagram, as might be possible with other exhibitions—Sehgal doesn't allow any documentation of his work. —Nate Freeman

**"R. H. Quaytman,  
Morning: Chapter 30"  
Museum of  
Contemporary Art,  
Los Angeles  
October 16–February 6**

A member of the legendary artist-run collective gallery Orchard, R. H. Quaytman combines abstract forms and found photographic images culled from art history, the news, and her personal life in modestly scaled, oil-and-silkscreen panel paintings. The artist (who is the daughter of poet Susan Howe and abstract painter Harvey Quaytman) brings a conceptual depth and obliquely narrative dimension to these pieces by arranging them into site-specific groupings she calls chapters. Each chapter relates in some way to the place in which



Ragnar Kjartansson, *Scenes from Western Culture*, 2015, Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden.



Rufino Tamayo, *Homage to the Indian Race*, 1952,  
Philadelphia Museum of Art.

it is exhibited. Quaytman's quiet work has been making a lot of noise of late—she was a 2015 recipient of the prestigious Wolfgang Hahn Prize, awarded each year by the Ludwig Museum. This show will be her first museum retrospective. —Anne Doran

**"Monet: The Early Years"**  
**Kimbell Art Museum,**  
**Fort Worth, Texas**  
**October 16–January 29**

A century before the arrival of the Allied Forces, there was another significant landing on Normandy's beaches: that of Claude Monet. There, under the mentorship of

Eugène Boudin, Monet first encountered oil painting and the plein-air technique. The period also saw the young artist, together with his contemporaries Manet, Pissarro, Renoir, and Sisley, take his first steps toward Impressionism. This chapter of Monet's life and art is finally getting its due in this 60-painting exhibition.  
—Robin Scher

**Yves Klein**  
**Tate Liverpool, England**  
**October 21–March 5**

Legend has it that the trauma of having one of his artworks included in

the 1962 shockumentary *Mondo Cane* contributed to Yves Klein's death at 34. Nevertheless, Klein himself was not averse to a kind of refined sensationalism; the piece in question was one of his "Anthropometry" performances, in which nude women, slathered in the artist's signature International Klein Blue, pressed themselves against canvases in front of an audience. In fact much of Klein's work—which anticipates Conceptual, Minimalist, and Pop art—is an admixture of the sublime and the spectacular. In this retrospective, expect to see, in addition to the Anthropometries, fire paintings made with blowtorches, plaster casts of classical sculptures painted ultramarine blue, and plans for buildings made of air.  
—Anne Doran

**"Paint the Revolution:  
Mexican Modernism  
1910–1950"**  
**Philadelphia Museum of  
Art, Philadelphia**  
**October 25–January 8**

From massive mural cycles in public buildings to intimate canvases in private collections, Mexican modernist art is tied inextricably to the country's revolution, which lasted from 1910 to 1920. Mexican artists sought to articulate the sweeping changes taking place in their society; mixing a range of sources—including European, colonial, and indigenous cultures—they shaped a new national identity. This exhibition

will bring together a wealth of objects, including mural sketches, paintings, prints, photographs, broadsheets, and books by the likes of Diego Rivera, José Clemente Orozco, David Alfaro Siqueiros, Frida Kahlo, and Rufino Tamayo, as well as the less famous artists who contributed to this cultural renaissance, including Dr. Atl, María Izquierdo, Roberto Montenegro, Carlos Mérida, and Manuel Álvarez Bravo.  
—Maximiliano Durón

**"Pipilotti Rist:  
Pixel Forest"**  
**New Museum, New York**  
**October 26–January 8**

Pipilotti Rist was the talk of the town earlier this year when a Beyoncé video paid homage to Rist's two-projection installation *Ever Is Over All* (1997), in which she dances down a street, bashing in car windows with a hammer. Something about the allusion felt at home with Beyoncé's music, where empowered-looking women appear on beaches and in forests. Rist's colorful, trippy work, like Beyoncé's music, situates viewers in natural environments dotted with video screens that play footage of flowers, bodies, and trees. In this multi-floor show, the Swiss artist's most comprehensive survey in New York to date, older work will be presented alongside a new installation that looks at the evolution of technology and shows how it has affected the way we see both nature and women. —Alex Greenberger

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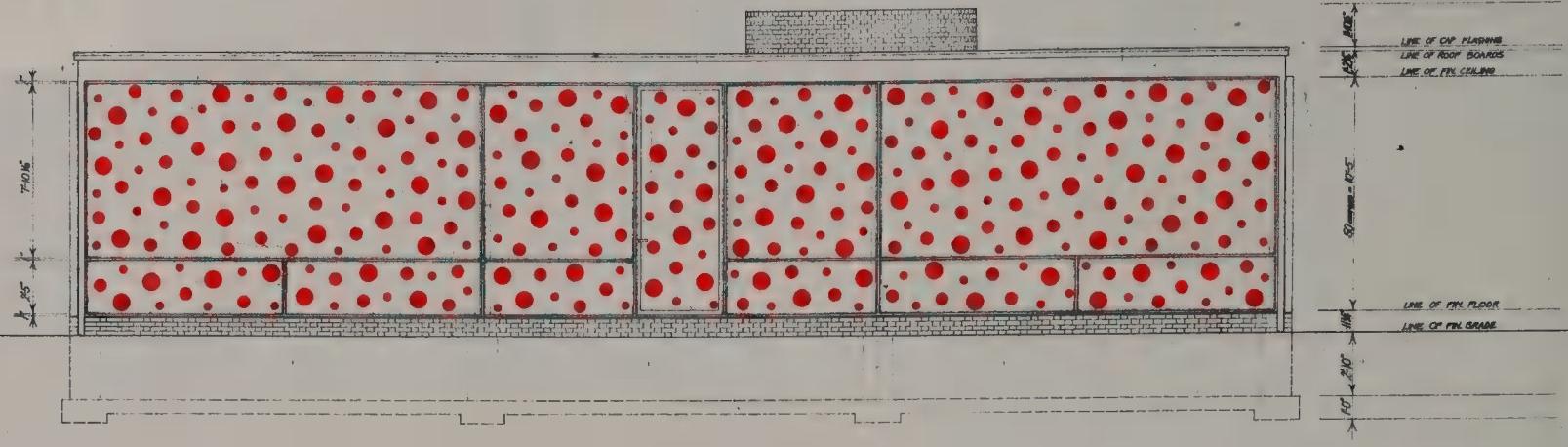
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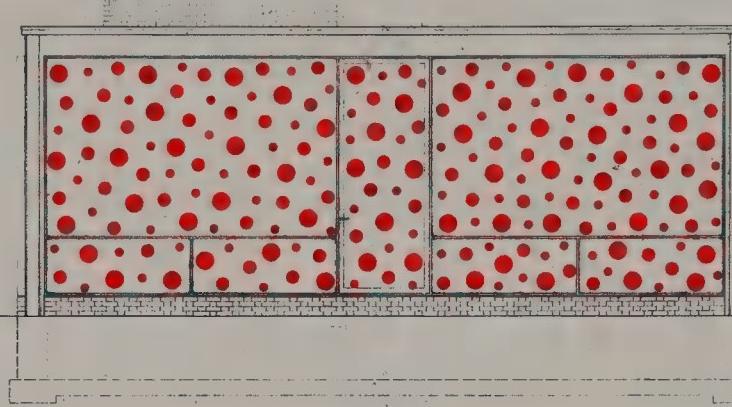
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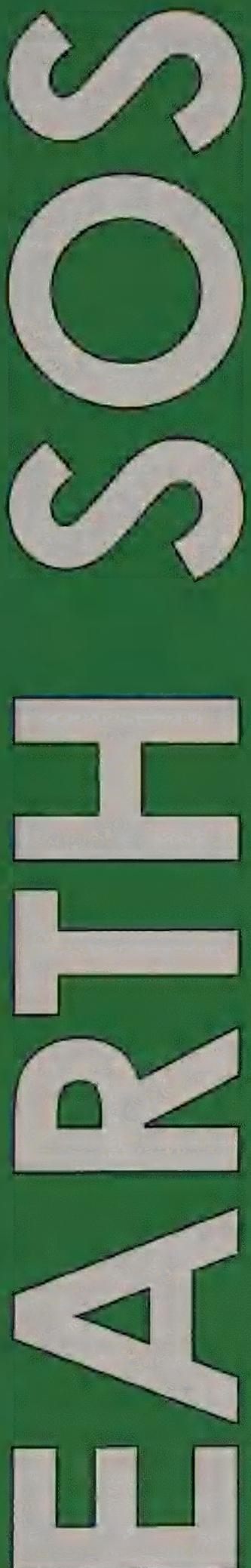
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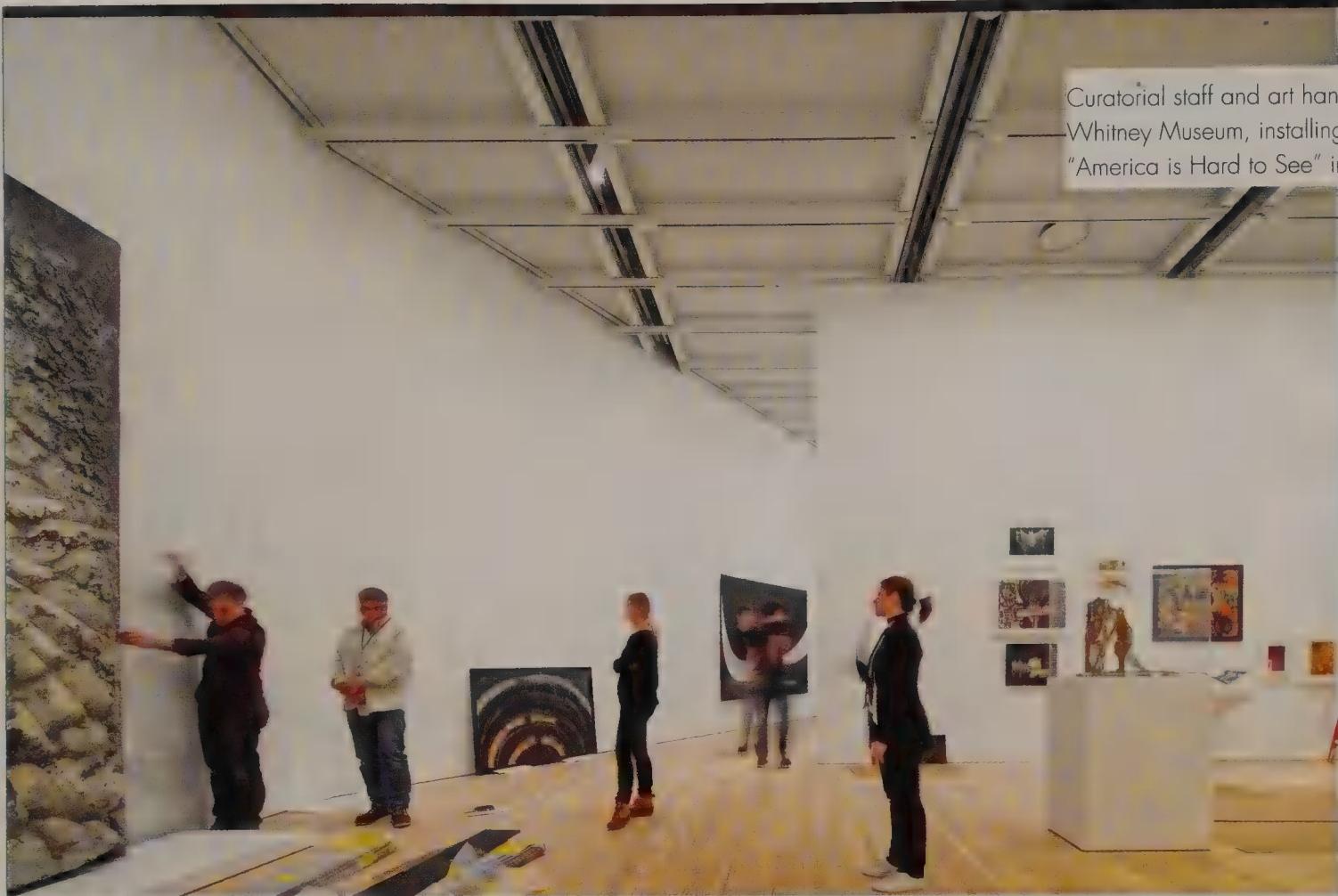
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Curatorial staff and art handlers at the Whitney Museum, installing the exhibition "America is Hard to See" in 2015.



# Autocorrect

## The Politics of Museum Collection Re-Hangs

BY RACHEL WETZLER

Ann Temkin, chief curator of painting and sculpture at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, recently framed the curator's central dilemma in terms of the problem of storage: at any given moment, only a tiny fraction of a museum's collection can be displayed, leaving the vast majority of its holdings to languish unseen in warehouses and vaults. At the same time, even as the storage rooms threaten to overflow, the imperative to collect persists; we no longer conceive of the museum as a repository of unquestioned masterpieces but as a living organism, open to debate and contestation, preserving the past and interpreting it according to the priorities of the present. A great many works find a more or less permanent home in the bowels of storage for good reason: ultimately, some stuff just doesn't age well. But shifts in taste and priorities go both ways, as artists whom one generation thought weird, provincial, or minor can be revelatory for another. As Temkin writes in a 2010 *Artforum* essay, "We cannot afford to allow the displays in the so-called permanent-collection galleries of painting and sculpture to be static, precisely because of what awaits us in storage."

In the past year, three major New York museums—MoMA, the Whitney, and the Brooklyn Museum—as well as a host of others around the world, have reinstalled their collection galleries in ways that privilege the alternative historical trajectory or new discovery over the transcendent masterpiece. These institutions have also signaled their ongoing commitment to the idea of the collection display as something other than "permanent," with each iteration of the hang representing one possible narrative among many. This shift reflects a new emphasis on correcting the blind spots and biases of the past; the purported universality of the white male artist's perspective is no longer a given, but is now seen as a form of oppressive hegemony, obscuring the contributions and innovations of women, people of color, and artists working outside Western art-world centers. The inclusion of such works, rescued from deep storage—if they were even collected at all—serves as an important historical corrective, giving certain artists a belated recognition and blurring the familiar borders of canonical movements.

If the idea of museums radically altering their collection displays

semiregularly is now not only uncontroversial but commonplace, it's worth remembering that this is a relatively new state of affairs. Art historian Douglas Crimp's influential 1980 essay, "On the Museum's Ruins," opens with a pointed analysis of an angry review by Hilton Kramer that lambasted a recent reinstallation of the Metropolitan Museum's 19th-century-painting galleries. For Kramer, some works were self-evidently masterpieces, representing Western civilization's greatest cultural achievements, while others were plainly second-rate curiosities, and the notion that both categories were worthy of equal consideration within the exhibition space bore witness to a pernicious "postmodern" hostility to critical judgment and connoisseurship. More recently, in 2004, *Guardian* critic Jonathan Jones expressed a similar sentiment in response to the presentation, back in 2000, of the collection at the newly opened Tate Modern, as well as the "MoMA 2000" exhibition cycle from that same year, which was the first significant reinstallation of the museum's collection in decades. Both these shows abandoned chronological or movement-based narratives in favor of transhistorical, thematically oriented clusters. "It seemed so irrational to consign a great work to storage because it didn't fit a reinstallation," Jones wrote. "The occasional insight was poor compensation for the disappearance of [the museum's] masterpieces." These statements are tinged with a reactionary conservatism: acknowledging that art's history can't be fully collapsed into a series of major isms or that the category of "masterpiece" is historically exclusive need not automatically involve abandoning the idea that some artworks are more worthy of display than others.

At the same time, there are reasonable anxieties to be had about the collection hang as a free-for-all. There is a new prominence given to curators in these hangs, placing their decision-making processes front and center. Likewise, the emphasis on mutable collection displays over fixed monoliths is uncomfortably paralleled by a broader trend in museum operations toward perpetual newness, with showpiece buildings, event-driven spectacle, and an inevitable closeness with the commercial art market as more and more space is given over to emerging contemporary artists.

The opening of the Whitney's new downtown building last year offered its curators the opportunity to consider the installation and presentation of the collection from the ground up, freed from some of the baggage of institutional tradition. Occupying the entire building and, save for one loan, drawn entirely from the museum's holdings, the opening exhibition, "America Is Hard to See," served as a kind of manifesto for the reinvented institution, bringing a fresh perspective to the collection and recasting the museum's mission as one in which the history and identity of American art would be treated as an open question. Though organized chronologically, the exhibition was subdivided into themes, allowing familiar collection highlights to be viewed alongside works that had rarely, if ever, been exhibited in the Breuer building, the Whitney's former home uptown, providing a picture of American art that was both surprising and expansive. Moreover, it foregrounded the relationship between the evolution of collection and institution, describing the processes by which objects entered the collection as part of the museum's "collective memory." In a statement, the curatorial team emphasized that this survey was not meant to be fixed or comprehensive but was rather a "critical new beginning," which would, in the years to come, lay the groundwork for numerous potential historical narratives.

The first of these is devoted entirely to portraiture. Titled "Human Interest," this installation, which opened in April and will remain up until next February, treats the portrait as a lens through which to view both the unfolding of modern American art and the history of the Whitney collection itself. Though the boundaries of the portrait genre are treated as relatively elastic here—there is a section, for instance, devoted to "Portraits Without People"—this thematic hang allows for a great deal of diversity in terms of movements and styles while maintaining a firm conceptual anchor. Presenting the story of American art via portraits plays to the strengths of the museum's collection, but it also provides an alternative reading of modern art centered on the figurative tradition. Figuration is often marginalized—along with prewar American art in general—in mainstream accounts of the 20th century, which is typically portrayed as a progressive obliteration of figural representation. Both here and in "America Is Hard to See," revisiting American art is also a way to revisit modernism as a whole.

While the Whitney's new building served as a tabula rasa for approaching its collection anew, MoMA curators have had to contend with the long shadow of the institution's own role in defining the very canon that it and many other museums now find themselves attempting to reinterpret. In the past several years, the museum has made significant efforts to bring alternative perspectives to the display of its permanent collection, thus far with mixed results.

Though MoMA has periodically rotated works in and out of its fourth-floor collection galleries, typically devoted to painting and sculpture from 1940 to 1980, since the opening of its new building in 2004, the recent "From the Collection: 1960–1969" is undoubtedly the institution's most dramatic statement. In addition to turning the entire floor over to a single decade, the curators gathered works from every one of the museum's curatorial departments, as well as from the library and archives. In place of MoMA's usual movement-based organization, often arranged in medium-specific galleries, is a rigidly chronological hang, with each year given its own space. Citing the decade's significance as a period in which dramatic changes in the nature of art practice went hand in hand with sociopolitical upheavals worldwide, the 17-member, crossdepartmental curatorial team—led by Temkin and Martino Stierli, chief curator of architecture and design—describe the installation as "organized through the lens of the 1960s." This phrase implies the self-consciously provisional nature of the narrative: the absence here of many of the permanent collection's most iconic works from this era makes clear that this is intended as an array of interesting things that happened during that decade—in other words, not an authoritative history of '60s art. Works will be changed out over the course of the year-long exhibition, reflecting both the dilemma of storage and, in the curators' words, "the view that there are countless ways to explore the history of modern art." At the same time, the idea of the '60s as a "lens" points to the chronological determinism of the year-by-year hang that is ultimately this reinstallation's greatest weakness.

The exhibition opens with 1960, featuring an algorithmic painting by French artist François Morellet hung against a swath of Bubble Wrap, one of many juxtapositions throughout the show that emphasize a leveling of art and design objects. Presumably, hanging Bubble Wrap on the wall alludes to the fact that its designers originally intended to produce three-dimensional wallpaper before realizing that their product was far more functional as packing material for fragile objects; placing



Installation view of MoMA's "From the Collection: 1960–1969," featuring a Jaguar E-Type Roadster.

it alongside Morellet might hint at the ways in which the standard grid served as a point of departure and structural principle for both artistic composition and industrial manufacture. In the absence of any contextualizing label, however, the combination seems like an arbitrary provocation, something that might be said about any number of the pairings here. In one gallery, devoted to the year 1966, vitrines on pedestals hold small sculptures and editioned objects by artists like Vija Celmins and Allan D'Arcangelo alongside modish design objects, such as a Lucite tape dispenser. If there is a connection between these things, beyond the fact that they were created in the same year, it is elusive.

The most dramatic and egregious of these art-design confrontations comes toward the beginning of the exhibition, with the 1961 room, which is dominated by a midnight-blue Jaguar E-Type Roadster convertible at the center of the gallery. Let me be clear: this car is very cool, and its status as a design icon is undeniable. There's also something symbolically appropriate about putting a sports car literally front and center in an exhibition on the '60s: the automobile serves as a kind of metonym for the decade's culture, embodying everything from the stultifying effects of suburbia to the mythologization of the open road. It's also, of course, taken up as a theme by any number of '60s artists: in John Chamberlain's crushed-car sculptures, Ed Ruscha's deadpan catalogue of Los Angeles gas stations, the tableaus of Edward Kienholz. But to place this car in the gallery seems to miss the point, offering it as an object of aesthetic contemplation and period design rather than the embodiment of a particular kind of fantasy that suffused '60s culture, that often found its expression in a burgeoning ethos of conspicuous consumption. To put it bluntly, what's missing is speed.

This problem extends beyond the mash-up of art and design: treating the year of production as the primary rationale for placing things together also has a flattening effect on artists employing similar mediums. It seems specious to cite the decade's tumultuous political struggles without explicitly considering the radically different conditions and divergent motivations underpinning what might seem, at first glance, like similar-minded work. Artists working contemporaneously weren't necessarily contemporaries. What to make, for instance, of the 1963 gallery's cluster of black monochromes, by artists such as the

American Daniel LaRue Johnson, the Argentine León Ferrari, and the Italian Alberto Burri? Without an understanding of the underlying context of such lesser-known works as these, the exhibition often reads as an eclectic storeroom tour.

The Brooklyn Museum's rehang was more extensive and wide-ranging, reinstalling the galleries devoted to Egyptian, European, and American art. Of these, the treatment of the American galleries is the most polemical, emphasizing the close ties between American artistic production and nation building. At the same time, the presentation avoids triumphalism in its narrative of American history: with the new and welcome prominence given Native American and African-American artists, the installation frankly acknowledges that the rising fortunes of a new nation—reflected or celebrated in many of the collection's finest works—were predicated on oppression.

In one particularly staggering section, "Visions and Myths of a Nation," a gallery devoted to the 19th century features an elaborate gilded mantelpiece by the Herter Brothers, the robber barons' interior decorators of choice, on the same wall as an 1801 silver peace medal by John Matthias Reich bearing the word "friendship." (Peace medals were given as gifts to Native American leaders to commemorate treaties, many of which were swiftly broken.) Sitting at the gallery's center is a tunic designed by a Red River Métis or Yanktonai Sioux artist. The triangulation of the three objects is a forceful reminder that these fates were linked. In a gallery focused on the American landscape, Albert Bierstadt's majestic view of the newly explored Western territories, *A Storm in the Rocky Mountains, Mt. Rosalie* (1866), is set against a display of dinnerware machine-printed with scenes of the Hudson River Valley and California, produced in England for middle-class American consumers.

Most impressive about this installation is the attention given to sightlines between galleries; the views from one thematic or temporal grouping to the next make subtle but effective points about their interconnectedness without being overly didactic. In the opening gallery, which displays pre-Columbian art by tribes across the Americas, the doorway frames a view of Gilbert Stuart's portrait of George Washington, among the very first visual articulations of the new republic's democratic aspirations. Later, the transition between a gallery devoted to international influences on art of the post-Civil War era and one focused on the rise of the modern city is marked by the little-known artist John Carroll's unconventional jazz age portrait *Showgirl* (1929), conveying the liberation—or promiscuity—of the "new woman" via primitivist allusions to African art.

Reinstallations can occasionally feel like an Oedipal overcorrection, but the experimental impulse behind them is ultimately promising, allowing for any number of welcome incursions into a story that many of us assume we already know. Putting the contents of storage into the picture hints at histories that have been suppressed. The history of art has always been more unwieldy and complicated than any museum's timeline allows.

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Clean, Well-Lighted



## ON OUR NOSTALGIA FOR THE GOLDEN AGE OF ART DEALING

BY ANDREW RUSSETH

The notion that collectors sit atop the hierarchy of today's art world is axiomatic. They build private museums and control the boards of traditional ones. Through their acquisitions, they determine the fates of artists, and often overshadow curators, historians, and critics—all those ink-stained intellectuals who used to play a larger role in determining art's value.

And yet, one must not discount the supplier. On the primary market—the placement of new work straight from artists' studios—art dealers often shape collectors' tastes. On both the primary and secondary, or resale, markets, they shepherd artworks onto collectors' walls (or, as the case may be, into their freeport storage spaces in Geneva or Singapore). In a recent profile of David Zwirner in the *New Yorker*, Nick Paumgarten wrote that "one prominent collector referred to Zwirner as his top 'go-get guy.' To go and get, you have to know who owns what, how he or his heirs feel about it, how desperately they may need money." Certain dealers are now celebrities. "Call Larry Gagosian, you belong in museums," rapped Jay-Z, an art collector himself, and one of Gagosian's high-profile clients.

But even as the world's most powerful art dealers become household names, there is a pervasive sense that some of them have lost their aesthetic compass, if they ever had one, that they've abandoned the idea of taking an aesthetic position in favor of global domination. Today's so-called mega-galleries have outposts in all the world's major cities (16 shops and, quite possibly, counting, in Gagosian's case); by necessity, they have taken on dozens of artists, being perhaps more concerned about having available product than a coherent program. "Now, they're department stores," as critic Dave Hickey put it ten years ago, when the mega-gallery phenomenon was ramping up. "Stables of artists once embodied the taste of the gallerist. Now everybody has one of each: your Iranian minimalist photographer, your elegant object maker, your Berlin pornographer."

It should come as no surprise that this has led to nostalgia for the great art dealers of the past, as a raft of recent books and exhibitions demonstrates. Published this past summer, Judith E. Stein's *Eye of the Sixties: Richard Bellamy and the Transformation of Modern Art* looks at the inscrutable man behind New York's Green Gallery, a venue that opened in 1960 and appears near the bottom of many great artists' CVs, from Dan Flavin to Robert Morris to Mark di Suvero. This fall, Virginia Dwan is getting the star treatment from the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., with "Los Angeles to New York: Dwan Gallery 1959–1971," a show tied to the donation of much of Dwan's formidable collection of Minimal, Conceptual, Pop, and Land Art to the museum. And Skira is publishing a book about Dwan by curator and art historian Germano Celant.

LEFT (L-R) Virginia Dwan with Hedy Lamarr and Larry Rivers at Rivers's 1961 exhibition at Dwan Gallery, Los Angeles.

Stein's Bellamy is the ideal contemporary art dealer: resolutely principled, endlessly curious, a creative force in his own right. He turned down the sale of a work by Tadaaki Kuwayama to collector Larry Aldrich, explaining to the artist, "he's not good enough to have your artwork," only to add, "if you really need money, you can sell it, but not through me."

Backed by taxi fleet tycoon and art collector Robert Scull, the Green Gallery was located on 57th Street, at the center of what was then New York's dominant gallery district. All of this makes it sound like a more professional operation than it was—Bellamy was often drunk and not particularly disciplined in courting collectors. Still, the gallery has cast a long shadow, and as early as 1972 was the subject of nostalgic praise. That year, Hofstra University in New York eulogized the Green's five-year run with an exhibition of the work Bellamy had shown there.

Part of the newfound interest in these dealers, I suspect, has to do with the mystique that surrounds the job. "I never knew what it was to run a gallery, or how to sell the work," Bellamy, who died in 1998, once said of his first gallery job, running the Hansa co-op in the 1950s. "My title, 'gallery director,' always amused me." What, besides the obvious, does an art dealer do? How do you become one? What, at a bare minimum, do you need in order to run your business? Hickey, the critic and an art dealer himself in the late 1960s, answered the latter question with the name of his Austin gallery, cribbed from Hemingway: A Clean, Well-Lighted Place. (Visit New York's Lower East Side today, however, and you will find that those two qualities are no longer exactly requirements.)

The roster at Virginia Dwan's galleries in Los Angeles (open 1959–1967) and, later, New York (1965–1971), overlapped somewhat with the Green's. They both showed Dan Flavin and Robert Morris, among others. In the National Gallery's exhibition catalogue, curator James Meyer makes a convincing argument that the rise of airline travel played a role in internationalizing the art world and spreading ideas. The catalogue is peppered with glamorous photos of Dwan, such as one of her surrounded by Warhols, smoking languidly.

Like Bellamy, Dwan, who will turn 85 in October, was more interested in aesthetic matters than commercial ones, though unlike Bellamy she didn't really need to bother with the bottom line, being an heir to the 3M fortune. Her wealth allowed her to fund a number of important earthworks by the likes of Michael Heizer and Robert Smithson. In the decades since her gallery closed, Dwan has been a revered, somewhat cultish figure in the art world. A few years ago, former dealer David Platzker, now a MoMA curator, organized a Dwan tribute at his gallery, Specific Object, that included the distinctive posters and cards she created to promote her exhibitions.

Platzker's show opened the year after the most famous art dealer of the postwar era finally got his biography. Despite its sometimes lackluster prose, Annie Cohen-Solal's *Leo and His Circle: The Life of Leo Castelli* is compulsively readable, telling the story of the patrician émigré from Italy whose New York gallery showed Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, Roy Lichtenstein, Andy Warhol, and other giants. One has to peer through the gauzy veil of hagiography to see that he was as much shrewd businessman as refined historian. Castelli is the model for many of today's successful dealers: discreet in his deal-making and a careful listener, he was more interested in catering to emerging tastes than he was in shaping them. As Bellamy

once put it, Castelli "had a lot of resistance to some of the better artists that he has shown. He accepted the inevitable."

As Cohen-Solal's book reveals, Castelli served as a mentor of sorts to Larry Gagosian, the most successful art dealer in history. As it happens, Gagosian was among the first of today's powerhouse dealers to mount a show paying tribute to a gallery from the past. In 2002 his largest New York space put on an exhibition devoted to the Ferus gallery, an L.A. outfit that had a distinctive sensibility but little commercial success, showing an L.A.-heavy roster of artists like Wallace Berman, Ed Ruscha, and Llyn Foulkes. Ferus's short life—it was open from 1957 to 1966—has been the subject of numerous essays and a documentary film. Curator Walter Hopps, who cofounded Ferus, was as eccentric in his own way as Bellamy, and possibly even less skilled at actually selling art. It is hoped that the details of his exploits will come to light next year with Bloomsbury's publication of a book about his life, edited by the *New Yorker*'s Deborah Treisman and based on interviews by Anne Doran, an editor at *ARTnews*.

The past few years have seen a number of gallery exhibitions extolling art dealers of the past. In 2013, Minus Space in Brooklyn examined the story of Manhattan dealer and impresario Julian Pretto. The following year, Paul Kasmin's New York gallery paid tribute to the Surrealism dealer Alexander Iolas. Museums have also gotten in on the act. Back in 2006, the Metropolitan Museum of Art unveiled "Cézanne to Picasso: Ambroise Vollard, Patron of the Avant-Garde," putting on view masterpieces by Henri Matisse and Vincent Van Gogh. "The star of the show is not any of the artists," Michael Kimmelman wrote in the *New York Times*. "It is a dealer. How apt in our flush days." Seven years later, MoMA introduced visitors to "Ileana Sonnabend: Ambassador for the New," which came after the gift of an impressive cache of artworks from the late dealer's estate, including Rauschenberg's *Canyon* (1959), a work that had previously hung at the Met. Last year, London's National Gallery celebrated Paul Durand-Ruel with "Inventing Impressionism: The Man Who Sold a Thousand Monets."

There's been some grumbling about this institutional turn toward the market, but history is history, and recent art has been defined as much by rising commercialism as by any movement or medium. Not surprisingly, it is in the city that remains the art market's center that most of these shows have taken place. People from outside New York have told me that they find our interest in dealers odd and discomfiting. I feel sorry for those people, who are seemingly ignorant of the magic a good gallerist can conjure, betting on new talent that, once in a while, turns out to be true genius.

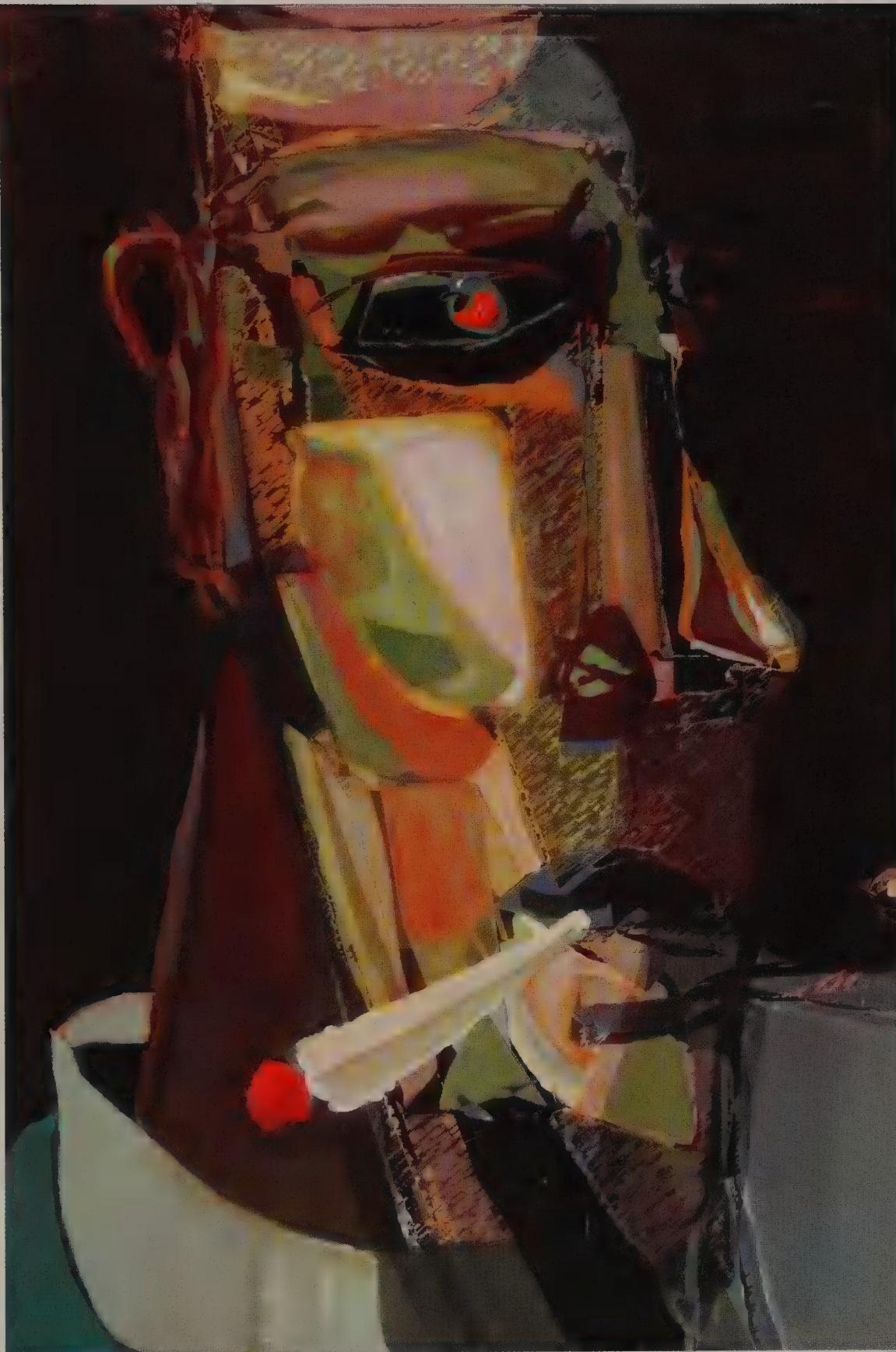
Today, our nostalgia is for art dealers who made their names in the 1960s, those halcyon years when a gallery owner could be content with a consistent roster of artists and modest square footage. In hindsight, we romanticize them—they radiate an aura of authenticity that many feel is now missing. And yet, even as we've been pining for the old days, the art world has spread so far and wide, and become so opulent, that it's now possible for certain venturesome young gallerists to squeak by with tiny, sharply curated spaces.

What will the books and exhibitions about dealers who came up in the '80s and beyond look like? Which is to say, what will we feel is missing in the years to come? Maybe a market contraction will lead to a different kind of nostalgia, one for high-flying lifestyles and eight-figure deals. You never know.

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*PALOOKAVILLE*

OCTOBER 29<sup>TH</sup> - NOVEMBER 23<sup>RD</sup>, 2016

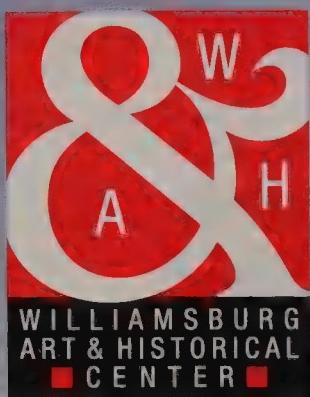


*PALOOKAVILLE*, ACRYLIC ON CANVAS, 60" X 40", 2014

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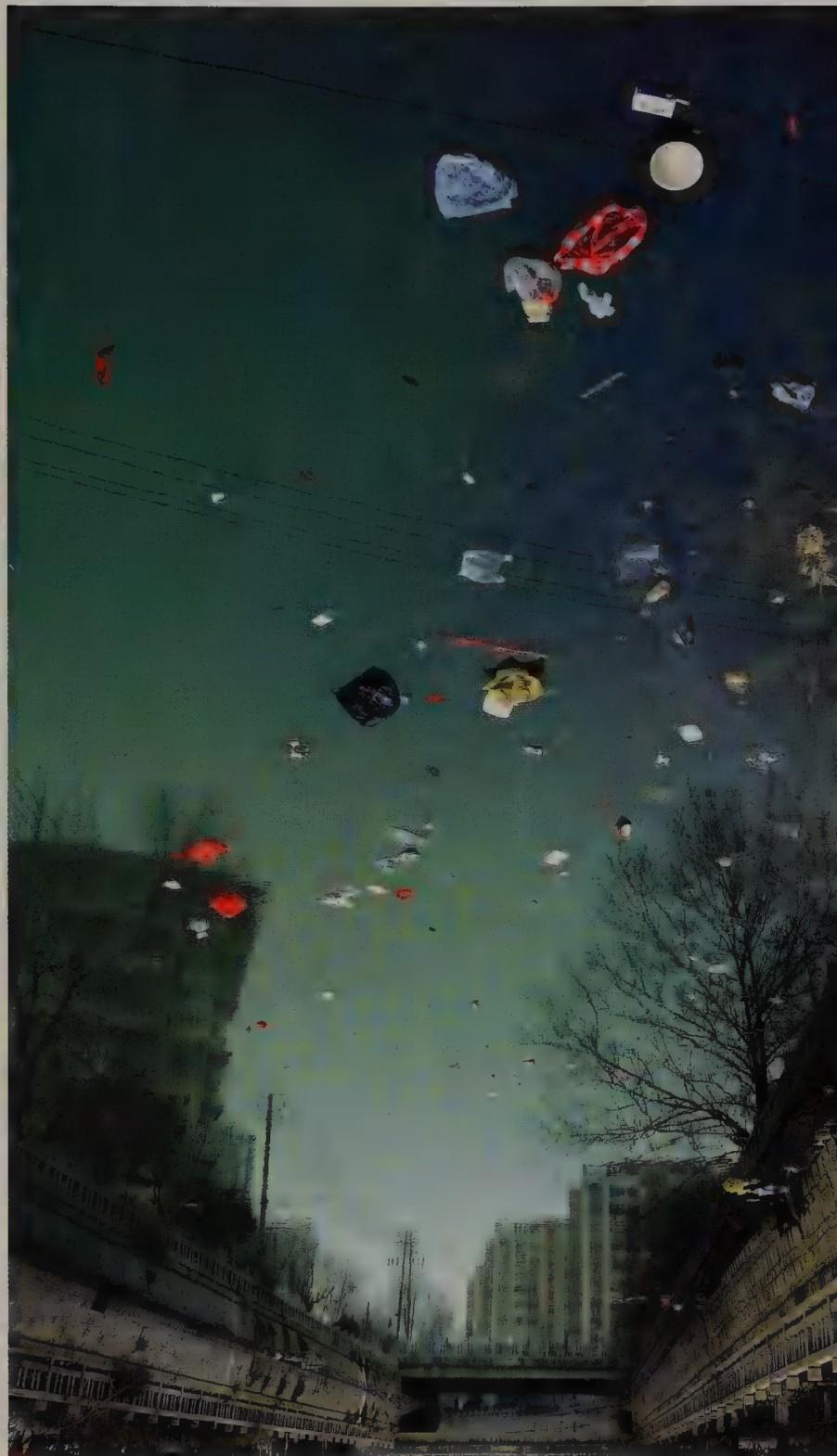
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# FITZGERALD FINE ARTS



WATER, 2007, SINGLE EXPOSURE C-PRINT ON ALUMINUM, 59 X 40 INCHES



ROSE RIVER, 2011, SINGLE EXPOSURE C-PRINT ON ALUMINUM, 53 X 31 INCHES

HAN BING'S PHOTOGRAPHY SERIES: URBAN AMBER LOOKS TO VISUALIZE THE DRAMA OF CHINA'S TRANSFORMATIONS AS THE NATION IS CAUGHT UP IN WHAT HE CALLS THE "THEATRE OF MODERNIZATION."

THE FACT THAT THESE PHOTOS ARE SINGLE EXPOSURES IS SURPRISING AT FIRST GLANCE, BECAUSE OF THEIR DIGITIZED LOOKING AESTHETIC. BING'S SHOTS ARE TAKEN FROM REFLECTIONS IN TOXIC WATERS AND CESSPOOLS, BUT OFFER A SUBTLE BEAUTY AND SERENITY IN THEIR JUXTAPOSITIONS OF MATERIAL AND METAPHYSICAL FORMS. DIRECTIONAL PERSPECTIVES ARE OFTEN DISTORTED AND LINES BECOME WAVY, ALMOST LOOKING PIXELATED. THIS INTENTIONAL DISTORTION IS COMMENTING ON PHOTOGRAPHY'S OWN IDENTITY IN THE DIGITAL ERA. URBAN AMBER HIGHLIGHTS THE DETRITUS OF A SOCIETY FIXATED ON INDUSTRIALIZATION, NOT STOPPING TO LOOK AT ITS OWN MORPHING REFLECTION.

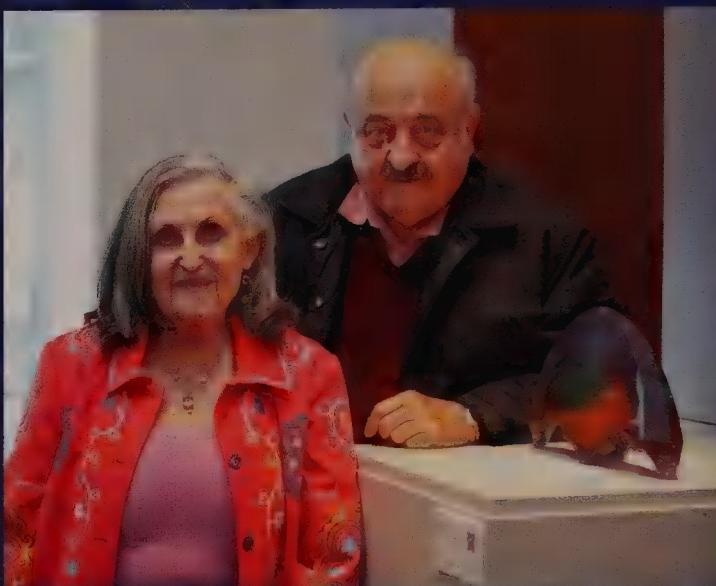
# Inspiring the Art of Philanthropy

*The art of philanthropy is on spectacular display at the Sonia & Isaac Luski Gallery in Charlotte, North Carolina.*

Located in the heart of Uptown Charlotte, in the headquarters of Foundation For The Carolinas, the Luski Gallery is home to one of the South's most-impressive glass art collections. Contemporary glass artists Lino Tagliapietra, Paul Stankard, and Michael Taylor along with painters Chuck Close, Cundo Bermúdez and Carlos Estevez are among the many artists currently featured in the more than 450-piece collection.

Art collectors and philanthropists Sonia and Isaac Luski contributed much of the collection, fulfilling the family's vision to create an accessible place for the community to enjoy their art. Foundation For The Carolinas serves as the civic hub for the Charlotte region, hosting thousands of visitors from throughout the nation each year.

For nearly 56 years, the Luskis, who emigrated from Cuba in 1961, have collected works from around the world, from aspiring artists to well-known sculptors and painters. The family is among the most prolific collectors of contemporary glass in the nation, and has donated hundreds of pieces from their extensive collection to institutions in North Carolina and beyond.



*Sonia and Isaac Luski, who organized much of the collection, are among the South's premier arts patrons and philanthropists; a favorite artwork is by Mark Henn.*



*The kinetic glassworks by Jon Kuhn engage children of all ages.*



The Sonia and Isaac Luski Gallery fills 5,000 square feet and provides a free and accessible place for the public to enjoy and be inspired by art. More than 25 local and nationally recognized artists are represented in the gallery including Harvey Lippman, Stephen Des Edwards and Jorge Chavanne.



The Luskis began sharing works with Foundation For The Carolinas in the 1990s, with the hope of inspiring philanthropy in others. In 2011, they contributed a significant portion of their collection to the Foundation's new headquarters facility.



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# Obsessions

BY KATHERINE McMAHON &amp; MAXIMILÁNO DURÓN

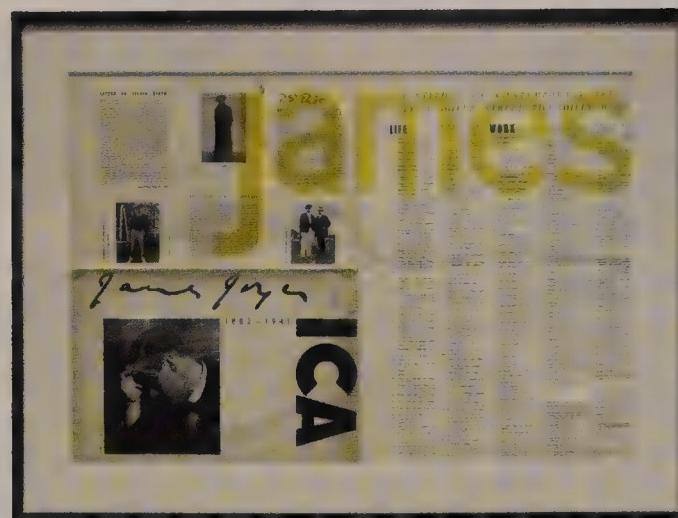
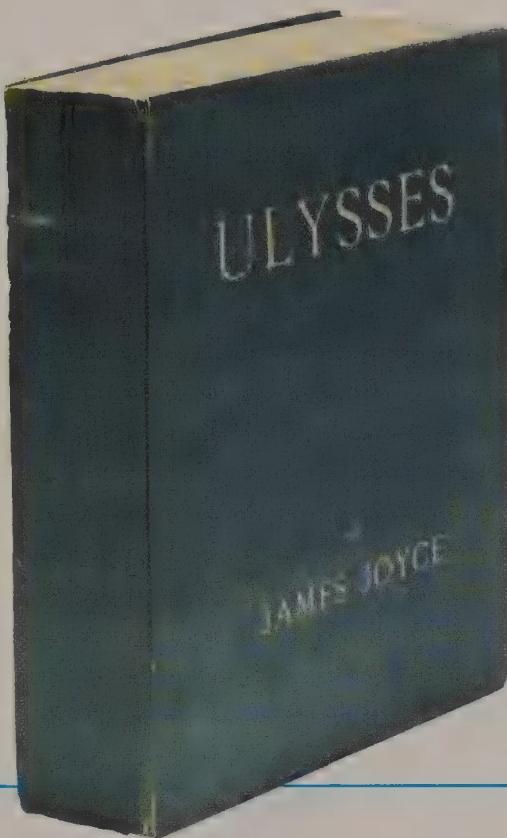
**FEATURING:**

MICHAEL KOHN  
SEAN KELLY  
BARBARA BLOOM  
TONY OURSLER  
URSULA VON RYDINGSVARD  
TOM ECCLES  
MATTHEW HIGGS  
BRENT BIRNBAUM  
JANET BORDEN  
AARON CURRY

**W**hile this issue of *ARTnews* focuses on prominent art collectors, the urge to amass objects—both valuable and not—is nearly as old as mankind. The ancient Greeks and Romans collected, as Erin Thompson writes in her recently published book *Possession: The Curious History of Private Collectors from Antiquity to the Present*, as did Dutch aristocrats of Holland's Golden Age, American tycoons of the Edwardian era, and as do eBay addicts today. In Europe of the mid-16th century, it was fashionable to gather strange or exotic objects into *Wunderkammern*, or cabinets of curiosities—the precursors to the museums of the present, but also to such accumulations as Vladimir Nabokov's butterfly collection, featured in "The Keeper," an exhibition that runs through September 25 at New York's New Museum. As New Museum creative director Massimiliano Gioni writes in the catalogue for this show, motivations for endowing objects with significance are myriad, while collections may "range from staggeringly maximalist efforts to modest struggles charged with urgency." Nevertheless, as Gioni says about the collections included in "The Keeper," most are "acts of faith in the power of images." This installment of Habitat explores the surprising nonart collections of art-world professionals, including dealers, artists, gallery directors, and curators, whose activities in this direction often influence their work in unexpected ways.

OPPOSITE Ursula von Rydingsvard's collection of wooden objects includes this comb used for brushing animals.

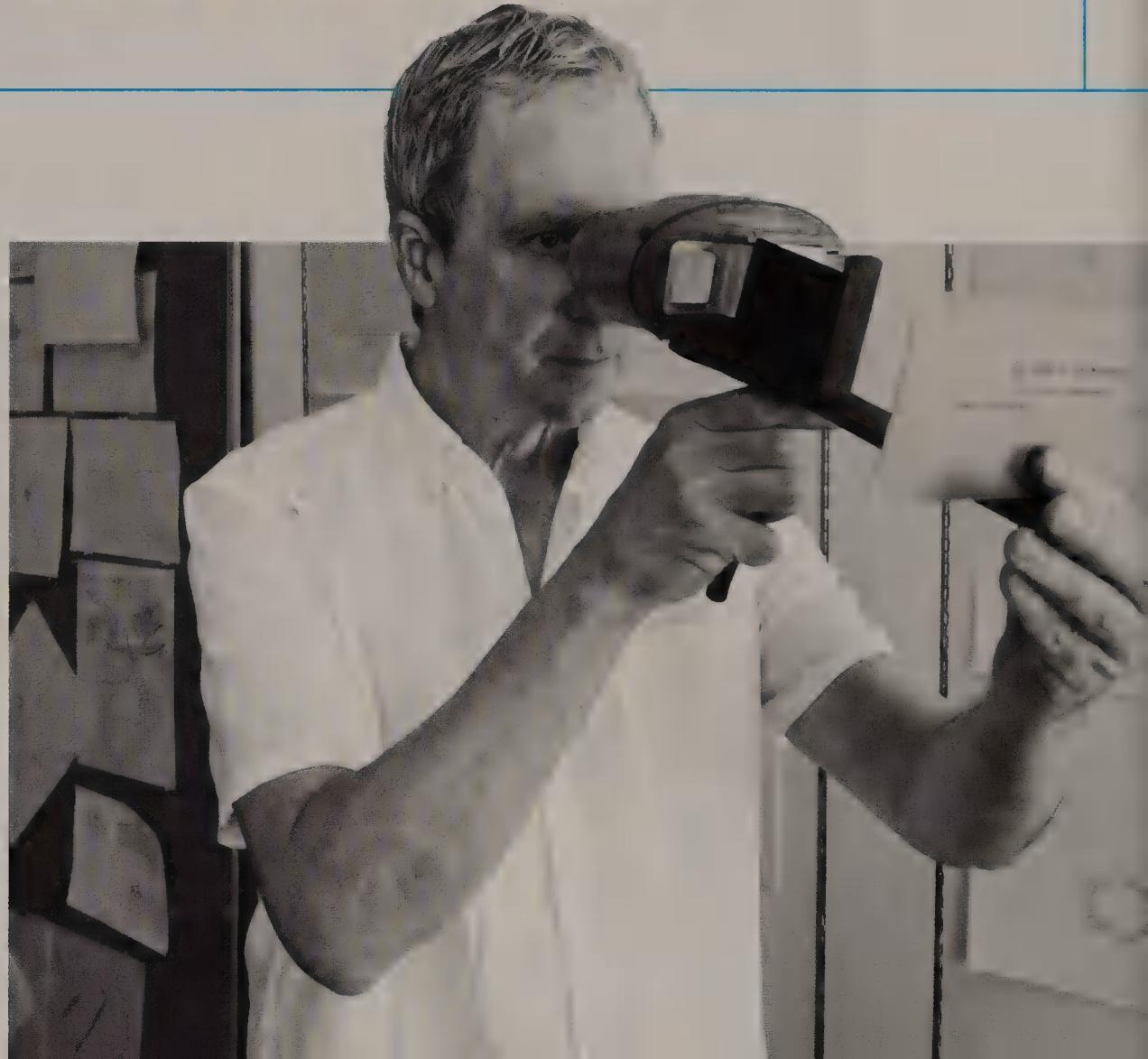




## TONY OURSLER

Items associated with magic and the occult

Tony Oursler's multimedia works often take the form of an inanimate object—a fabric dummy, a monochrome painting, or even a tree—with, projected on to it, a video of a talking head or a blinking eye. These somewhat spooky pieces have their roots, in part, in the artist's extensive collection of magic and spiritualist paraphernalia. A selection of Oursler's holdings is included in the current exhibition "Tony Oursler: The Imponderable Archive" at CCS Bard Hessel Museum in Annandale-on-Hudson, New York, though his New York City apartment is still well stocked with the Ouija boards, Italian spell books and other mementos of the fringe practices that fascinate him.



## SEAN KELLY

James Joyce books

Gallerist Sean Kelly has had a passion for the writings of James Joyce since the age of 13, when he first read the Irish modernist's 1922 novel *Ulysses*. "I think I picked it up because I knew it was difficult and I'm attracted to complicated things," Kelly says. Since then, his collection of Joyce books has grown to 124, including 26 first editions. Among his other acquisitions (counterclockwise from top left): an edition of *Ulysses* illustrated by Matisse (one of 250 signed by both Joyce and Matisse); a signed and dedicated first edition of *Ulysses*; and a Joyce poster designed by Richard Hamilton. For Kelly, collecting is not about self-aggrandizement. "I come at it from a slightly different tangent," he said. "For me it's much more about the intellectual pursuit and the passion of collecting."



## URSULA VON RYDINGSVARD

Wooden objects

Artist Ursula von Rydingsvard is well known for her massive chainsaw-carved wooden sculptures. She is less famous for the collection—40 years in the making—of wooden objects that fills her studio in Brooklyn and her country house in Accord, New York. “On the whole, I look for things that seem humble and as though they’ve had a long history of use,” she said. These objects, sourced from flea markets all over the world and including cooking implements, shovels, combs, farm tools, and African masks, “play a major role in keeping my spirits high and in continuing my belief in humanity.”





## MATTHEW HIGGS

Record albums

Matthew Higgs's collection of record albums numbers about 7,500, about 5,000 of which are neatly organized in his Chelsea apartment. "The rest are either in my office, storage, or back in the U.K." says Higgs, the U.K.-born director and chief curator of the New York alternative space White Columns. For Higgs, "curating and collecting have a lot of things in common: researching, finding, contextualizing, and sharing with audiences." His collection spans genres and price points. One of his most valuable records—a rare original pressing of Stephen Encinas's "Disco Illusion" on the Kalinda label—was a gift from artist Peter Doig. Higgs occasionally DJs for friends' parties. The record he's played the most is "The Return of the Durutti Column" by the Durutti Column. "I bought my first copy in 1980 when I was 15. I've probably owned five different copies of it over the following 35 years, replacing them as they got worn out."



## JANET BORDEN

Holt Howard ceramics

"The Internet has made it a lot less fun for me; now it's just a matter of putting a big bid in," says photography dealer Janet Borden about her pursuit of Pixieware—ceramic condiment containers decorated with pixie heads that were made by the Holt Howard company in the 1950s and '60s. Borden picked up her first Pixieware item—a mayonnaise jar—at a flea market in Lambertville, New Jersey. "It used to be thrilling to walk through a flea market or rural antique store and spot one," she added. "It was more as if it was waiting for me to find it." Borden's collection includes a few hundred pieces, most of which live in her Brooklyn home. "I can't even tell you why I love them. They're just so good-natured and sweet."

## AARON CURRY

Guitars

"I grew up obsessed with guitars," L.A.-based artist Aaron Curry says. "When I was young, I used to cut up boxes and make cardboard guitars using a yardstick and some yarn." He started collecting guitars in college in the early 1990s, but "I sold a lot of them when I moved from Chicago to study in L.A." Currently, he has a collection of about 20 guitars and is learning to play the pedal steel guitar. "I have some really beautiful ones, but unless I take them out and pick them up, they can't be fully appreciated."



## TOM ECCLES

Toy soldiers

"They're quite easy to get individually, but you want a full set in its box," Tom Eccles says as he unpacks a box of CBG Mignot toy soldiers in his upstate New York home, where he lives with well over a thousand toy soldiers. Eccles, executive director of Bard's Center for Curatorial Studies, liked toy soldiers as a child but didn't start collecting them seriously until the 1990s. "There was a funny shop in the basement of a bookstore on Madison and 82nd," he says, but he admits that these days he also buys online. Some soldiers in his collection date back to 1890; the earliest are crafted from sawdust and glue, though most are made of lead. "The salt on your fingers affects the lead in the paint," Eccles explains. "That's how you can tell which ones have been played with."



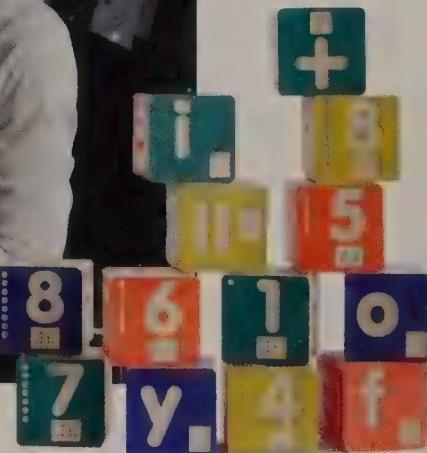
## MICHAEL KOHN

Model trains

L.A. gallerist Michael Kohn has had an interest in toy trains since he was a kid. His brother, ten years his senior, collected them. It wasn't until 15 years ago when a friend pulled out a train set that he remembered that there was a similar one at his parents' house. After tracking it down, he began researching pre- and postwar model trains, and realized he could become a serious collector for only a few thousand dollars. Today, his collection includes a rare unopened train set that was originally marketed for girls in the late '50s. "This is, by all accounts, the only mint condition unopened box of this set," he said. "I have it displayed, and most people think it's like a Jeff Koons or something, but it's not. It's actually a box of trains."



PLAYBOY



## BARBARA BLOOM

Braille objects

Artist Barbara Bloom became interested in Braille because, in her words, "the letters are hard to see." As Bloom notes, "this creates a kind of poetic parity; what is clear to the blind is obscure to the sighted." The first piece in her collection was a Braille *Playboy* magazine. "In the 1980s," she says, "I read about a court case. Zealots were trying to stop the Library of Congress from publishing their Braille edition of *Playboy*. Ironically, and obviously, these issues contained no photographs." Bloom wrote to the Library of Congress and obtained a copy of one of the magazines in question. Since then, her collection has grown to about 30 Braille objects, including playing blocks, rulers, globes, and more.



A collection of coat-check tags from various museums and institutions, displayed on a wall. The tags are arranged in a grid pattern, each with a unique number and some text. Some tags have small illustrations or symbols on them. A portrait of artist Brent Birnbaum is positioned next to the tags, and a large red tag with the number 3272 is visible on the right side.

## BRENT BIRNBAUM

Coat-check tags

"Tehching Hsieh said that time was his medium," states artist Brent Birnbaum. "Collecting is my medium." In the past, Birnbaum has collected everything from treadmills to Barack Obama T-shirts to pigeon feathers found on the streets of New York City, but not all of his collections develop into something larger. His hunt for museum coat-check tags, though, has taken him to 48 countries all over the world. "The first tag I got was from the Whitney on July 22, 2015. I'm interested in collecting and archiving objects that no one else is saving." About this collection, Birnbaum adds, "Museums collect pieces, but no one is collecting pieces of museums. Well, I am."

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Roe Ethridge, *Me and Auggie*, 2015. Dye sublimation print on aluminum, 45 x 30 inches.  
Courtesy of the artist, Andrew Kreps Gallery, New York, and Greengrassi, London

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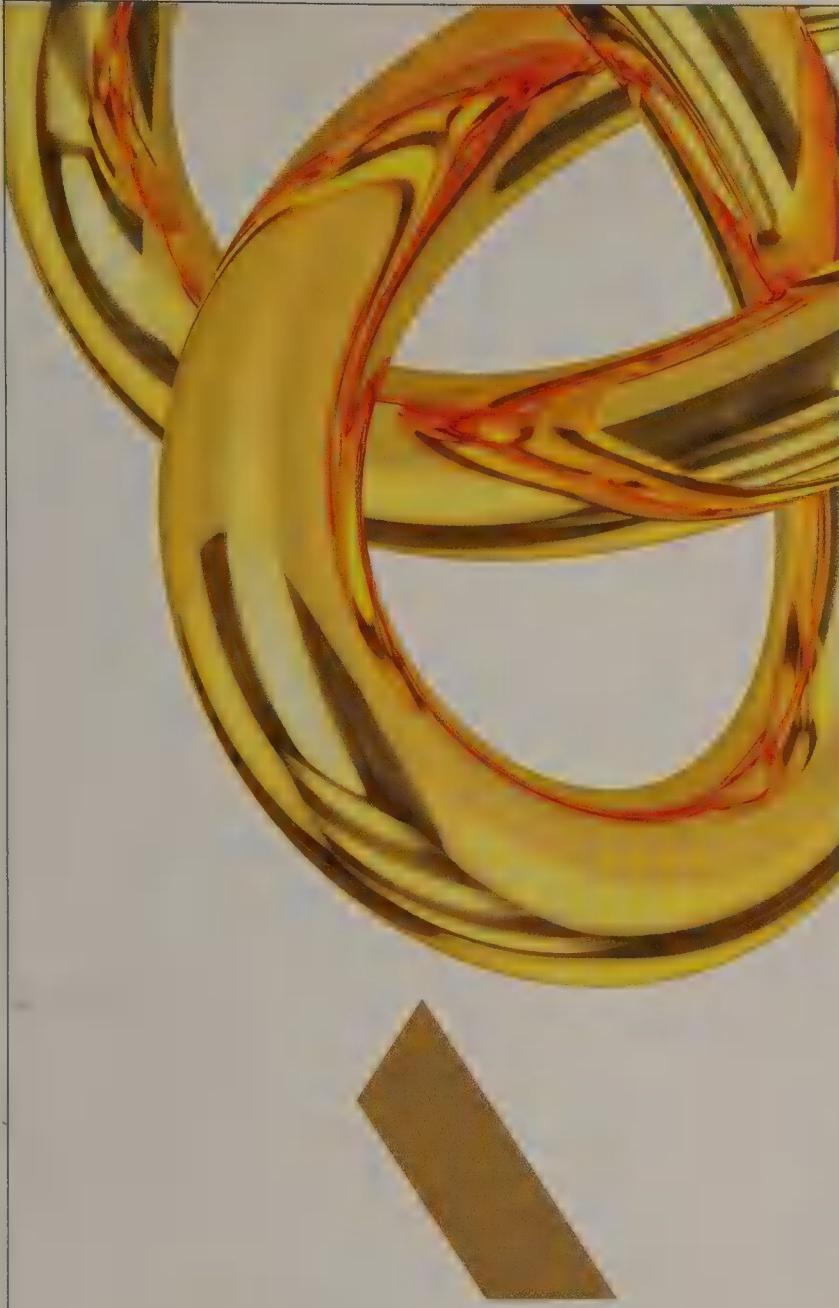
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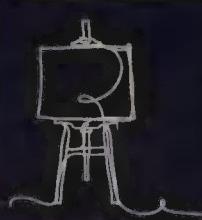
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"WILDEGARD" - OIL ENAMEL ON CANVAS, 36X48"

THEMATIC EXPRESSIONIST

**JOHN MICHAEL GUERIN**

B. BRONX, NY 1959

# Provincetown

AMERICA'S FIRST DESTINATION FOR ARTISTS, ART LOVERS AND CONNOISSEURS IS ONE OF AMERICA'S BEST RATED GETAWAYS

Today's refined traveler has high expectations and limited, valuable time to explore and be pampered. The art enthusiast faces the constant dilemma of discovering quality art experiences in interesting places that have not been overrun by kitsch and tourist traps. Places like Provincetown, Massachusetts, are rare indeed.

If this were your typical story about arts tourism, the story of America's oldest continuous art colony might be best told through a prism of Provincetown's legendary traditions in the arts. "There is nothing quite like the light, seascape and the creative spirit found in Provincetown," said Tony Fuccillo, Director of Tourism. "This is the reason why this place of exceptional scenic beauty, freedom of expression and uncommon cultural character has remained an inspiration for artists and an oasis for art connoisseurs for more than a century."

But as those who have kept Ptown, as its frequent visitors call it, a secret all to themselves, know this quaint early American village at the tip of Cape Cod offers all a visitor could want from a quintessential New England experience. One may come for the art but they

can or through a lens, you can stroll and people watch along famous Commercial Street. It is here where reading the marquees and experiencing a daily festival atmosphere that erupts into nightly displays of performance art, diners chasing the aromas of fresh seafood and international fare, and entertainers in the old style tradition of calling the audience to their performance before the curtain is raised.

The sophisticated traveler's eye will focus on the sights, sounds and colors of this special environment and notice that they have landed far from the ordinary when surrounded by clam and lobster pots and a historic Portuguese fishing fleet. In this atmosphere, quaint, unique and luxurious accommodations coupled with fun, casual and exceptional dining ensure that your art adventure is achieved in style.

The stunning beauty and solitude that continues to draw artists to the town is juxtaposed with a vibrant social scene. Within a few blocks from the beach, you can attend a concert, dance the night away or experience the unrelenting drama of some of the best drag queen performers on the planet. Oh, and if you want to sing, this is no run-of-the-mill karaoke town. Famous pianists have been sitting



are sure to stay for the fine dining, festive atmosphere, shopping treasures, a vast national seashore and star-quality entertainment.

Visitors are drawn to Provincetown in part because it has bucked assimilation and sameness to create unique visitor experiences. During most days you have a choice of visiting the famous Dune Shacks, an encampment of 19 primitive huts on a remote stretch of beach, where the likes of Jack Kerouac, Norman Mailer, Jackson Pollock, Tennessee Williams and Mark Rothko found inspiration in a commune with nature. From these preserved platforms you can view outward to sea where your choice may take you another day to cycle along dune trails, relax on a sunny beach or whale watch where sightings are reported most days of the year.

In a place where plein air artists and their tripods share space with photographers to interpret the town's sights and sounds onto can-

vas or through a lens, you can stroll and people watch along famous Commercial Street. It is here where reading the marquees and experiencing a daily festival atmosphere that erupts into nightly displays of performance art, diners chasing the aromas of fresh seafood and international fare, and entertainers in the old style tradition of calling the audience to their performance before the curtain is raised.

This is a community of festivals and fairs for everyone, many based on its unique history and Portuguese cultural roots, giving rise to exceptional special events throughout the year and weekly "gallery strolls" that take place Friday evenings in the summer, where art enthusiasts can browse and meet local and visiting artists and gallery owners. If performance art is your interest, check the annual calendar of events to see when the town hosts its not-to-be-missed international film and theater festivals.

Cherished memories have been made in Provincetown since the 1620, for here is where the Pilgrims first stepped into the New World along Cape Cod Bay arriving in Provincetown Harbor and inking the Mayflower Compact. For history

# MA.

## COME FOR THE ART, STAY FOR EVERY REASON UNDER THE SUN

buffs, you can't get any closer to the birth of our nation than in Ptown. Climb the Pilgrim Monument, take an historical walking tour or just follow the paths of history by visiting the library or purveyors of colonial artifacts. You will easily discover the stories of native peoples and those who came later, their endurance, struggles and accomplishments all commemorated in Provincetown, officially known as "America's First Destination."

### A History of Authentic Artistic Expression

Being America's oldest continuous art colony, with Charles Hawthorne opening the Cape Cod School of Art in Provincetown in 1899, the convergence of artists to Ptown has never slowed. With a hundred years under its roof, Provincetown Art Association and Museum (PAAM) held its first exhibition a year after its establishment in 1914, and by 1916 Provincetown had six art schools. "Anything with a roof and walls was converted into an artist's studio as word spread of the dramatic light and creative atmosphere found in this unique seaside haven," said Jim Bakker, PAAM Board of Trustees President.

From 1915 to the 1930's artists moved from developing a unique method of woodcut printing, 'The Provincetown Print' to an explosion of Abstract Expressionist painters. Theater found enthusiastic audiences, drawing such noted playwrights as Eugene O'Neill, who produced his first play, "Bound East for Cardiff," in Provincetown in 1916. Tennessee Williams imagined his characters here, writing and staging plays in a place untamed and eccentric, where new ideas were embraced and the unconventional celebrated.

Soon artists and bohemians began summering in Provincetown to escape the heat of the City, they were drawn to the village for the isolation and freedom they found here. Some

of the greatest painters of the 20th century summered in Provincetown including Edward Hopper, Willem de Kooning and Robert Motherwell among many others.

This artistic heritage linked to the accolades for a town that Trivago rated the "2016 Number One Destination To Stay In America" makes a trip to the Cape's end an unquestionable opportunity.

As the Provincetown prepares to commemorate the arrival of the Pilgrims in 2020, there is no better time to make your own pilgrimage to Provincetown. Today, it remains a very special place that continues to beckon all who seeks the kind of freedom that is both celebrated and safeguarded by artists, their art and those art lovers who keep the legacy of American artists alive and well.



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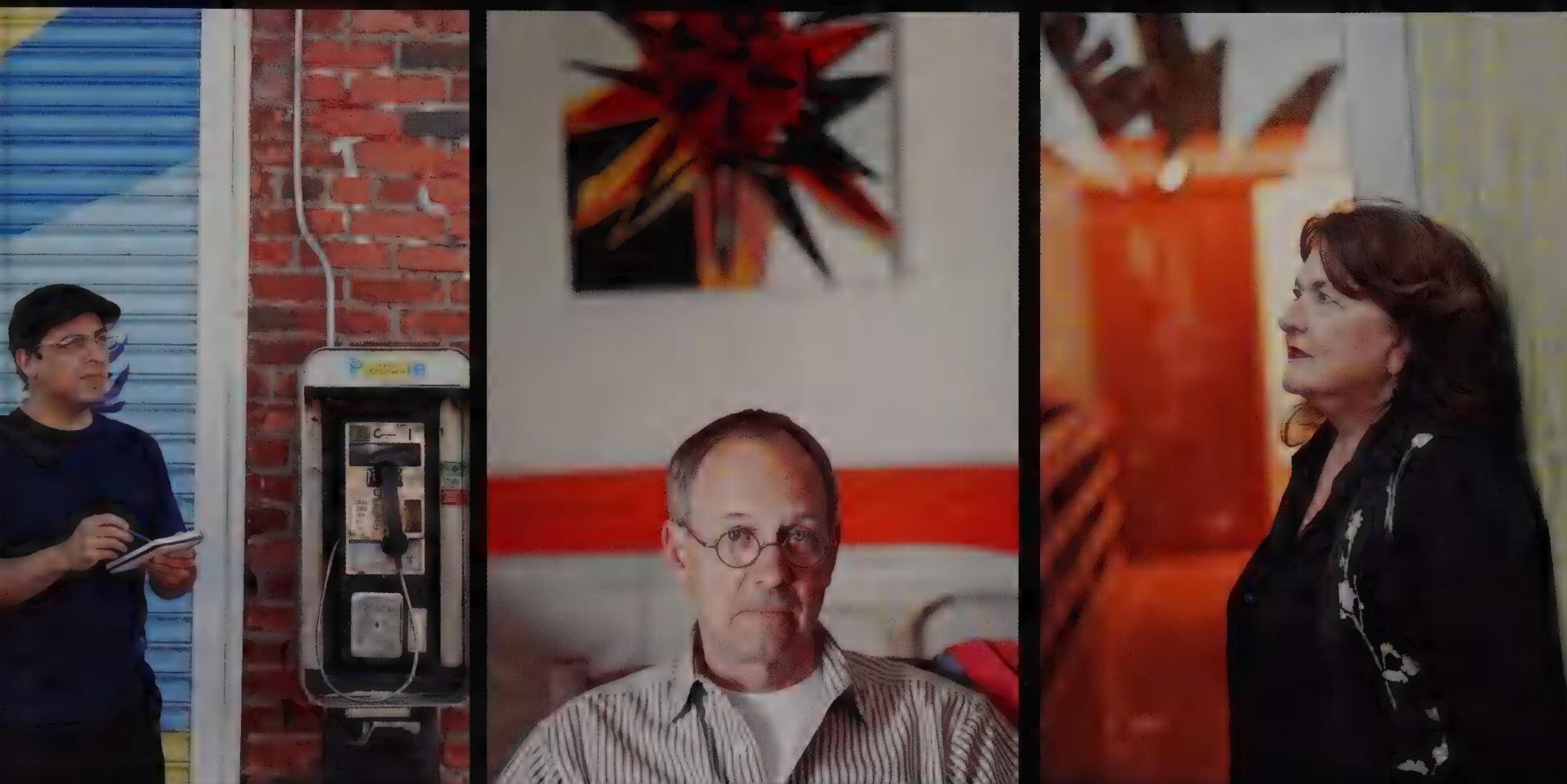
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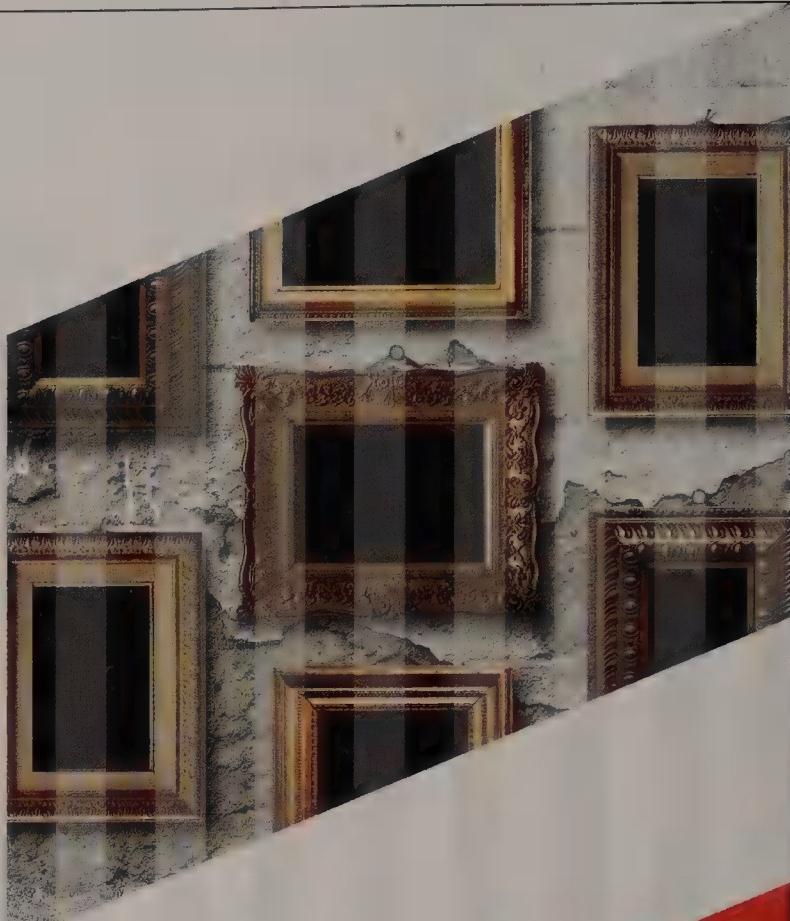
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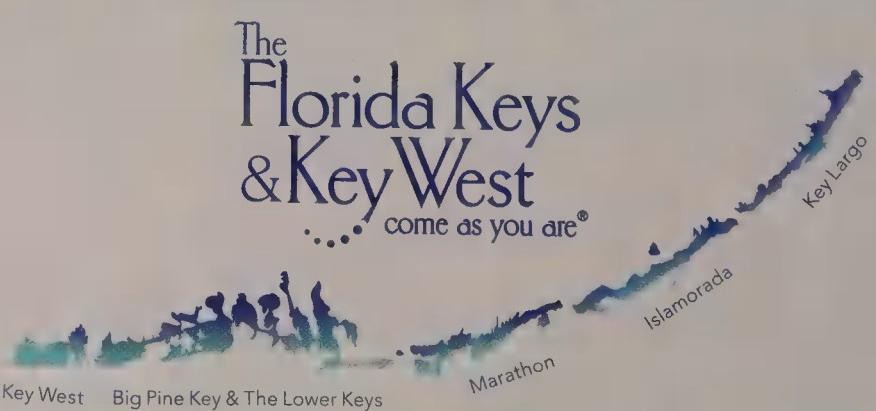
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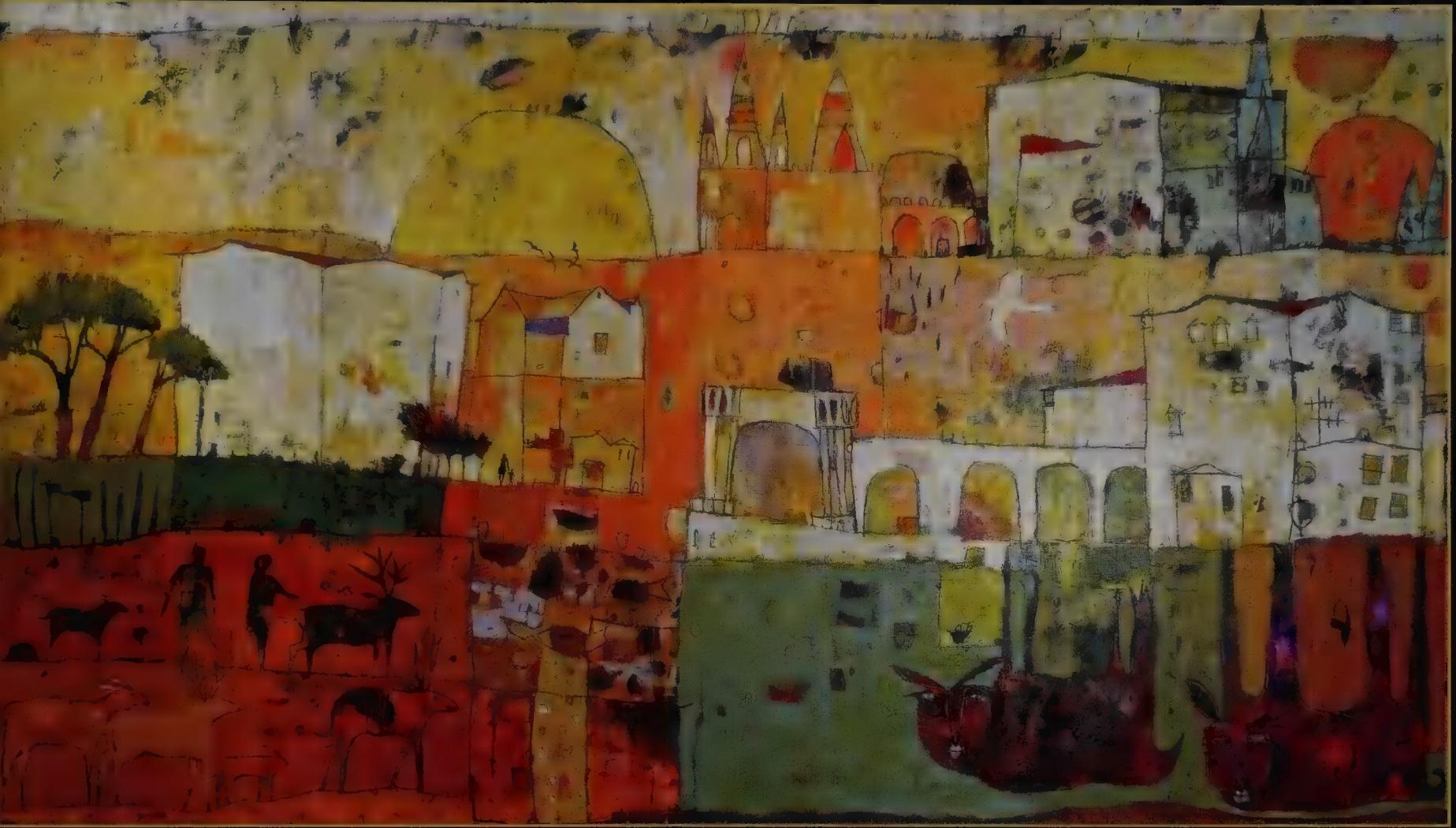
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# 200 COLLECTORS



◆ HOUSE ARREST by Nate Freeman (Pg. 92) ◆ RISKY BUSINESS by Sarah Thornton (Pg. 102) ◆ EVERYBODY LOVES THE SUNSHINE by Catherine G. Wagley (Pg. 106)



AN AGE-OLD CLOAK  
OF ANONYMITY IN  
THE AUCTION ROOM:  
BIDDING BY PHONE

**F**our years ago, J. Tomilson Hill, vice chairman of the private equity firm the Blackstone Group, got a phone call from L.A.-based artist Mark Grotjahn, whose work Hill has collected in depth. Grotjahn was coming to New York and intended to visit the exhibition "Matisse: In Search of True Painting" at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Hill, a Met trustee, not only got Grotjahn admitted on a Monday—the museum was closed on Mondays at the time—he also got the show's curator, Rebecca Rabinow, to accompany him through the galleries. Hill couldn't resist tagging along. He wanted to experience Grotjahn's reaction to Matisse. "I strongly believe," Hill told me when we spoke over this past summer, "that if you look at an artwork being made today and you juxtapose it with a work from 200 or 500 years ago, the one today, if it's good, can help you see the older one in a different way."

Hill should know. In the course of their collecting, he and his wife, Janine, have long been juxtaposing contemporary art with older art, and they will soon be sharing such displays with the public at their private museum. The Hill Art Foundation, which will be admission-free, opens next fall in a Peter Marino-designed building in New York's Chelsea art district. The building's windows looking out onto the High Line, the elevated park that runs through Chelsea, will provide millions of passersby a glimpse into a world where Christopher Wool might meet Duccio, where Lucio Fontana might meet Giambologna, where Sarah Crowner might meet Peter Paul Rubens.

Hill is the kind of collector who has long been a fixture of *ARTnews*'s annual "World's Top 200 Collectors" list: passionate, committed, serious, voracious. The kind of collector who sticks around even when the market cools off. And the market has indeed cooled off. Last June, when *ARTnews* went to press on the 2015 edition of our "Top 200 Collectors" issue, it was on the heels of Christie's New York having auctioned Picasso's 1955 painting *Les Femmes d'Alger* for a record \$179 million. This time around the buoyancy has subsided: The May auctions in New

York took in a total of around \$1 billion, less than half of last year's haul. Volume was down. Sales for the first half of 2016 at both Christie's and Sotheby's were down about a third from the same period a year ago.

The speculators in work by younger artists have vanished—very likely one reason that contemporary sales at Christie's were down 45 percent in the first half of 2016, compared to the same period in 2015—and the mind-boggling price records are fewer and further between.

The word on everyone's lips at Art Basel in June was "uncertainty": What will happen with Brexit; with the unprecedently weird, high-stakes U.S. election; and with global stability in the face of terrorism? (The fair upped its security at the door.) Some market observers were saying that collectors had recently gotten "cautious," and that the air was thinner than usual for artworks priced in excess of \$10 million. But one thing was for sure: the stalwarts—those collectors on our list—were there, their checkbooks at the ready and their keen eyes out for quality. Among those on hand were the Horts, the Rubells, Martin Margulies, Patrizia Sandretto Re Rebaudengo, Tony Salamé, and Qiao Zhibing, to name just a few.

All of which is not to say the market is in a deep rut. Far from it. In May, Japanese collector Yusaku Maezawa, new to our list this year, hoovered up \$98 million worth of art in just two days of auctions. And last June, Sotheby's London set a new record for Cubism at auction when Picasso's 1909 painting *Femme Assise* sold for \$63.6 million. Collectors are going for top quality; the good stuff is selling.

Other records have also turned heads. In May the *New York Times* reported that Argentinean businessman Eduardo F. Costantini, another collector on our list, had bought Diego Rivera's 1928 painting *Baile en Tehuantepec* privately through Phillips auction house for \$15.7 million, setting a new record price for the artist. Asian buying is strong, and Silicon Valley is increasingly joining the collecting fray, with Pace Gallery expanding into Palo Alto, and Gagosian opening opposite the new SFMOMA.

Weak market? "It's a *savvy* market," one of the savviest market players told me in Basel, adding "the best and the smartest are the risk-takers."

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Modern and contemporary art

**Neil G. Bluhm**

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Real estate  
Postwar and contemporary art

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Berlin  
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Contemporary art

**Irma and Norman Braman**

Miami Beach  
Automobile dealerships  
Modern and contemporary art

**Udo Brandhorst**

Munich  
Insurance  
Postwar and contemporary art

**Peter M. Brant**

Greenwich, Connecticut  
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Contemporary art; design; furniture

**Edythe L. and Eli Broad**

Los Angeles  
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Contemporary art

**James Keith (J. K.) Brown and Eric Diefenbach**

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Investments and law  
Contemporary art

**Joop van Caldenborgh**

Wassenaar, the Netherlands  
Chemical industry (Caldic)  
Modern and contemporary art, including sculpture,  
photography, artists' books, video, and installations

**Edouard Carmignac**

Paris  
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Contemporary art



LEFT David Hockney, *The Grand Canyon*, 1998, in the collection of Paul Allen.

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London; Venezuela  
Investments  
Modern and contemporary art; Latin American art

**Beth Rudin DeWoody**

New York; Los Angeles; West Palm Beach, Florida  
Real estate; philanthropy  
Modern and contemporary art

**Leonardo DiCaprio**

Los Angeles  
Actor  
Contemporary art; comics; rare books; fossils; vintage movie posters

**Glenn Dubin**

New York  
Asset management  
Modern and contemporary art

**George Economou**

Athens  
Investments and shipping (DryShips)  
Modern, postwar, and contemporary art

"How big is the universe of collectors ready, willing, and able to spend millions of dollars for a work of art?" former *ARTnews* editor Milton Esterow wondered in these pages 10 years ago. Esterow asked "four knowledgeable observers," who preferred to remain anonymous, to give him estimates. We repeated the exercise this year, calling our sources A, B, C, and D.

| COLLECTORS WHO<br>WOULD SPEND: | A      | B     | C                | D      |
|--------------------------------|--------|-------|------------------|--------|
| \$1,000,000                    | 5,000+ | 2,500 | 5,000-<br>10,000 | 10,000 |
| \$10,000,000                   | 1,000+ | 250   | 500              | 1,000  |
| \$50,000,000                   | 50     | 60-80 | 100              | 50     |
| \$100,000,000                  | 25     | 25-35 | 50               | 25     |

**Stefan T. Edlis and Gael Neeson**

Chicago; Aspen, Colorado  
Plastics manufacturing (retired)  
Postwar and contemporary art

**Carl Gustaf Ehrnrooth**

Helsinki  
Construction and investments  
Contemporary Scandinavian, European, and American art

**Mitzi and Warren Eisenberg**

Union, New Jersey  
Retail (Bed Bath & Beyond)  
Contemporary art

# \$500,000,000

The amount of money Kenneth C. Griffin spent this past February to acquire two masterpieces, Willem de Kooning's *Interchange* (1955) and Jackson Pollock's *Number 17A* (1948), from the collection of David Geffen in a single transaction.

## Rebecca and Martin Eisenberg

New York  
Retail (Bed Bath & Beyond)  
Contemporary art

## Lawrence J. Ellison

Woodside, California  
Software  
Late 19th- and early 20th-century European art;  
ancient to early 20th-century Japanese art

## Caryl and Israel Englander

New York  
Hedge fund  
Modern, postwar, and contemporary art;  
contemporary photography

## Susan and Leonard Feinstein

Long Island, New York  
Retail (Bed Bath & Beyond)  
Modern and contemporary art

## Frank J. Fertitta III and Lorenzo Fertitta

Las Vegas  
Casinos (Station Casinos) and professional  
fighting (Ultimate Fighting Championship)  
Modern and contemporary art

## Randi and Robert Fisher

San Francisco  
Retail (Gap Inc.)  
Contemporary art

## Michael C. Forman and Jennifer Rice

Philadelphia  
Investment fund management (Franklin Square Capital Partners)  
Modern and contemporary art

## Amanda and Glenn R. Fuhrman

New York  
Investments (MSD Capital)  
Contemporary art

## Antoine de Galbert

Paris  
Inheritance  
Primitive art; contemporary art



## Christy and Bill Gautreaux

Kansas City, Missouri  
Energy (Crestwood Midstream Partners)  
Contemporary art

## Yassmin and Sasan Ghandehari

London  
Investments (real estate and industrials)  
Impressionism; postwar and contemporary art

## Ingvild Goetz

Munich  
Inheritance (mail-order retail)  
Contemporary art

## Danny Goldberg

Sydney  
Investments  
Modern and contemporary art

## Noam Gottesman

New York  
Hedge fund  
Postwar and contemporary art

## Laurence Graff

Gstaad, Switzerland  
Jewelry  
Modern and contemporary art

## Kenneth C. Griffin

Chicago  
Hedge fund  
Post-Impressionism

## Florence and Daniel Guerlain

Paris  
Inheritance (perfume); philanthropy (Contemporary Drawing Prize)  
Contemporary art, especially drawing

## Agnes Gund

New York; Peninsula, Ohio; Kent, Connecticut  
Inheritance  
Modern and contemporary art

## Nathalie and Charles de Gunzburg

New York  
Investments  
Postwar and contemporary art

## Francesca von Habsburg

Vienna  
Philanthropy (founder and chairwoman, TBA21)  
Contemporary art

## Christine and Andrew Hall

Palm Beach, Florida  
Financial management  
Contemporary art

ABOVE Simone Leigh, *Untitled IV (Anatomy of Architecture series)*, 2016,  
in the collection of Amanda and Glenn R. Fuhrman.



## Fine Art, Jewelry & Specie Insurance for Fine Art & Collectibles

**What does FAJS handle? All types of fine art including:**

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### Diane and Bruce Halle

Arizona

Tires (Discount Tire Company)

Latin American art; contemporary sculpture

### Prince Hans-Adam II von und zu Liechtenstein

Vaduz, Liechtenstein

Inheritance

Old Masters

### Janine and J. Tomilson Hill

New York

Investment banking

Renaissance bronzes; Old Masters; postwar and contemporary art

### Marguerite Hoffman

Dallas

Private investments

Postwar American and European art; illuminated

medieval manuscripts; Chinese monochromes

### Maja Hoffmann

Zurich

Inheritance (pharmaceuticals)

Contemporary art

### Hong Ra-hee and Lee Kun-hee

Seoul

Electronics (Samsung)

Traditional and modern Korean art; modern and contemporary international art

### Susan and Michael Hort

New York; New Jersey

Printing

Contemporary art

### Alan Howard

London

Hedge fund

Impressionism; modern art



### Frank Huang

Taipei

Computer hardware

Chinese porcelain; Impressionist and modern painting

### Dakis Joannou

Athens

Construction

Contemporary art

### Edward "Ned" Johnson III

Boston

Finance (Fidelity Investments)

19th- and 20th-century American painting, furniture, and decorative arts; Asian art and ceramics

### Pamela J. Joyner and Alfred J. Giuffrida

San Francisco and Sonoma, California

Investments

African-American abstract art; art of the African diaspora; contemporary South African art

### Viatcheslav Moshe Kantor

Moscow; London

Fertilizer (Acron Group); president of the European Jewish Congress

Russian and Jewish art of the 20th century; contemporary Russian art

### Nasser David Khalili

London

Real estate and investments

Art of the Islamic lands; Hajj and the arts of pilgrimage (700–2000); Aramaic documents (353–324 B.C.); Japanese art of the Meiji period; Japanese kimonos since the 18th century; Swedish textiles (1700–1900); Spanish damascened metalworks (1850–1900); enamels of the world since the 18th century

### Alison and Peter W. Klein

Eberdingen-Nussdorf, Germany

Real estate (Peter Klein Real Estate)

Contemporary painting and photography; Aboriginal art

### Jill and Peter Kraus

New York and Dutchess County, New York

Investment management

Contemporary art

### Marie-Josée and Henry R. Kravis

New York

Finance and investments

Modern and contemporary art; French furniture

### Ananda Krishnan

Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia; France

Finance and investments

Modern art

### Grazyna Kulczyk

Poznań, Poland

Investments; entrepreneur (Stary Browar Commerce, Art and Business Centre) Postwar and contemporary Polish and international art

ABOVE Nicole Eisenman, *Morning Studio*, 2016, in the collection of Susan and Michael Hort. OPPOSITE Jacopo da Ponte, *The Meeting of Jacob and Rachel at the Well*, 1566–67, in the collection of Barbara and Jon Landau.

# \$98,000,000

The price tag for Yusaku Maezawa's two-day art shopping spree at Christie's New York this past May. His purchases included a Basquiat (for \$57.2 million) and a Christopher Wool (for \$13.9 million).



## Pierre Lagrange

London  
Hedge fund  
Postwar and contemporary art

## Guy Laliberté

Montreal; Ibiza, Spain  
Creative ventures (Red Moon Group)  
Contemporary art

## Barbara and Jon Landau

New York  
Entertainment  
Renaissance and Baroque painting and sculpture;  
19th-century French and English painting

## Steven Latner and Michael Latner

Toronto  
Real estate  
Modern and contemporary art

## Joseph Lau

Hong Kong  
Real estate  
Modern and contemporary art, especially Warhol

## Thomas Lau

Hong Kong  
Real estate  
Modern and contemporary art



## Jo Carole and Ronald S. Lauder

New York and Wainscott, New York;  
Washington, D.C.; Palm Beach, Florida; Paris  
Cosmetics (Estée Lauder Companies)  
Antiquities; medieval art; arms and armor; Old Masters; 20th-century  
decorative arts; Austrian and German Expressionism; modern masters;  
postwar German and Italian art; contemporary art

## Leonard A. Lauder

New York  
Cosmetics (Estée Lauder Companies)  
Cubism

## Barbara Lee

Cambridge, Massachusetts  
Investments  
Contemporary art by women

## Eric and Liz Lefkofsky

Glencoe, Illinois  
Venture investments  
Contemporary art

## Barbara and Aaron Levine

Washington, D.C.  
Law practice  
Conceptual art

## Li Lin

Hangzhou, China  
Fashion (JNBY)  
International contemporary art

## Margaret Munzer Loeb and Daniel S. Loeb

New York  
Hedge fund  
Postwar and contemporary art; feminist art

## Eugenio López Alonso

Mexico City; Los Angeles  
Beverages (Grupo Jumex)  
Contemporary art

## Jack Ma

Hangzhou, China  
E-commerce (Alibaba)  
Modern and contemporary art

## Yusaku Maezawa

Chiba City, Japan  
Online retail  
Contemporary art

## Maramotti Family

Reggio Emilia, Italy  
Fashion  
Art informel; arte povera; transavanguardia; Neo-Expressionism;  
New Geometry; conceptual art; contemporary art

## Maurice Marciano

Beverly Hills, California  
Retail (Guess)  
Contemporary art

# Private Practices

BY HANNAH GHORASHI & ALEX GREENBERGER

It's been projected that in the next five years, 1,200 museums will be built in China; 400 of those spaces are expected to be private. Though more museums are opening in China than anywhere else in the world, it's a global trend all the same—private museums are popping up everywhere. "It's partly a shift toward the private," said Philip Dodd, who recently founded the Global Private Museum Network. "Good or bad, there's been a shift away from critics toward collectors." With that comes grand possibilities, from an Indonesian art park that spans some 538,000 square feet to a museum in Berlin with a cutting-edge collection of digital art. As Dodd said, "Private museums will be able to do crazier, wackier programming than public museums, which have to do Picasso, Matisse, what have you. That kind of ambition is, as you talk to the museum owners, what they're really interested in." Below, a look at recently opened or soon-to-open private museums and expansions of existing ones across the world.

## 4,000

Number of **water lilies**, irises, and rushes on Glenstone's verdant property in Potomac, Maryland.



Public and private are never completely separate, and this is especially the case with Museum Voorlinden, which hired **Wim Pijbes** as its director. Pijbes had been a general director for eight years at one of the world's most important institutions—the Rijksmuseum.



After deciding that she didn't want a bunker or a factory for her Berlin museum, **Julia Stoschek** settled on a World War II-era Czech cultural center. "The space in Berlin marks a very important and very interesting chapter of East German history," she said.

Before it was home to a museum, the new branch of **Crystal Bridges** was a cheese-making facility owned by Kraft Foods. Located a couple miles from the main Crystal Bridges building, it will retain its industrial look.



**BUDIDES**  
BALI, INDONESIA

**CRYSTAL BRIDGES** (SECOND BRANCH)  
BENTONVILLE, ARKANSAS

**FEUERLE COLLECTION**  
BERLIN

**GLENSTONE** (EXPANSION)  
POTOMAC, MARYLAND

**HILL ART FOUNDATION**  
NEW YORK

**LONG MUSEUM**  
CHONGQING, CHINA

**MMCA NUSANTARA**  
JAKARTA, INDONESIA

**MUSEUM VOORLINDEN**  
WASSENAAR, THE NETHERLANDS

**NEWPORT STREET GALLERY**  
LONDON

**SAMDANI ART FOUNDATION**  
SYLHET, BANGLADESH

**JULIA STOSCHEK COLLECTION**  
BERLIN

**TANK SHANGHAI**  
SHANGHAI

**NEW MUSEUMS TO WATCH:** Marciano Art Foundation (Maurice & Paul Marciano, Los Angeles, early 2017) ♦ Pinault Collection (François Pinault, Paris, 2018)

| FOUNDER                | OPENING DATE   | SQ. FT.   | ADMISSION | ARCHITECT                      | TYPE OF ART  |
|------------------------|----------------|-----------|-----------|--------------------------------|--|
| BUDI TEK               | 2017-18        | 538,200   | \$100 *   | ARANDA/LASCH                   | LARGE-SCALE CONTEMPORARY   |
| ALICE WALTON           | 2018           | 63,000    | TBD       | WHEELER KEARNS ARCHITECTS      | AMERICAN CONTEMPORARY  |
| DÉSIRÉ FEUERLE         | MAY 2016       | 68,300    | \$20      | JOHN PAWSON                    | CONTEMPORARY; SOUTHEAST ASIAN; 18TH-CENTURY DECORATIVE                     |
| EMILY & MITCHELL RALES | 2018           | 170,000 ■ | FREE      | THOMAS PHIFER & PETER WALKER   | MODERN & CONTEMPORARY  |
| JANINE & TOMILSON HILL | FALL 2017      | 6,400     | FREE      | PETER MARINO                   | RENAISSANCE BRONZES; OLD MASTER PAINTINGS; POSTWAR & CONTEMPORARY PAINTING |
| WANG WEI & LIU YIQIAN  | MAY 2016       | 107,600   | \$7.50    | SKIDMORE, OWINGS & MERRILL LLP | CHINESE TRADITIONAL; CONTEMPORARY; REVOLUTION-THEMED PAINTING              |
| HARYANTO DIKOESOEMO    | EARLY 2017     | 43,000    | TBD       | MET STUDIO DESIGN LTD.         | MODERN & CONTEMPORARY  |
| JOOP VAN ALDENBORGH    | SEPTEMBER 2016 | 19,700    | TBD       | PIET OUDOLF & KRAAIJVANGER     | MODERN & CONTEMPORARY  |
| DAMIEN HIRST           | OCTOBER 2015   | 37,000    | FREE      | CARUSO ST. JOHN                | CONTEMPORARY   |
| ADIA & RAJEEB SAMDANI  | LATE 2018      | TBD ♦     | FREE      | KASHEF CHOWDHURY               | CONTEMPORARY, PARTICULARLY FROM SOUTH ASIA                                 |
| JULIA STOSCHEK         | JUNE 2016      | 21,500    | \$5.50    | JOHANNA MEYER-GROHBRÜGGE       | TIME-BASED CONTEMPORARY, WITH AN EMPHASIS ON DIGITAL                       |
| QIAO ZHIBING           | LATE 2017      | 645,800   | TBD       | OPEN ARCHITECTURE              | CONTEMPORARY   |

\* Budidesa is akin to a resort; the premises include luxury accommodations for park guests.

■ Number reflects Glenstone's expanded premises. It will be 50,000 square feet larger than the existing museum, which opened in 2006.

♦ The size of the building is TBD. The foundation's full grounds, including a sculpture park, take up 17 acres.

◆ Art Jameel Center (Jameel Family, Dubai, 2018) ◆ JNBY Art Center (Li Lin, Guangzhou, Fall 2018) ◆ GES2 (Leonid Mikhelson, Moscow, 2018)

## Why open a museum, anyway?



"When you collect, you, of course, accumulate a lot of things. I thought, 'It's time now, to look for a good space in a good city.'"

-Désiré Feuerle

"Growing up in Indonesia, I have always been aware of the limited opportunities to engage with and learn about the arts in this country. There are countless talented artists here in Indonesia who deserve a platform to share their work with the world."

-Haryanto Adikoesoemo

"We can be more nimble than a traditional museum and create a dialogue between the four categories we collect."

-J. Tomilson Hill



"We have commissioned so many artworks that are so large and so big and so important in the world. We'll bring them to Budidesa for permanent display."

-Budi Tek

"We need to collect foreign art so that our museums can be on par with foreign peers."

[as told to the *Financial Times*]

-Wang Wei

**Martin Z. Margulies**

Key Biscayne, Florida  
Real-estate development  
Modern and contemporary art

**Donald B. Marron**

New York  
Private equity  
Modern and contemporary art

**David Martinez**

London; New York  
Investment management  
Modern and contemporary art

**Susan and Larry Marx**

Aspen, Colorado; Marina del Rey, California  
Investments and real estate (retired)  
Postwar and contemporary art, especially  
Abstract Expressionism and works on paper

**Dimitri Mavrommatis**

Paris  
Investment banking and asset management  
Modern and postwar art

**Raymond J. McGuire**

New York  
Finance  
African-American and African art

**John S. Middleton**

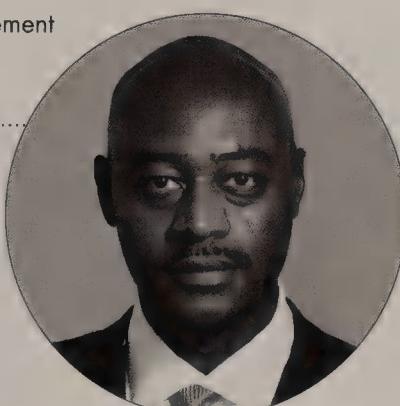
Philadelphia  
Manufacturing  
19th- and 20th-century American art

**Leonid Mikhelson**

Moscow  
Gas (Novatek)  
Impressionism; modern and contemporary art

**Victoria and Samuel I. Newhouse Jr.**

New York  
Publishing  
Modern and contemporary art

**Philip S. Niarchos**

Saint Moritz, Switzerland  
Shipping and finance  
Old Masters; Impressionism; modern and contemporary art

**Genny and Selmo Nissenbaum**

Rio de Janeiro  
Investments and real estate  
Minimalist art

**Takeo Obayashi**

Tokyo  
Construction contracting, engineering, and design  
Contemporary art

**Daniel Och**

Scarsdale, New York  
Hedge fund  
Modern and contemporary art

**Maja Oeri**

Basel, Switzerland  
Inheritance (pharmaceuticals)  
Contemporary art

**Thomas Olbricht**

Berlin  
Doctor of medicine  
Contemporary art; Wunderkammer objects; stamps

**Rose-Marie and Eijk van Otterloo**

Naples, Florida  
Investment fund  
Dutch and Flemish Old Masters painting

**Michael Ovitz**

Los Angeles  
Technology, finance, and investments  
Modern and contemporary art; Ming furniture; African art

**Bernardo Paz**

Brumadinho, Brazil  
Mining  
Contemporary art

**Andrea and José Olympio Pereira**

São Paulo  
Investment banking  
Modern and contemporary Brazilian art

**Marsha and Jeffrey Perelman**

Wynnewood, Pennsylvania; Palm Beach, Florida  
Manufacturing  
Postwar and contemporary art

**Ronald O. Perelman**

New York  
Finance  
Modern and contemporary art

ABOVE Ali Banisadr, *Foreign Lands*, 2015, in the collection of Thomas Olbricht. OPPOSITE Etel Adnan, *Champs de Petrol*, 2013, in the collection of Sultan Sooud Al Qassemi.

# 16

## Lisa and Richard Perry

New York  
Fashion and investments  
Pop art

## Amy and John Phelan

Palm Beach, Florida; Aspen, Colorado  
Investments (MSD Capital)  
Contemporary art

## François Pinault

Paris  
Luxury goods (Kering) and auctions (Christie's)  
Contemporary art

## Ann and Ron Pizzuti

Orlando, Florida; New York; Columbus, Ohio  
Real-estate development (The Pizzuti Companies)  
Modern and contemporary art; design

## Sabine and Hasso Plattner

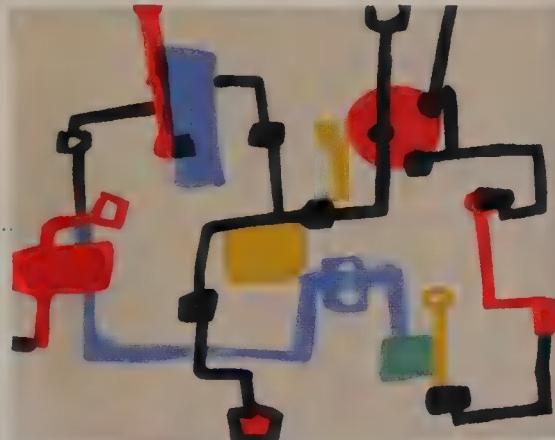
Heidelberg, Germany  
Software (SAP AG Software Company)  
East German art; Impressionism

## Miuccia Prada and Patrizio Bertelli

Milan  
Fashion  
Contemporary art

## Véronique and Louis-Antoine Prat

Paris  
Inheritance (manufacturing)  
17th-, 18th-, and 19th-century French drawings



## Lisa and John Pritzker

San Francisco  
Hotels and investments  
Photography; modern and contemporary art

## Penny Pritzker and Bryan Traubert

Chicago  
Real estate, hotels (Hyatt), and financial information  
Contemporary art

## Sultan Sooud Al Qassemi

Sharjah, UAE  
Inheritance; entrepreneur  
Modern and contemporary Arab art

*The number of Kerry James Marshall paintings owned by Bob Rennie. In fall 2018, Rennie will draw on his collection of Marshall's work—some 32 pieces in all, including drawings,*

*sculptures, and installations—for a Marshall exhibition at his private museum in Vancouver, B.C. That show will come on the heels of Marshall's retrospective, which arrives this October at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, after a run at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago.*

## Qiao Zhibing

Shanghai  
Entertainment  
International contemporary art

## Cindy and Howard Rachofsky

Dallas  
Investments  
Postwar and contemporary American and European art; postwar Japanese and Korean art

## Emily and Mitchell Rales

Potomac, Maryland; New York  
Tool industry  
Modern and contemporary art

## Steven Rales

Washington, D.C.  
Tool industry  
Impressionism; modern and contemporary art

## Patrizia Sandretto Re Rebaudengo

Turin, Italy  
Industrial manufacturing, renewable energy, and energy efficiency  
Contemporary art

## Bob Rennie

Vancouver, British Columbia  
Real estate  
Contemporary art

## Louise and Leonard Riggio

New York and Bridgehampton, New York; Palm Beach, Florida  
Retail (Barnes & Noble)  
Modern and contemporary art

## Ellen and Michael Ringier

Zurich  
Publishing  
Contemporary art; Russian avant-garde art

## Linnea Conrad Roberts and George Roberts

Atherton, California  
Finance (KKR)  
Contemporary art

## Aby J. Rosen

New York and Southampton, New York  
Real estate  
Modern and contemporary art; contemporary photography



**Hilary and Wilbur L. Ross Jr.**

Palm Beach, Florida

Author; private equity (distressed companies)

Surrealism; modern and contemporary art,

especially Chinese and Vietnamese

**Eric de Rothschild**

Paris and Pauillac, France

Banking

Old Masters; modern and contemporary art

**Rubell Family**

Miami

Real estate and hotels

Contemporary art

**Betty and Isaac Rudman**

Dominican Republic

Imports and manufacturing (home appliances)

Latin American art; numismatics; pre-Columbian art

**Dmitry Rybolovlev**

Moscow

Fertilizer

19th- and 20th-century painting

**Joseph Safra**

New York; São Paulo; Geneva

Banking

Old Masters; Impressionism

**Lily Safra**

Geneva

Inheritance

19th- and 20th-century art

**Elham and Tony Salamé**

Beirut

Retail luxury stores

Contemporary art

**Nadia and Rajeeb Samdani**

Dhaka, Bangladesh

Conglomerate interests (Golden Harvest Group and Gulf International Finance Limited); philanthropy (Samdani Art Foundation and Dhaka Art Summit)

Modern and contemporary South Asian and international art; antique silver; design

**500,000**

The approximate number of people who have seen the exhibition "30 Americans" to date. The show of work by African-American artists who emerged after the 1970s comprises a group of works from the Rubell Family Collection in Miami, where it debuted in 2008. It has so far traveled to nine other venues in the United States, setting attendance records at some of them, and making the show one of the widest and longest traveling exhibitions in history. Its next stop is the Tacoma Art Museum, where it runs from September 24 through January 15, 2017.

**Marieke and Pieter Sanders**

Haarlem, the Netherlands

Corporate-law practice

Dutch art; sculpture; contemporary American and European art

**Vicki and Roger Sant**

Washington, D.C.; New York

Energy

Washington, D.C.: late 19th-century art focused on Nabi;

New York: contemporary art

**Louisa Stude Sarofim**

Houston; Santa Fe

Investments

Modern and contemporary art; works on paper

**Tatsumi Sato**

Hiroshima, Japan

Manufacturing (radiators)

Contemporary art; primitive art; antique textiles

**Chara Schreyer**

San Francisco and Los Angeles

Real estate; philanthropy

Modern and contemporary art, photography, and sculpture

**Sheri and Howard Schultz**

Seattle

Beverages (Starbucks)

Contemporary art

**Helen and Charles Schwab**

San Francisco and Atherton, California

Investment firm

Modern and contemporary art

**Marianne and Alan Schwartz**

Birmingham, Michigan

Law practice

Old Masters; 19th- and early 20th-century

European and American prints

**Uli Sigg**

Mauensee, Switzerland

Media

Contemporary art, especially Chinese

**Peter Simon**

London

Retail (Monsoon)

Contemporary art

**Elizabeth and Frederick Singer**

Great Falls, Virginia

Internet education

Modern and contemporary art

**Carlos Slim Helú**

Mexico City

Telecommunications, finance, and retail; philanthropy

Old Masters; colonial Mexican art; Impressionism; modern art, especially Rodin and avant-garde

ABOVE Chara Schreyer's Alina Szapocznikow, *Sculpture-bouche*, 1969.

London

Regent's Park  
6–9 October 2016  
New Preview Day  
Wednesday 5 October  
Tickets at [frieze.com](http://frieze.com)

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**Eric Smidt**

Los Angeles  
Tool industry  
New York School; contemporary art

**Jerry I. Speyer and Katherine G. Farley**

New York  
Real estate  
Contemporary art

**Susana and Ricardo Steinbruch**

São Paulo  
Textiles (Vicunha Têxtil)  
Modern and contemporary art

**Judy and Michael H. Steinhardt**

New York and Mount Kisco, New York  
Investment firm  
Classical antiquities; modern art, especially drawings;  
Peruvian feathered textiles

**Gayle and Paul Stoffel**

Dallas; Aspen, Colorado  
Investments  
Contemporary art

**Norah and Norman Stone**

San Francisco and Napa Valley, California  
Psychology, law (retired), and private investments  
Contemporary art

**Julia Stoschek**

Berlin and Düsseldorf, Germany  
Industry (automotive supplier)  
Contemporary art, especially time-based media

**Iris and Matthew Strauss**

Rancho Santa Fe, California  
Private real-estate investments (M.C. Strauss Company)  
Contemporary art

**Sylvia and Ulrich Ströher**

Darmstadt, Germany  
Real estate, financial assets, and private equity  
German abstract postwar art; contemporary German painting

**Suh Kyung-Bae**

Seoul  
Cosmetics (AmorePacific Group)  
Traditional Korean art;  
contemporary Korean and international art

**Brett and Daniel S. Sundheim**

New York  
Hedge fund (Viking Global Investors)  
Contemporary art

**Lisa and Steve Tananbaum**

Westchester, New York; Palm Beach, Florida  
Asset management  
Postwar and contemporary art

**Lauren and Benedikt Taschen**

Los Angeles; Berlin  
Publishing  
Contemporary art, especially American, German, and British

**Budi Tek**

Shanghai; Jakarta, Indonesia  
Philanthropy (Yuz Foundation and Yuz Museum)  
International contemporary art,  
especially Chinese and Western

**Sheikh Hamad bin Jassim bin Jaber Al Thani**

New York; London; Doha, Qatar  
Inheritance and investments  
(Qatar Investment Authority)  
Postwar and contemporary art

**Sheikha Al Mayassa bint Hamad bin Khalifa Al Thani**

Doha, Qatar  
Inheritance  
Modern and contemporary art

**David Thomson**

Toronto  
Media  
Old Masters; modern and contemporary art

**Steve Tisch**

Los Angeles  
Film production (Escape Artists Productions)  
and professional football (New York Giants)  
Contemporary art

**Anne and Wolfgang Titze**

Arosa, Switzerland; Vienna  
Business consulting  
Minimalism and conceptual art

**Jane and Robert Toll**

Bucks County, Pennsylvania  
Luxury homes (Toll Brothers)  
French Impressionism; American art



**Robbi and Bruce E. Toll**

Rydal, Pennsylvania  
Luxury homes (Toll Brothers)  
Elizabethan and Jacobean painting; Impressionism;  
post-Impressionism; 20th-century sculpture; American art

**Walter Vanhaerents**

Brussels  
Real estate and construction  
Contemporary art

**Patricia Pearson-Vergez and Juan Vergez**

Buenos Aires  
Pharmaceuticals  
International modern and contemporary art, especially Argentine

**Alice Walton**

Fort Worth, Texas  
Inheritance (Wal-Mart)  
American art; contemporary art

**Wang Jianlin**

Beijing  
Real Estate  
Modern and contemporary art

# 4,500

The size in square feet of the private backyard gallery Steve Tisch unveiled this past spring when he hosted a fund-raiser there for the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. LACMA director Michael Govan curated the show of works from Tisch's collection including Ed Ruscha's *A Blvd. Called Sunset* and Gerhard Richter's *Two Women at Table*.

**Wang Wei and Liu Yiqian**

Shanghai  
Investments  
Chinese art, scrolls, and porcelain; contemporary international art, including Chinese, Asian, European, and American

**Wang Zhongjun**

Beijing  
Film production (Huayi Brothers Media)  
Modern art

**Jutta and Siegfried Weishaupt**

Laupheim, Germany  
Industry (fuel technology)  
Postwar and contemporary art, especially Abstract Expressionism, Zero, and Pop

OPPOSITE Cecily Brown, *All the Nightmares Came Today*, 2012, in the collection of Iris and Matthew Strauss. ABOVE Ryan Trecartin, *CENTER JENNY* (still), 2013, in the collection of Anita and Poju Zabludowicz.

**Alain Wertheimer**

New York  
Fashion  
Modern and contemporary art; Asian art

**Abigail and Leslie H. Wexner**

Columbus, Ohio  
Retail (L Brands)  
Modern European art; contemporary American art

**Reinhold Würth**

Niedernhall, Germany; Salzburg, Austria  
Industry (hardware)  
Medieval art; Wunderkammer objects, especially ivory carvings, nautilus cups, and decorative tankards and boxes; postwar and contemporary art

**Elaine Wynn**

Las Vegas  
Hotels and casinos  
Modern and contemporary art

**Stephen A. Wynn**

Las Vegas  
Casino resorts  
Modern and contemporary art

**Tadashi Yanai**

Tokyo  
Fashion retailing (Uniqlo)  
Modern and contemporary art

**Yang Bin**

Beijing  
Automobile dealerships  
Modern and contemporary Chinese art

**Anita and Poju Zabludowicz**

London  
Technology and real estate  
Contemporary art

**Jochen Zeitz**

Segera, Kenya  
Investments  
Contemporary African art

# HOUSE



# ARREST



**How One  
Topsy-Turvy  
Season at  
Sotheby's  
Could Change  
the Auction  
World  
Forever**

BY NATE FREEMAN  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVE BRODNER

**T**here was little fanfare when bidders arrived at Sotheby's headquarters at 1334 York Avenue May 9 for the auction house's Impressionist and modern evening sale. Reporters murmured about the catalogue's bloat and lack of buzzy eight-figure works, as did the few specialists who stopped by a pub a block away from Sotheby's, called, appropriately, Murphy's Law.

After some introductory gavel-rapping from Oliver Barker, Sotheby's cochairman of Europe and the evening's auctioneer, there came a strong opening salvo: Maurice de Vlaminck's *Sous-Bois* (1905) sold for \$16.4 million and Paul Signac's *Maisons du port, Saint-Tropez* (1892) for \$10.7 million, solidly within their pre-sale estimates. But when Barker opened the bidding for André Derain's *Les Voiles rouges* (1906), the proceedings stalled at \$12.5 million, well below the work's \$15 million low estimate. The auctioneer implored the room full of wealthy collectors to throw him—and Sotheby's—some mercy. He hung on to the figure, repeating "twelve-point-five-million," sometimes softly and sometimes loud, his intonations getting graver, and scanned the room, pulling out all the stops as he wrenched his body forward in a pique of desperation. After almost a full two minutes, he proclaimed it a pass.

Watching the rest of the sale was cringe-inducing, and as one lot after another was left out to dry, collectors streamed out of the room. Barker's serene British lilt betrayed concern, if not anger. The atmosphere in the room turned sour, and bidding slowed. After every other lot, Barker repeated, like an incantation, "It's a pass, it's a pass, it's a pass."

In the end, the sale netted only \$144.5 million, a full \$20 million under the low end of its estimate. More than 20 lots were left unsold, a considerable amount of debris for a May evening sale in New York—and a dismal sell-through rate of 66 percent. It would have been a bad sale for any auction house, but for a beleaguered one, especially, it was a blow to morale, and if there was no rebound during the post-war and contemporary sale two days later, it could strike another blow—to the company's share price. These were dire times for Sotheby's.

A few months earlier, Sotheby's had put a record \$515 million guarantee on a sale of the estate of the company's former chairman A. Alfred Taubman (the guarantee was later brought down to \$509 million after the estate removed a few lots). The sale flopped. Shortly afterward came voluntary buyouts and the exit of 80 core employees. (Sotheby's has said the sale's failure and the buyouts were unrelated; art market insiders claim otherwise.) Some of them left for archrival Christie's; others just left. This situation especially stung for Tad Smith, Sotheby's CEO, who had been on the job less than a year at the time of the Taubman sale. His arrival was the result of dubious corporate restructuring: A botched "poison pill" failed to prevent activist investor Dan Loeb from becoming the majority shareholder in Sotheby's stock and shoehorning three of his people onto the board—the deal went through only when he insisted he'd stop meddling in the firm's internal goings-on. Specifically, he agreed to stop writing public letters demanding the firing of much-loved

CEO and chairman Bill Ruprecht. Loeb and Ruprecht even did a few joint interviews, as if they were buds. They were not buds. In November 2014, Ruprecht was out, and a few months later, the board looked to Smith, the CEO of Madison Square Garden, a man with zero art-world experience.

This past January, with the Taubman debacle still an open wound, Smith announced that he'd spent \$85 million on a two-year-old advisory firm founded by Amy Cappellazzo—former head of contemporary art at Christie's—and Allan Schwartzman, a seasoned adviser and onetime journalist. Cappellazzo and Schwartzman were made heads of the fine art division, giving them authority over all the chairmen worldwide. What would happen? An auction house buying an outside firm and effectively handing them the keys to the castle was unprecedented. With new leadership across the board, enormous monetary losses, and the auction house trying to figure out how to continue competing with the lately dominant Christie's, Sotheby's looked to be in the middle of one of the most cataclysmic upheavals in its nearly 300-year history.

**T**he battle for the consignment was Smith's first real test at Sotheby's, and it came just a few weeks after his hiring. On April 17, 2015, Taubman, a Midwestern shopping mall tycoon, died of a heart attack at his mansion in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, at the age of 91. As chairman of Sotheby's, Taubman had helped orchestrate a price-fixing scheme with Christie's that roiled the art market and landed Taubman in jail in August 2002. He was sentenced to a year and a day, served nine and a half months at the Federal Medical Center in Rochester, Minnesota, and wrote a memoir once he was out that was feted with a party at the Four Seasons in 2007, attended by, among others, his pals Henry Kissinger and Donald Trump.

Whatever Taubman's dealings, the family had a formidable estate—hundreds of works, from Impressionist and modern icons to stellar contemporary paintings, blanketing the walls of houses in Michigan, New York City, Southampton, London, and Palm Beach. Sotheby's and Christie's vied for it for months. According to some Sotheby's employees, the Taubman heirs were playing one bidder against the other just to gin up the price (a tactic familiar to auctioneers trying to hit a record price in the saleroom). If they were indeed playing both sides, it worked: Sotheby's secured the estate of its former leader only after it offered to guarantee it for \$515 million.

Sotheby's was always going to go one higher. Sources inside Sotheby's said that to lose the estate to Christie's would cause irreparable damage to the house's dignity and status—especially if Christie's sold the Taubman lots for headline-grabbing prices. Sotheby's was not about to lose the estate of the man who bought and revived the company in the '80s (he made it public in 1988) and, drawing on his retail savvy, ushered in a golden age of sky-high sales.

"Sotheby's couldn't have lost that sale for Sotheby's as a brand," Amy Cappellazzo told me during an interview in her eighth-floor office at the York Avenue headquarters. Since she came on board, the Sotheby's brass has trotted her out in front of potential clients around the world. She's become, to a

certain extent, the face of the new Sotheby's.

"They had their back to the wall, and you feel like, if anyone ever has a gun to their head, it's at this time," Cappellazzo said of the Taubman consignment. "It was a sort of a necessary—I'm not gonna say necessary evil—but it's sort of something you have to do."

(She was quick to add that she wasn't at Sotheby's at the time—though negotiations with Art Agency, Partners took place in the summer of 2015, right before the estate was landed—and was looking at the situation as an outsider.)

Though Taubman ended up incarcerated for how he did business as chairman, many at Sotheby's remain loyal to him, calling him the fall guy who had to take the punishment when his counterparts at Christie's escaped—CEO Christopher Davidge landed immunity by cooperating with the Justice Department, and then absconded to India with a young specialist in the Southeast Asian department; Anthony Tennant, the Guinness chairman who swapped price tags with Taubman over posh London breakfasts and was indicted in the United States, fled to England, where price-fixing is not a crime, so he could avoid extradition.

Beyond the enormous risk of guaranteeing any sale for more than \$500 million, Sotheby's was taking a gamble in assuming that Taubman's Imp-mod classics in particular, most of which had been hanging for years in Taubman's various mansions, would have buyers flocking.

"We took a position that the Taubman guarantee was a risk, but it was something that, given our relationship with him, we were happy to do," said Simon Shaw, cohead of the Sotheby's Impressionist and modern department. With his team, Shaw had to sort through the large amount of work on auction and quickly assemble a cohesive, balanced sale. Because there would be a regular Impressionist and modern evening sale the same week as the Taubman auction, he was effectively tasking them with doing twice the work.

"It was in addition to our day jobs, as there was so much property," Shaw went on. "It doubled the amount of Imp-mod on the market—it was maybe the most on the market ever."

In addition to the hefty guarantee, Sotheby's increased its revolving line of credit in June 2015 by \$485 million, bringing its borrowing base to \$1.335 billion. Smith assured the shareholders in the November 9 public earnings report that Sotheby's was keeping their investment in mind, and were beholden to the stock price, not the heirs of their former chairman. (Smith did not agree to be interviewed for this story.)

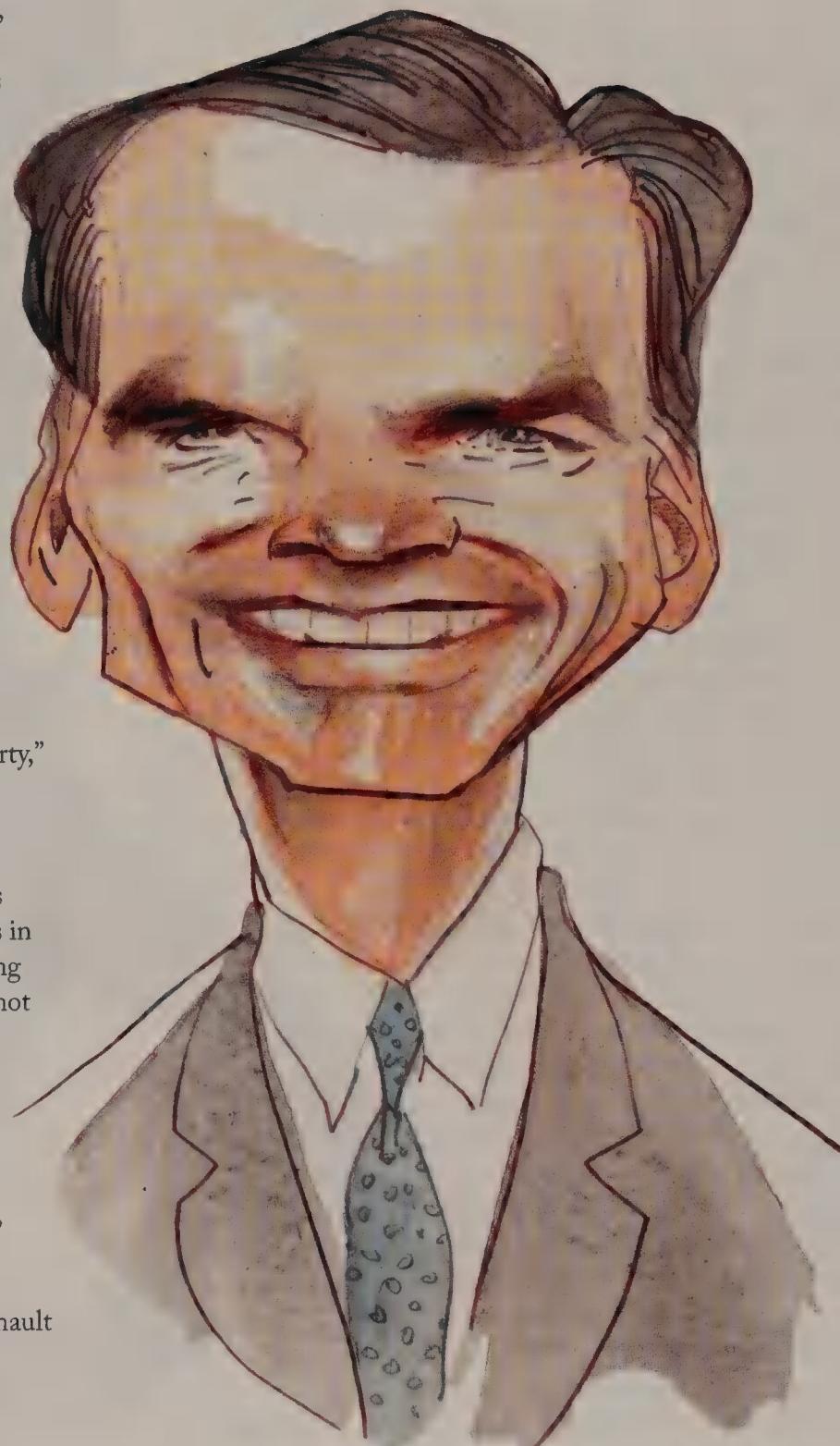
"In the interest of clarity for all our shareholders, I thought it made sense to repeat what I said in the first earnings call about this policy and then speak specifically on the Taubman guarantee," Smith said on the earnings call, which a publicly traded company such as Sotheby's must hold each quarter.

(Christie's is wholly owned by French billionaire François Pinault and is not required to report earnings to the public.)

"Here is what I said on the call: 'We will not roll dice in the

auction room with shareholders' money,'" Smith went on. "At the same time, guarantees on high-profile trophy lots can be important marketing investments and potentially generate positive momentum and product scope within our categories. Strategy, opportunity, judgment, and sensible risk management will guide our use of these guarantees."

The first sale of works from the Taubman collection was set for November 4, 2015. 1334 York Avenue was plastered with images of its star lots—Modigliani's *Paulette Jourdain* (1919) and Frank Stella's *Delaware Crossing* (1961)—as paddle wielders entered the building clad



RIGHT Tad Smith, CEO of Sotheby's.

in tuxedos. The sale's dress code was black tie, a flashy display of hubris. There was even a pre-party, a lavish cocktail ceremony with champagne, caviar, and foie gras canapés. The billionaires in bowties bumped into each other, looking like off-balance penguins in the crowded anteroom.

"I don't have a comment, but you can get a drink," Smith told me before the sale, as he stood with Sotheby's chairman Domenico De Sole and Alfred Taubman's son, William.

"And caviar!" Taubman chimed in.

The bubbly proved premature. Though the aforementioned Modigliani passed its presale estimate of \$35 million, selling for \$42.8 million, and the *Stella* set a record for the artist by going for \$13.7 million, the sale was not the bonanza that Sotheby's specialists—and shareholders—were hoping for. It barely scooted by its low estimate, pulling in \$377 million. There was a sense that the house had grossly overvalued Taubman's holdings and had been mistaken in imagining that the artworks would sync with the tastes of today's collectors.

"I think that they perhaps pushed the boat out a little too far, which means you have to have high estimates," David Nash told me after the sale. Nash, one of the founders of the New York gallery Mitchell-Innes & Nash, headed the international Impressionist and modern division at Sotheby's in the 1990s, while it was owned by Taubman.

"The estimates had to catch up with the guarantee, and perhaps this intimidated a lot of people," Nash went on. "There was little opportunity to buy anything, in the sense that the estimates were already so strong."

Or, as collector and dealer David Mugrabi could be seen mouthing to his family after the sale: "Embarrassing."

"I think it was traumatic for this organization," Cappellazzo told me this past June. "The fallout of what happened—well, I wasn't here, I don't know exactly, but I knew there was trauma. The good thing is, it's over. And it'll never happen again. It's safe to say that, right?"

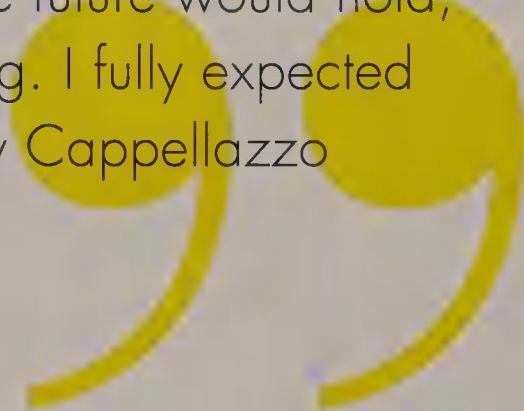
The Taubman estate ended up totaling \$462 million after another sale of the collector's Old Masters in late January.

"Are we disappointed that it didn't go better? Of course," Shaw said. "Could it have gone worse? Much, much worse."

In November and December, more than 80 employees took a buyout, such a high number of volunteers that mandatory layoffs were not necessary. By mid-February, the stock price of the company had fallen to \$18.86, down from a high of \$46.71 in 2015, right after a successful spate of London sales. Sotheby's would later post a loss of \$11 million in the fourth quarter of 2015 and another of \$25.9 million in the first quarter of 2016. The first quarter of 2015, by comparison, had yielded a \$5.2 million net income.



"I knew people would be uncertain about what the future would hold, that there would be this whole new way of working. I fully expected that... You can never have a quiet revolution. —Amy Cappellazzo



Still, Sotheby's maintained that the Taubman consignment would eventually make it to \$509 million through private sales of works that were passed over during the live auctions. In an earnings call on February 26, Smith said the projected loss on the guarantee would be just \$3 million.

"The sense of loss through that deal has been grossly exaggerated," Schwartzman told me, looking at it as a long game, as an adviser would. "It was a risk, but the art market always involved faith and daring, so I don't think risk is a dirty word. It's about the intelligence of risk."

But the narrative that was harder to control was the hemorrhaging of the world's best auction veterans from the house's ranks. Each week seemed to bring a new slew of high-profile departures from the company.

Among those who left Sotheby's in a period of just a few weeks were: Anthony Grant, vice chairman of the Americas and international senior specialist in contemporary art; Cheyenne Westphal, worldwide head of contemporary art; Henry Wyndham, chairman of Sotheby's Europe; Alex Rotter, global cohead of contemporary art; David Norman, vice chairman of Sotheby's Americas; and Melanie Clore, European chairman and worldwide cochairman of Impressionist and modern art.

"Yes, we lost a lot of people, and yes, it was very difficult," said Grégoire Billault. The current head of contemporary at Sotheby's, and a former director at the Sotheby's offices in Paris, Billault exuded a loose, off-beat charm; he had Japanese kabuki mask cufflinks. "It's just, it's Sotheby's—it [was] created in 1744, so if you think you're going to bring down that institution in a few months . . . ?" He trailed off and shook his head. I asked whether people really told him they thought Sotheby's was going under.

"Bring down Sotheby's? I heard it so many times," he said.

Something had to be done to stanch the bleeding, and to rebuild the departments in time to pull off a string of miracle sales in New

York in May, and in London in June. Consignments were scarce amid wobbly global markets in January, and when they appeared, no one was there to claim them—some key specialists who had spent decades developing the old boys' club-style relationships with collectors had departed. It was time for a Hail Mary.

**E**nter Art Agency, Partners, the art advisory firm that Cappellazzo and Schwartzman founded with attorney and investment banker Adam Chinn in early 2014.

Multiple people at Sotheby's referred to these three as the Triumvirate. Cappellazzo is a behind-the-scenes operator in a niche corporate enterprise who was nonetheless profiled in *Vogue*. She held the position of director of the Rubell family collection starting at age 30 in 1998, but her career really took off once she started working alongside Sam Keller to establish the colossally successful art fair Art Basel Miami Beach. She then settled in for 13 years at Christie's, where she spearheaded online sales and was a rainmaker with private deals, snagged a seat on the New York State Council of the Arts, and ran the postwar and contemporary department with her now rival, Brett Gorvy.

Schwartzman has no such built-in house-against-house rivalry. He began his career as a founding staff member of the New Museum before he had even graduated from Vassar. From there he became director of Barbara Gladstone Gallery. Schwartzman then moved into reporting, contributing to the *New Yorker* and the *New York Times* before Dallas collector Howard Rachofsky, impressed by his writing, asked him for help selecting the objects from his formidable collection to put in a house he would bequeath to the Dallas Museum of Art. Schwartzman went on to advise some of the world's top collectors, including the Brazilian Bernardo

LEFT Amy Cappellazzo, a founder of Art Agency, Partners has become, to some extent, the new face of Sotheby's.

# THE SOTHEBY'S SHUFFLE

THE BREAKDOWN OF  
SOTHEBY'S WILD YEAR FROM  
FALL '15 TO SUMMER '16

## ARRIVALS

**AMY CAPPELLAZZO**, cochairman, fine art division  
CAME FROM: Art Agency, Partners, which she cofounded

**ALLAN SCHWARTZMAN**, cochairman, fine art division  
CAME FROM: Art Agency, Partners, which he cofounded

**MARC PORTER**, head of global business development  
CAME FROM: Christie's, where he was chairman

**LIZ STERLING**, head of American art  
CAME FROM: Christie's, where she was head of American  
art and senior vice president

**ERIC SHINER**, senior vice president, fine art division  
CAME FROM: The Andy Warhol Museum, where he was  
director

**ADAM CHINN**, head of worldwide transaction support  
CAME FROM: Art Agency, Partners, which he cofounded

**CANDY COLEMAN**, contemporary art specialist  
CAME FROM: Gagosian Gallery, where she was a director

## DEPARTURES

**ANTHONY GRANT**, senior vice president and  
international senior specialist in contemporary art  
LEFT FOR: Currently unannounced projects

**CHEYENNE WESTPHAL**, worldwide head of  
contemporary art  
LEFT FOR: Phillips, where she will be chairman

**HENRY WYNDHAM**, chairman, Sotheby's Europe  
LEFT FOR: A London-based art advisory firm founded  
with Melanie Clore

**ALEX ROTTER**, global cohead of contemporary art  
LEFT FOR: Christie's, where he will be chairman of postwar  
and contemporary art

**DAVID NORMAN**, vice chairman of Sotheby's Americas  
LEFT FOR: Currently unannounced projects

**MELANIE CLORE**, European chairman and worldwide  
cochairman of Impressionist and modern art  
LEFT FOR: A London-based art advisory firm founded  
with Henry Wyndham

**SCOTT NUSSBAUM**, vice president of contemporary art  
LEFT FOR: Phillips, where he will be senior specialist and  
head of 20th century and contemporary art in New York

**MICHAEL ZUCKERMAN**, executive vice president  
of global operations  
LEFT FOR: the small art consultancy firm Art Market Advisors

Paz. He teamed up with Cappellazzo in 2014, and now he works alongside all the suits he spent his life avoiding.

The third partner, Chinn, is an Oxford-educated attorney who left his partnership at a blue-chip law firm to start a boutique investment firm that advised Capital One on its \$9 billion acquisition of ING Direct, among other ten-figure deals. Prior to joining Art Agency, Partners, his art-world experience was exactly zero. He's now executive vice president of worldwide transaction support at Sotheby's, which means he's an unlikely person to be on the floor bidding, but there he is.

It makes sense that Sotheby's, a grand machine of different art-market gears all working together but independently, would have an advisory component as well, perhaps even in a powerful position. Schwartzman noted, as did Cappellazzo, that it's a fairly common arrangement on Wall Street.

"Now we're just a big transactional organization that has an advisory division, kind of like Goldman Sachs and UBS and all those guys," Cappellazzo said.

She continued this line of thinking, saying that the wave of banking regulation following the Stock Market Crash in 1929 could point to how an art market flush with capital might have to operate in the future, under more market scrutiny and government pressure: phasing out the Old World handshake-agreement aspect, in favor of a more efficient, business-oriented model.

"In the '30s the stock market was like the Wild West, and that's what the art market was—with Larry, with Acquavella," she said, referring to Larry Gagosian and William Acquavella, two of the world's most powerful and successful dealers. "But markets always become smarter over time. So now a lot of people make money on the information arbitrage. That's been the nature of the business for so long, that it was opaque. But markets never stay inefficient."

And the new fluidity of market roles, in which the rigid boundaries of the past have eroded—where an attorney can become a Hollywood power agent who represents visual artists as if they were movie stars; where auction houses work in private secondary and even primary market sales—has created a revolving door that spins players between jobs in museums, at auctions, in galleries, in private advisories.

"The [Art Agency, Partners] acquisition proves the valuable role that private advisers play in the contemporary market—providing truly independent expertise as it relates to issues of curatorial and financial value for new and established collectors," said Benjamin Godsill, who is now director of the advisory firm Darrow Contemporary and previously worked at Phillips auction house and, before that, at the New Museum. "I know from my own experience that I am able to forge more meaningful connections on behalf of my clients with gallerists, museums, auction houses, and artists than I was able to as part of a large bureaucracy with its own agenda."

And yet the apprehension over Sotheby's paying that much money—\$50 million in cash, plus another \$35 million in to-be-received bonuses—may have caused, or at least coincided with, another spate of defections, especially in the contemporary department. One current Sotheby's employee referred to Cappellazzo's hiring as "not very gentle." Shortly after joining, she

visited Sotheby's London salerooms and irked some of her brand-new British colleagues by marching in front of them and saying that, in effect, she'd be the best boss they'd ever have.

Cappellazzo said she understood that some people would be compelled to leave after such an unprecedented acquisition on the part of Sotheby's, and the uncertainty of the sales ahead.

"There was a lot of turbulence in the spring, and we went through a battle together," she said. "We're the new kids on the block, so there was probably a bit of animosity.... And I knew people would be uncertain about what the future would hold, that there would be this whole new way of working. I fully expected that."

"You can never have a quiet revolution," she added.

But despite the unorthodox arrangement—though it's one that is common in Dan Loeb's finance environs—Cappellazzo maintained that she and her fellow conquistadors knew exactly what they were doing. They didn't come there to blow up the place.

"We're not like ISIS or something," Cappellazzo said. "You can say a lot of things about us, but not that we're stupid."

**H**ow the Triumvirate operates within Sotheby's is complicated, as the principals essentially have two different jobs, a separation defined by the maintenance of two different offices: one on the eighth floor of Sotheby's headquarters at 1334 York Avenue, and the other in the old Art Agency, Partners space, on West 25th Street. These two jobs are quite similar. Cappellazzo and Schwartzman head up the fine art division at Sotheby's, which also dabbles in private sales and art investment through guarantees, third-party or otherwise, and maintains an advisory service through its specialist-collector relationships. Cappellazzo and Schwartzman are also the operators of Art Agency, Partners, an advisory service that does essentially what Sotheby's does, just on a much smaller scale, more discreetly, and without the live auction component. The amount of overlap is still being figured out. (During the June sales in London, Adam Chinn, phone in hand, secured Picasso's *Femme assise* (1909) for an Art Agency, Partners client to the tune of \$63.7 million, a record for a Cubist work at auction. The underbidder was Cappellazzo's, also by phone.)

The separate operations means that, on occasion, the Triumvirate will buy a work for a client from Christie's, even if that sale directly benefits the Sotheby's nemesis. Schwartzman confirmed that the company was bidding on lots at the rival house in May, and that that was kosher with the brass.

Gorvy—Cappellazzo's former colleague at Christie's, the primary architect of that house's current success, and, one might surmise, the person Sotheby's hired Cappellazzo to destroy—declined to comment for this story. A communications rep cited "Christie's policy not to comment on



RIGHT Allan Schwartzman, co-founder of Art Agency, Partners



the competition.” But Gorvy’s Instagram, which has an improbably high 40,000 followers, is a constant source of veiled and not-so-veiled digs at Sotheby’s, as well as shade thrown at his former colleague, with whom he used to appear on power lists and host sales preview brunches. This past May, he posted an Instagram with a caption that boasted of securing the Basquiat consignment for Christie’s that had broken that artist’s record at auction when it sold for \$57.3 million on May 10. In the caption, he wrote, after a passing reference to Sotheby’s 66-percent-sold Imp-mod sale the night before, “We spent much of the day making sure collectors were not put off bidding by the perceived weakness of the market, as well as catching hand grenades thrown at art works by a few irresponsible members of our competition as they desperately tried to dissuade buyers from participating. Who said the art world was a cosy [sic] collective?” Could there be any doubt that “few irresponsible members of our competition” referred to the team at Sotheby’s?

This rivalry gets more complicated when certain conflicts of interest come into play. One of Cappellazzo’s closest clients during her Christie’s days was none other than Dan Loeb. Curiously, Cappellazzo said Loeb was uninvolved with the Art Agency, Partners acquisition, but she said they still work together—meaning if Loeb wants a piece that’s on auction at Christie’s, Cappellazzo could buy it from Christie’s. (Loeb would not comment for this story.)

“We buy things through auctions,” Schwartzman said, matter of factly. “We go where the art is.”

The Triumvirate was tasked with organizing Sotheby’s May sales, almost singlehandedly, and with an enormous amount of pressure placed on them—the auction house was banking on a string of successful evening sales to ratchet up its plummeting stock. Working with a limited staff, the sales, the fine art heads explained to me, would have to be leaner and more streamlined, as collectors were acting conservatively in the bleak economy of January and February. But this tactic is also a diversion: if they couldn’t get the high-price fireworks that can distract from the ways in which the overall sale was actually a failure, they would have to try to calibrate an auction with a high sell-through rate.

“There was a deliberate position to say we only want to take in property we have confidence we can sell,” Schwartzman said. “I think it was very clear shortly after we entered Sotheby’s that everyone understood that it was more important to have successful sales than to have high numbers, and that the fight for winning property at any cost was not the approach. This is a business—this is a public business that has shareholders that we have a responsibility to. As a goal, we have to make money for the company.”

**T**wo days after Sotheby’s disastrous Impressionist and modern flop in May, the scene on York Avenue for the contemporary and modern sale was innocuous enough. The three heads

ABOVE Dan Loeb, founder of Third Point LLC.

of the Mugrabi family—Jose, David, and Tico—rolled up to the revolving doors together, prompting the doorman to proclaim “Mugrabi!” and give them high fives. Leonardo DiCaprio and his entourage shuffled up to the skyboxes. Tad Smith settled into his perch near Cappellazzo, who would be, for the first time since joining Sotheby’s, truly on the job, as nearly all her clients focus on contemporary. She smiled at Smith, and then, moments later, the gavel smacked the wood.

Then something strange happened: people started bidding. A lot of people started bidding. There was bidding from the phones, bidding from the room, a flurry of bids that shot up like Whac-a-Moles for Barker, the auctioneer, to swat away. The first lot was Adrian Ghenie’s *Self-Portrait as Vincent Van Gogh* (2012), and there were still a dozen hands in play when the bidding flew past the high estimate of \$300,000; by the time it was all over, the painting hammered at an astounding \$2.6 million.

The hits kept coming. A Calder mobile went for \$8.3 million, more than double the high estimate. A Francis Bacon diptych, *Two Studies for a Self Portrait* (1970), sparked an extended back-and-forth between Sotheby’s specialist Alex Branczik and a man in a velvet smoking jacket and Mohawk, who was later revealed to be Glenn Fuller, who works for London gallery Gladwell & Patterson. Fuller couldn’t quite outwit the auction house: after each of the two had briefly wrested the lead away from the other, the Sotheby’s specialist bought it on behalf of a client on the phone for a \$31 million hammer price, \$35 million with buyer’s premium. One Cy Twombly went for \$36.7 million, another, for \$15.4 million.

Sam Francis’s *Summer #1* (1957) came onto the block, and after a little more than a minute, all but two of the bidders dropped out: Simon Shaw and megacollector Eli Broad. Broad kept bidding beyond what he had intended to pay—he would shake his head each time Shaw’s bidder raised the price \$100,000, and then after a few seconds mouth the words “one more.” Finally Shaw threw in the towel and Broad bought the piece for \$11.8 million. A Sotheby’s staffer told me the bidding match—a wheelchair-bound, L.A.-based Broad coming to New York to bid at a sale himself, in the room, and going over the self-imposed high limit—was, for Broad, almost unheard of.

By the time bidding ended, the sale had raked in \$242.2 million, clearing its low estimate of \$201.4 million, and securing a sell-through rate of 95 percent. “All the rumors of the demise of the market were premature!” dealer David Zwirner told me after the sale wrapped. “I was very impressed by the energy here tonight.”

At the news conference, the specialists in charge of the sale could hardly contain their glee, having convinced enough collectors that these works, at this beleaguered auction house, were worth all those millions of dollars.

“We saw a fundamentally different room than we did in the last few months,” said Billault, the head of contemporary art, beaming.

And then, after some coaxing, Cappellazzo came to the microphone, adjusting it down from the height her male colleagues had used (she was wearing flats). She cleared her throat, but no one could hear her amid the clapping and popping of champagne corks that echoed through the halls of Sotheby’s.

“By the time we walked in here,” she said, looking at Smith, “we knew what was going to happen.”

**T**he Sotheby’s comeback was made official during the June sales in London. Suddenly, the auction house that some thought was on the verge of collapse was looking like the industry bellwether. The week after the record-breaking Picasso at the Imp-mod auction, Sotheby’s totaled \$67.8 million at its contemporary sale, solidly over its high estimate despite the panicked markets in the days following Brexit. More good news came when the house announced that Eric Shiner, the director of the Andy Warhol Museum, would be joining Sotheby’s. “Warhol is like Apple stock—if you wanted one leading point in how the market is doing, Warhol is one you’d glance at,” Cappellazzo told me. “And Eric knows where the Warhols are.”

Even as the art world entered the doldrums of late summer, Sotheby’s continued to reshape itself. In addition to beating out Christie’s to secure the Steven and Ann Ames collection (albeit to the tune of a \$100 million guarantee), Sotheby’s announced in July that Taikang Life Insurance, whose biggest shareholder is the auction house China Guardian, would acquire 13.5 percent of the company’s shares—more than those held by the previous largest shareholder, Dan Loeb. Market mouthpieces chattered about the potential reasons behind the blockbuster deal, a decisive win in China Guardian’s very Sotheby’s-versus-Christie’s-style competition with archrival Poly Auction. Was it a need to place Chinese assets in an industry more reliable than banking and real estate? A desire to tank the stock price in order to acquire the whole company? What’s clear is that such a move will alter the way an auction house operates in today’s breakneck-speed globalized painting bazaar. (The hiring of Shiner happened to coincide roughly with an exodus of top staffers at Christie’s, with several top executives departing at the end of July.)

Then, on August 8, Tad Smith announced in his quarterly earnings call that, even though net auction sales are down 16 percent compared to the second quarter of 2015, Sotheby’s pulled in a net income of \$89 million, well over the net total of \$67.6 million brought in over the same period last year.

And Sotheby’s also had a major presence at Art Basel in Switzerland this past June, despite not having any sanctioned sales or events. On the fair’s opening day, I was writing a story at the bar of the Ramada hotel when I heard a familiar voice behind me. It was Cappellazzo.

“You want a scoop?” she asked.

One of the most talked-about works at the fair, Paul McCarthy’s *Tomato Head (Red)*, 1994, had sold for \$4.75 million just minutes into the opening. How did she know? Because it was bought by Amy Cappellazzo.

But which Amy Cappellazzo? Was it bought for a Sotheby’s client? An Art Agency, Partners client? None of the above? All of the above? Or, given that now-famous payday, did she buy it herself? When I asked for the identity of the buyer, she stepped away to make a phone call and told me the following, which may indicate how Sotheby’s will be buying and selling works—at auctions, at fairs, and elsewhere—for years to come:

“You can say it was bought for an American collection,” she said. “On behalf of Art Agency, Partners.”

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Nate Freeman is senior staff writer at ARTnews.



# RISKY BUSINESS



# Venture Capitalists Bring their Pioneer Mentality to Art

BY SARAH THORNTON

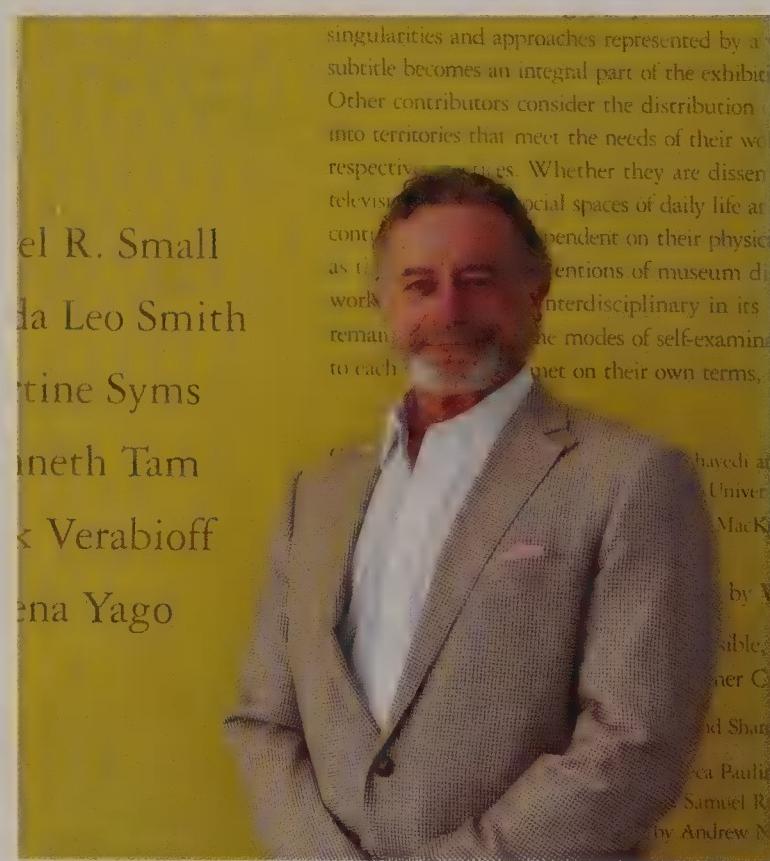
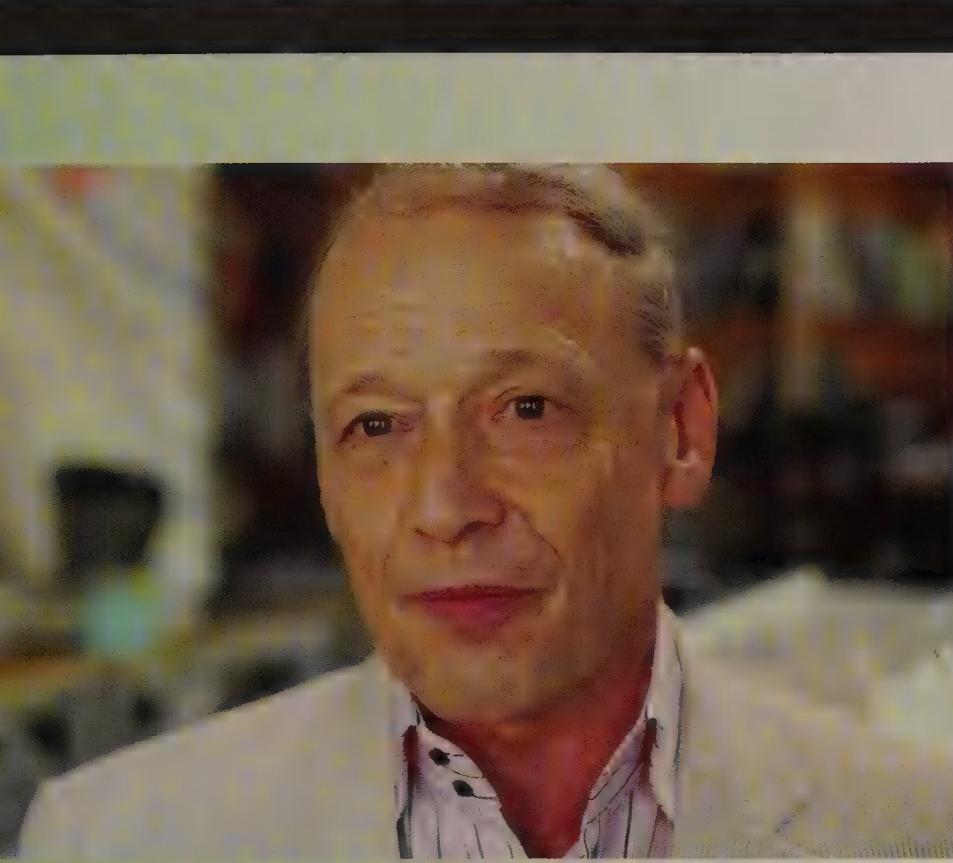
**A**rt and venture capital are both about judgment, style, the message, and moving a cause forward," said Richard Kramlich, cofounder of New Enterprise Associates. The venture capital firm, which invests in fledgling high-tech businesses that are initially unprofitable, is located on Sand Hill Road in a two-story building that is a cross between an alpine lodge and a 1970s suburban condo complex. Despite its unassuming middle-of-nowhere appearance, Sand Hill Road has the most expensive office space in America. Kramlich and his wife Pamela are adventurous collectors of video art but, at the office, the senior venture capitalist has curated an installation of photographs and prints. By the front door hangs a photograph by Darren Almond of the brightly colored prayer scarves that returning climbers leave at the base camp of Mount Everest. "VCs are like sherpas," Kramlich explained. "We take entrepreneurs to the top of the mountain and try to bring them back safely."

When the Kramlichs began collecting video art in the 1980s, they wanted to take a different approach from that of the other collectors they knew. Richard was deeply involved in technology and Pamela, a University of California Berkeley art history graduate, was keen on "what would come next." She was attracted to art that "moved and talked," as she put it. The couple began by acquiring video pieces by Fischli/Weiss, Dara Birnbaum, and Bruce Nauman, then moved on to Matthew Barney and Steve McQueen, and more recently bought the entire contents of Joan Jonas's U.S. Pavilion at the 2015 Venice Biennale—an installation titled *They Came to Us Without a Word*. The Kramlichs have just seen the completion of their Napa Valley home, designed by Herzog & De Meuron. It consists of two underground floors, in large part given over to the display of their video collection, with an elegant glass and mirror pavilion for living and entertaining on top.

Venture capitalists, or VCs, as they are known, are increasingly important members of the California art world. Many of them sit on the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art's board of trustees, which raised \$610 million for its new building and endowment. Stanford University's Cantor Arts Center wouldn't be the same without donations from VCs like Burt McMurtry and his wife Deedee who back countless acquisitions, endow a curatorial position and contributed \$30 million to an adjacent building that houses Stanford's art and architecture department. Needless to say, Bay Area art dealers count on VCs' support.

Vincent Worms, cofounder of Partech International and now an angel investor with Tekton Ventures, started the Kadist, an art foundation, which boasts a collection of 1,200 works from five continents and public spaces in San Francisco and Paris. As an "angel," he funds or "seeds" businesses when they are little more than a PowerPoint presentation. Worms also collects what he calls "extremely contemporary, not-well-known artists" with the advice of a team of well-known curators that includes Jens Hoffmann, Hou Hanru, and Philippe Pirotte. Worms sees many similarities between the entrepreneurs he backs and the artists whose work he buys. "They are all young, energetic, intelligent people who aim to change the way you look at the world," he said. Tech entrepreneurs

LEFT Sand Hill Road in Menlo Park, California.



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singularities and approaches represented by a subtle becomes an integral part of the exhibit. Other contributors consider the distribution into territories that meet the needs of their respective cultures. Whether they are disseminating television shows or social spaces of daily life art continues to be dependent on their physical as well as conceptual intentions of museum displays. The exhibition is interdisciplinary in its remanence, allowing the modes of self-examination to each other to meet on their own terms.

often explicitly aspire to transform the world, not just alter the way we see it. Worms sees art and venture capital as complimentary and tries to divide his time between the two. When he travels in Asia, for example, his typical day entails “spending the morning with entrepreneurs and the afternoon with artists.”

Venture capitalists’ characteristic business models suggest approaches to collecting and philanthropy that many gallerists find appealing. Andy Rappaport, a VC who now runs his own family office, described the differences between venture capitalists and other types of investors. “When you run a hedge fund, you are usually buying relatively liquid assets and you can transact on a moment’s notice. It suits people who are very transaction-oriented,” he explained. “I could never run a hedge fund. I don’t want to constantly be thinking: should I be selling now? Donald Trump sneezed today; what does that mean for my portfolio?” Startups are illiquid assets. Even the successful ones can take six to ten years to grow into something profitable and/or saleable. The implication for the art market is that a VC is less likely than a hedge-fund manager, a group of whom hit the art market in the mid-2000s, to be a short-term speculator “flipping” artworks at auction. It suggests that VCs may have more affection for their market “failures” and greater stamina in sticking it out to determine whether their art stands the test of time.

Art and venture capital are both alternative asset classes that require intellect and patience. Venture capitalists invest in “stuff that has great promise, but no tangibility,” as Rappaport put it, and in “things that nobody yet appreciates because they are a little weird, but have enormous potential.” The best venture capitalists—not to mention the best contemporary art collectors—have a “pioneer mentality.” In renovating and repurposing three large warehouses in the forlorn district of San Francisco called Dogpatch, Rappaport and his wife, Deborah, have taken a pioneering attitude. Their resulting Minnesota Street Project, which opened earlier this year, aims to create affordable gallery and studio spaces as well as to strengthen the sense of community for the arts in the Bay Area.

Like art dealers, venture capitalists are middlemen who specialize in picking and mentoring talent and managing reputations. Just as art dealers spread their bets across a roster of artists, VCs create a basket of opportunities in the hope that one or two will bring “a big win” to the fund. David Hornik, a general partner at August Capital, collects art with his wife, Pamela, who is actively involved with the Cantor Arts Center. “Ultimately, dealers and VCs have the same goal, which is to make the folks with whom we are working more successful. We are support players,” explained Hornik, who invests not just money, but time and energy into guiding, editing, and “creating public-facing brands” in the companies he backs. When Hornik told his mother that he had taken a job as a venture capitalist, she exclaimed, “I can’t believe you’ve talked your way into a job that only involves talking.” Despite dealing with billions of dollars, most VCs are storytellers rather than number crunchers. Most startups have a limited number of users, little revenue, and no profit, so they have few actual numbers. Instead, VCs rely on

persuasive backstories and inspiring predictions to position their entrepreneur as a genius and their technology as revolutionary or at least “disruptive.” Indeed, a VC’s reliance on talk is analogous to a gallerist’s sales pitches about artists’ creative processes, art-historical antecedents, and future relevance.

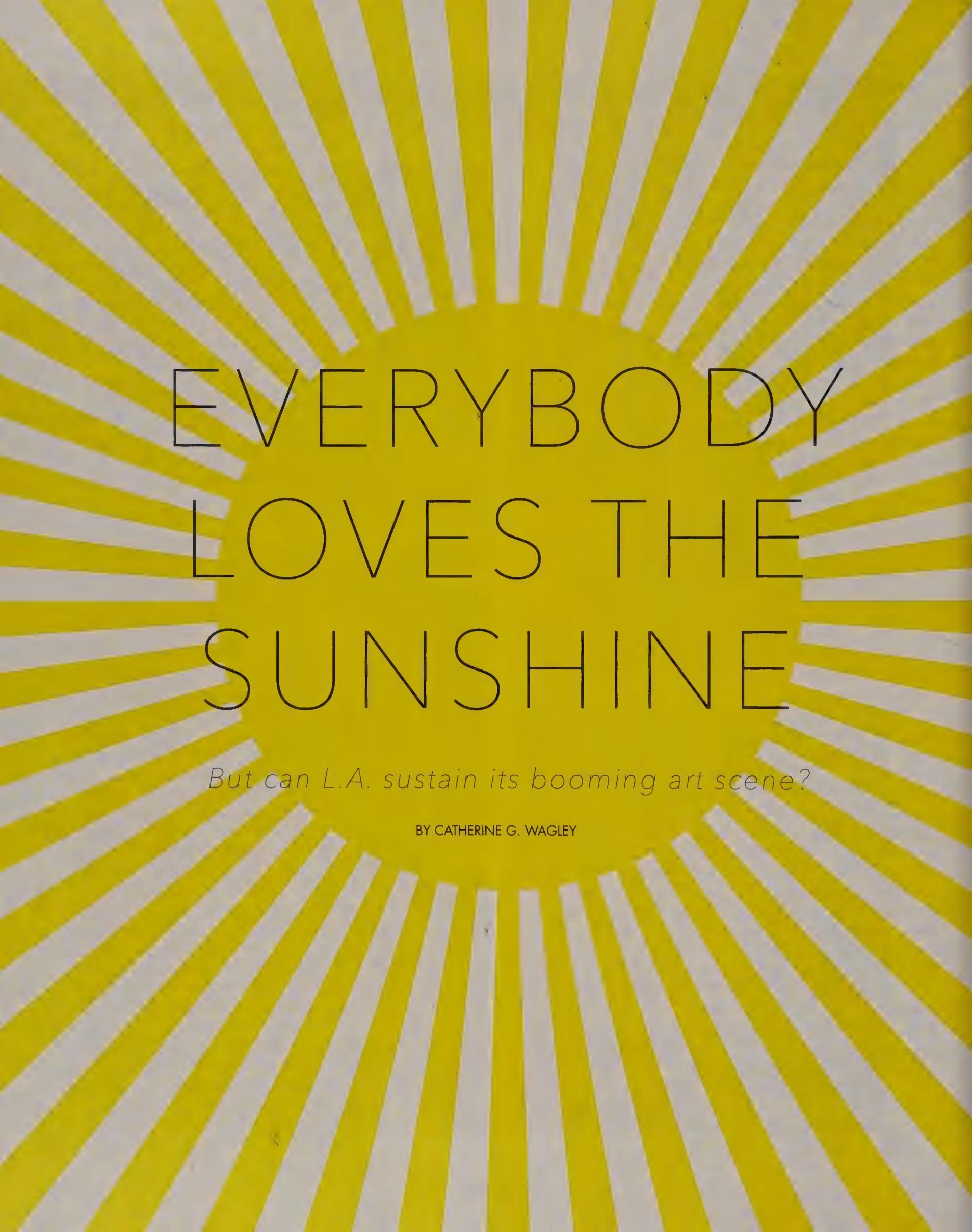
Jarl Mohn, CEO of NPR and a former VC, underwrites the Hammer Museum’s “Made in L.A.” biennial awards with profits from his angel investments in digital media. He collects “early-stage emerging L.A. artists,” as he put it, because he sees himself as an “evangelist” for the city and wants a focused collection that reflects what’s going on there “at this special moment in time.” A seasoned visitor to studios and startups, Mohn sees at least three strong affinities between artists and entrepreneurs. First, both tend to be risk-takers. “Entrepreneurs have made a choice not to have a normal job that pays them a regular salary because they want to create something,” said Mohn. “Artists are taking even larger risks. An entrepreneur may get a low salary with options on the side, but artists are putting it all out there.” Second, both aspire to originality. “Some entrepreneurs are copying other companies’ ideas or just trying to make them better. Some artists are doing the same. But the best aim to innovate.” Third, they are both continually “iterating.” As Mohn explained, “What I love about new technology is that it is not perfect. You release it and then you improve it, through pivoting, changing, iterating. That is what great artists do. They start with an idea, try it out in one work, then another, and sometimes it evolves from painting to sculpture and into a whole different thing. Good artists—I think more than anything—iterate.”

A high percentage of the entrepreneurs financed by VCs are engineers. Komal Shah studied computer science and worked for many years as an engineer and product manager. She and her venture-capitalist husband, Gaurav Garg, collect paintings that are mostly abstract and predominantly made by women and African-American men. Shah balks at collections assembled according to “standard recipes” by consultants, advising their clients on “safe investments.” “When you start looking for ‘safe’ things, that’s when all your passion goes out the door!” she declared. She prefers to use museum curators, such as SFMOMA’s Gary Garrels and Tate’s Mark Godfrey, as unofficial sounding boards.

Shah sees engineering as an imaginative endeavor and product management as instrumental in “creating things.” She identifies with the ways that artists think and loves spending time with them. Among those whose company she enjoys are Mary Weatherford (“gregarious and a true leader”) and Charline von Heyl (“a complete riot”). Shah leaves conversations with artists “feeling very excited, very invigorated.” They make her think about the tech sphere differently and vice versa. “In technology, it’s mostly about evolution. A startup can bring in some revolutionary changes and alter the landscape, but it’s still a kind of linear change,” she pointed out. “But artists make crazy changes, completely out of the blue, which invokes in me a new level of respect.”

A final value shared by the art and tech worlds relates, unexpectedly, to commerce. From the perspective of venture capitalists, the best entrepreneurs and the most significant artists have missionary rather than mercenary motives. Their vision allows them to make the right long-term decisions, despite short-term pressures. They shouldn’t be too far ahead of their time, but they ought not pander to the moment either. ■

OPPOSITE CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT Vincent Worms; Komal Shah with artist Laura Owens; Jarl Mohn; Richard and Pamela Kramlich.



# EVERYBODY LOVES THE SUNSHINE

*But can L.A. sustain its booming art scene?*

BY CATHERINE G. WAGLEY

"Art is a revelation. It's like an oracle," said Juliet McIver, an art collector and consultant who currently has two Mary Corse paintings hanging in her Los Angeles home. They're made with small glass microspheres, so they glimmer more or less depending on the time of day. Nearby sits a fiberglass love seat, called Love Forever, made by artist Rosha Yaghmai. Multiple works by Analia Saban, Ryan Sluggett, and Liz Glynn hang or sit around the kitchen and living room. Most of the artists McIver collects live and work in L.A. Some are established figures—Corse was one of the few female members of California's Light and Space movement of the 1960s—while others, including Yaghmai, Saban, Sluggett, and Glynn, are young. McIver collects in depth, so her mid-size Hollywood loft feels familial, populated by a small group of artists she considers friends.

In 1974, soon after moving to L.A., McIver took a job at Sotheby's, joining a staff that included a Proust expert and a man who'd worked at galleries on Savile Row. Their expertise often didn't help much with their tasks. "We had leftovers from *The Price Is Right*," McIver recalled. "We would be trying to figure out how to price a Jacuzzi."

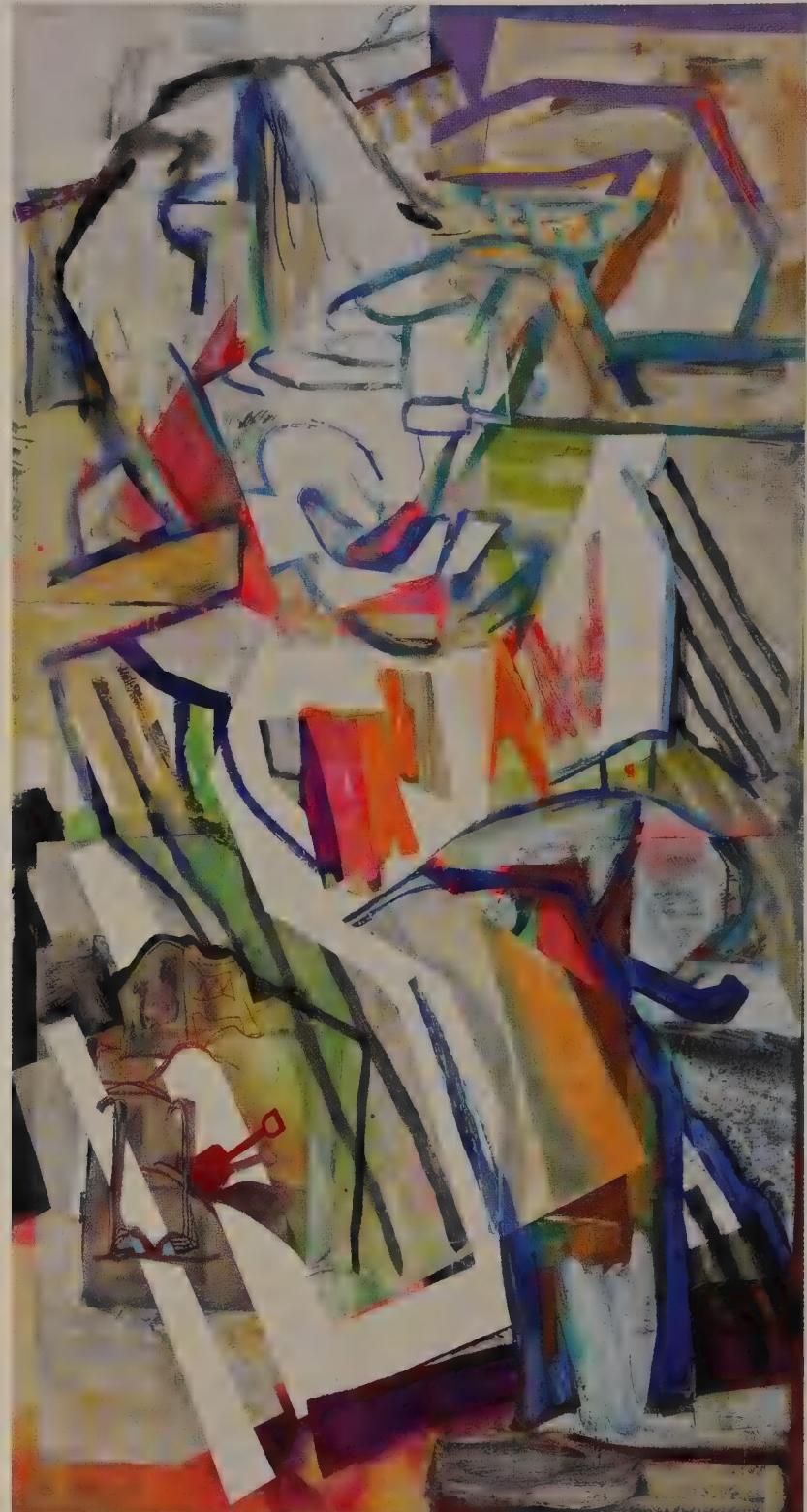
"There were little snippets of good things," she added. Sometimes a Jasper Johns print, or something else precious, would land in Sotheby's L.A. branch, but these were exceptions. McIver saw an opening for someone who cared about fine art, and knew how to find it and talk about it. "I realized around then that I could be a collector."

McIver was sitting on her couch with her friend Tom Peters, who started collecting on a barely-there budget not long after she did. The two met only three years ago, but they're a specific breed—people who became collectors before they had any real means, and kept at it—and they became fast friends. Peters had been catering museum events in the early 1980s when he saw an Ad Reinhardt painting. At first it stumped him, then it seduced him. "It was art because he said it was art," said Peters, who still meets artists through his catering business and owns work by Mike Kelley, Paul McCarthy, Raymond Pettibon, Marilyn Minter, Mark Grotjahn, and others.

"I was getting involved when it was easy to get involved," added Peters, trying to put his finger on exactly what's changed in L.A.'s collecting scene in recent years. "We just lived in such a small little realm," McIver said of the early years, when L.A. had a handful of galleries and hardly any committed collectors. "You have to go to the young ones to be able to afford art now," she added.

One of the biggest changes to the local market is the interest in L.A. from outside dealers and collectors, which has prompted an explosion of new galleries around the city. The gallery scene here has expanded before—notably in the 1990s—but this time the expansion has an internationalist, big-money feel. In the past three years, London's Ibid and New York's Maccarone, as well as global chains like Sprueth Magers and Hauser & Wirth, among others, have opened branches in L.A.

Collectors, too, are opening new spaces. The Depart Foundation, founded by Italian husband-and-wife collectors Pierpaolo Barzan and Valeria Sorci, and for which Los Angeles-based art adviser Stefan Simchowitz consults, relocated to West Hollywood in 2014.



ABOVE Ryan Sluggett, *Lotion*, 2011, part of Juliet McIver's L.A. collection.

Brothers Paul and Maurice Marciano, founders of the Guess? clothing line, are turning a former Masonic temple on Wilshire Boulevard into a private museum. And mega-collector Eli Broad's \$140 million Broad Museum opened downtown last September.

The question—posed frequently by gallerists, artists, and journalists—is whether this growth can support itself in a city long known for its scarcity of serious collectors. The "urgent question," wrote journalist Jori Finkel in the *Art Newspaper* this past March, is not whether these new galleries will appeal to L.A.'s collector base but "whether they will be able to grow that base sufficiently." Said gallerist Susanne Vielmetter in a January 2014 interview with

Artinfo, "I am . . . 100 percent sure that the collector base in L.A. alone is not strong enough or big enough to support a gallery."

"Right now, there's a light shining on L.A.," Alex Couri told me. She's development director of Art Los Angeles Contemporary, L.A.'s seven-year-old fair. "There's a lot happening here. But ultimately, it's very difficult to get a concrete sense of something that isn't really measurable." What isn't measurable is support and patronage, which in L.A. has always been weak. It's also hard, Couri suggested, to define strategies for increasing that support. The boosterism surrounding the West Coast scene doesn't help. It tends to encourage speculation in art rather than long-term investment.

In 2004, Guy Trebay wrote about L.A.'s growing collector base for the *New York Times*, quoting Jane Nathanson as saying, "The life and soul of this city now is art." Entertainment mogul David Geffen was, according to Trebay, the most committed of the bunch. Advertising executive Cliff Einstein, who with his wife, Mandy, had installed a Turrell skyspace in their backyard and private galleries where once they had tennis courts, suggested art would replace Disneyland as a local draw. Broad was omnipresent. Bill and Maria Bell had given up Picasso in favor of Jeff Koons.

The story and players hadn't changed much since 1995, when *Vanity Fair's* Bob Colacello wrote about booming connoisseurship in L.A. The Einsteins, Nathansons, Geffen, and Broad all made appearances. So did Steve Tisch, scion of the Tisch family of New York and billionaire movie producer, who just this year also converted his tennis court into a private museum. No matter that in 1995, galleries were already closing for financial reasons, just as they're starting to close again now.

"There hasn't been enough variety of collectors," gallerist Harmony Murphy observed. In the two years since she opened, she's seen speculation skyrocket and downtown gallery real estate go from dirt cheap to overpriced. "I don't think the arts anywhere can

sustain that amount of change."

Tim Blum co-founded Blum & Poe gallery in 1994. By the early 2000s, it had become one of L.A.'s few indigenous blue-chip spaces, but the city alone has never supported the program. "Of course it would be great if more people collected art in general," he told me. But you have to "define yourself much more open-endedly—seek a global art audience." Blum & Poe has added outposts in Tokyo and New York, and participates in the world's major art fairs. Blum continued, "You don't have an immediate, readymade collector base in L.A., but there are tons of people passing through. People come to see the new."

As Blum spoke, Alberto Chehebar walked by with gallery director Michael Smoler. Chehebar, who began collecting in the early 1990s but moved to L.A. just two years ago, had just had an inspiring studio visit with gallery artist Henry Taylor. "I do five to seven studio visits per week," Chehebar said over the phone a few weeks later. "I don't buy at every studio visit." He also discovers artists via Instagram. "You never know what's going to happen. I'm flexible that way." Chehebar, who's from Bogotá, is the founder of Stilotex, S.A., a Colombia-based textile distribution company. He lived in Miami before moving to Los Angeles, and the Art Basel Miami Beach art fair there helped him establish his taste.

"I was buying Jonas Wood"—an L.A. painter whose hometown gallery is David Kordansky—"before I moved to L.A., but I understand the work differently now," Chehebar explained. "The creative capacity right now in L.A. . . ." He trailed off. "I would say this is the creative capital of the world." Chehebar sells and advises, too. "The trade is part of it, in my opinion," he said.

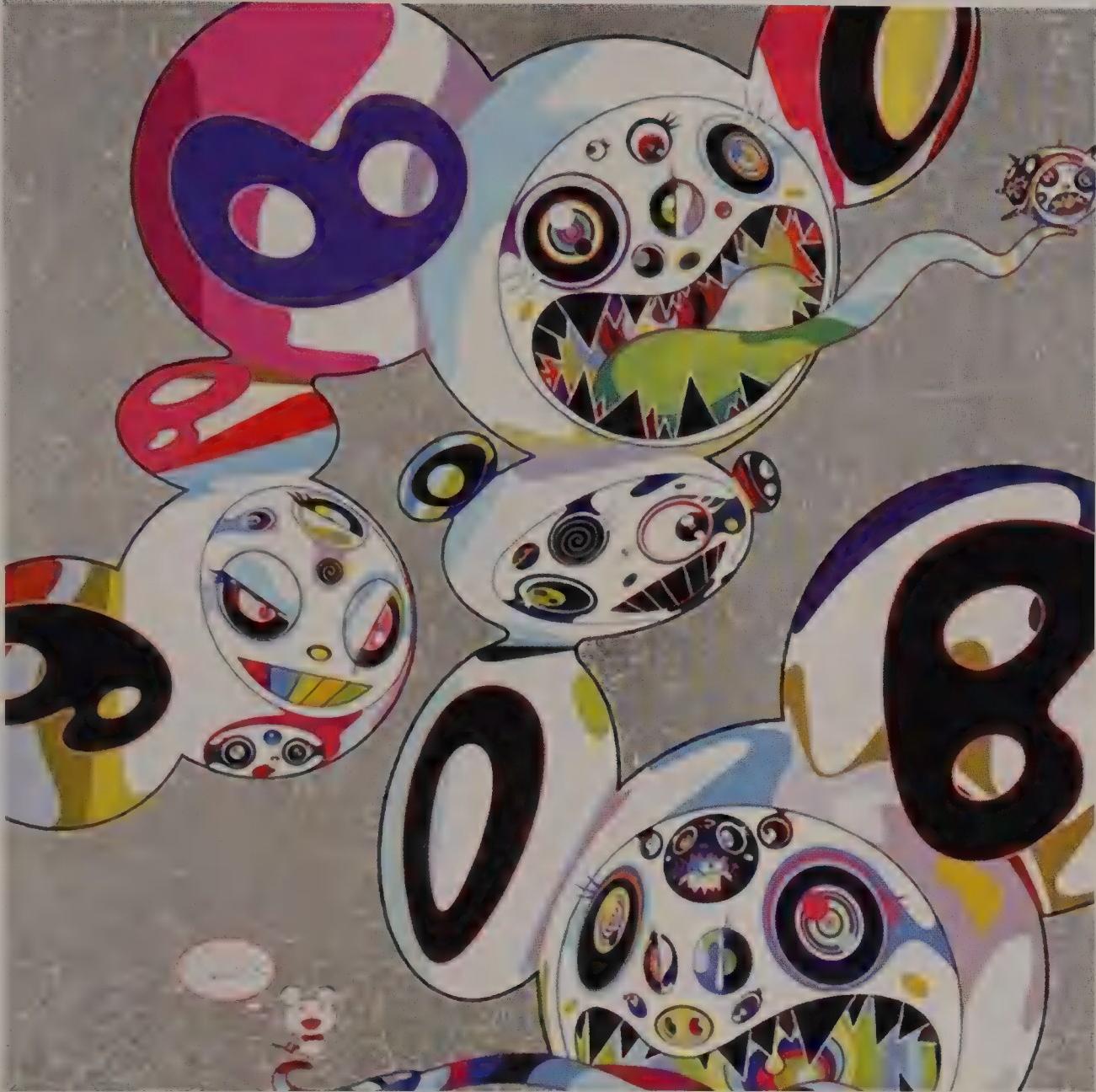
Film and television producer David Hoberman started buying art in the 1980s, then stopped. "[The art] was so edgy, it didn't appeal," he remembered. He took up collecting again in the mid-1990s, buying work from the 1970s and earlier by such artists as Milton Avery and Alex Katz. He didn't frequent L.A. galleries much. Then, in the early 2000s, he wanted to buy a Richard Diebenkorn painting, realized he couldn't afford it, sold everything, and started over with contemporary art.

"I went everywhere, getting to know people" Hoberman told me. "Mark Grotjahn, Jonas Wood, Murakami. Lots of Blum & Poe artists in the early days." He had friends—media mogul Dean Valentine and entertainment attorney Craig Jacobson—who shared his taste, and he started going to fairs in the early 2000s. "It's easy to lose your soul and chase the heat," he said.

For a while, he got caught up in the thrill of speculation. "I had to find my way back," he said. He did so by buying a Philip Guston drawing, and starting a drawing collection of small works without inflated price points. Now he goes downtown almost every weekend, but he's not yet sure that less committed collectors outside his "small community" will do the same. "Historically, there's an assumption that collectors won't come to galleries downtown. It will be interesting to see what happens. Something's going to change."

LEFT Valeria Sorci and Pierpaolo Barzan photographed by Stefan Simchowitz at the Depart Foundation opposite Takashi Murakami, *Spiral*, 2014, part of David Hoberman's collection.





"I love driving all over and seeing the new spaces," said Beth Rudin DeWoody, who has been bicoastal for years but now says she's "sort of based" in L.A. "You visit studios and all sorts of galleries. You kind of go where the art is." She's been collecting since the 1970s, contemporary artists from both coasts, including Sol Lewitt, John McLaughlin, and DeWain Valentine. Since her mother and stepfather collected in L.A. in the 1970s, she knows its history well.

"I came out more and more the last few years," she said, "and breathed a sigh of relief." Partly it was the weather and the West Coast pace, but it might have been an attitude, too. "I think maybe the artists are happier," she suggested. She's gotten to know old-timers as well as younger artists over the past few years. "They take advantage of the environment; there's less angst." It may not be on the scale of New York's, but she already feels like she's part of a community. "Maybe the collector base is smaller here, maybe not. I seem to have met a lot of people who are collecting."

Thao Nguyen, an agent at Creative Artists Agency, is less optimistic, though she's seen L.A.'s art scene change significantly over the past decade. The day before she was due to go on maternity leave, she sat in a conference room at CAA, where she used to helm

the agency's art collection and now manages artists. She mentioned the works by Jim Isermann and Craig Kauffman visible just outside the conference room. Nguyen also collects art herself and serves on the board of a local nonprofit, Los Angeles Nomadic Division, a commitment she calls "my own, though there's always crossover."

"It's important for a city our size to have more than a few main players," said Nguyen, referring to Broad, Geffen, and Mexican-born fruit juice heir Eugenio Lopez, who sits on the board of the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles. She has found the recent wave of speculation in L.A., mostly in the work of young male painters, disheartening, the wrong way to go about building sustainable patronage.

"There needs to be a stronger education and cultivation. Instead of the conversation about appreciation and speculation, we need to say, this is an important artist because of x, y, and z ideas."

She describes herself as a translator, helping Hollywood business people understand the seemingly esoteric rules of the art world.

"There's a slow transformation happening. We just need more Michael Govans," Nguyen continued, citing the Los Angeles County Museum of Art's charismatic director, who has raised \$10 million for a single Michael Heizer installation, started funding a new building, and joined forces with the Motion Picture Academy since arriving at the museum nine years ago. "He knows how to speak to Hollywood people. If we could just clone a few Michael Govans..." If more Govan types fail to materialize, Nguyen noted, it won't be the deep-pocketed newcomers—Hauser & Wirth, Sprueth Magers—that fail. It will be the smaller spaces and the nonprofits.

Harmony Murphy knows this. So do other gallerists with recently opened spaces, like Adam Moskowitz and Meredith Bayse of year-old Moskowitz Bayse. "Changing things, that takes a lot of patience, time," Moskowitz said. But they also have affection for the city's resistance to valuing culture in any consistent way, and the Lone Ranger sensibility that L.A. engenders in its artists and potential patrons alike. "That's why we like it here," said Murphy. ■



Flavin and Rainer Judd photographed on June 22 in the kitchen at 101 Spring Street.



# SPECIFIC OBJECTIVES

The Complex  
Task of  
Preserving  
*Donald Judd's*  
Legacy

BY ZOË LESCAZE



ne recent afternoon in Donald Judd's old house in downtown Manhattan, the late artist's children—Flavin and Rainer—were discussing their father's career. Flavin has a boyish, unlined face framed by reddish-blond hair. Rainer inherited her slender build from their mother, dancer Julie Finch. Flavin, standing in the kitchen, froze abruptly, his pale eyebrows furrowing. "The meat thing is in the wrong place," he said.

"No!" his younger sister said, stricken. Absorbing this sacrilege from a balcony, she reconsidered. "Which meat thing? Oh! That meat thing. I actually moved it."

The meat thing was a *morsa*, a hefty, surgical-looking clamp designed to slice prosciutto. Flavin regarded the displaced device with consternation. "It's not supposed to be here," he said.

"You can move it back," said Rainer.

Dust motes, let alone *morsas*, don't usually move in 101 Spring Street, the five-story cadet-blue cast-iron building in SoHo at the corner of Mercer, where Rainer and Flavin spent their early childhood. The building is now the headquarters of the Judd Foundation, established in 1996 to protect and preserve the artist's work. In the basement are the foundation's offices; on every other floor is an astonishing feat of conservation.

The top floor glows violet in the aura of a fluorescent sculpture by Dan Flavin, Judd's friend and his firstborn's namesake (Rainer is named for Yvonne Rainer, the dancer). Judd's wool jackets and work shirts hang in small closets. Near the low walnut platform bed, a Judd design, is an example of his early work: a dense assemblage of steel and cadmium red-painted wood that he made by hand in 1961, before he famously began outsourcing fabrication to industrial factories. Down on the second floor, the kitchen and dining area are flooded with the same scorching sunlight causing clothes to stick to tourists on the street below, but with none of the heat, honks, or grime of the outside world. The silent rooms remain almost exactly as Judd left them when he died in 1994. Nothing is arbitrary or accidental. gingerly exploring the home-studio engenders an acute awareness of oneself as an interloper, a messy unplanned element in this hyper-considered realm, like a germ infiltrating an operating theater. Unlike when Judd lived there without air conditioning, the space is now cool, its temperature perfectly calibrated to keep Judd's residence, and legacy, on ice.

Born two years apart, in 1968 and 1970, Flavin and Rainer present a tightly unified front. Earlier that June morning, they sat barricaded behind an enormous mahogany table. It is a formidable piece of Judd's own design: clean, deliberate and utterly uncompromising, rather like the artist himself and the foundation that bears his name, of which his children are co-presidents. The siblings talked about making their father's prodigious output accessible. "The Judd Foundation is one big tool box," said Rainer, evoking the archive of Judd's writings, his carefully installed properties in New York and Marfa, Texas, his 13,000-volume library, and his artwork and furniture. "I mean, hell if we don't need a tool box right now," she added.

In November, David Zwirner Books, the publishing imprint of the gallery that represents the Judd Foundation, will release, in collaboration with the foundation, *Donald Judd Writings*, a

tome containing the artist's obscurely or never-before published essays, personal letters, and notes. These are woven in amongst the texts collected during his lifetime which were published as *Donald Judd: Complete Writings 1959–1975*. Better known as the Yellow Book, it was reissued by the foundation this past March. *Donald Judd Writings* augments the known essays on art and architecture—clear, direct and tersely unequivocal—with welcome shades of nuance. In ruminative asides, we witness Judd working through his ideas.

The new book is a prelude to a larger moment for the artist. By now, Judd's influence is so widespread, so casually ingrained in contemporary art and design, it's easy to forget it's there. That will change over the next year. Since 2009, the foundation has been updating Judd's catalogue raisonné—a previous, necessarily incomplete one was published during his lifetime—and put out a call for works this past May. Next fall will bring a major retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art in New York curated by Ann Temkin. The long-awaited survey will be Judd's first in the United States since 1988, when 30 works went on view at the Whitney Museum, and will provide a fresh opportunity to consider his incisive originality and lingering impact.

Meanwhile, Rainer and Flavin preside over a sprawling kingdom. They became executors of their father's estate when they were 23 and 25, along with Marianne Stockebrand, the German curator who was Judd's companion for the last four years of his life. (The estate's assets—including artworks, 101 Spring Street and numerous live/work spaces in Marfa—were ultimately transferred to the foundation.)

The children each inherited \$300,000, millions in debt, and a request that would determine the rest of their adult lives: Judd wanted his properties in New York and Marfa to be preserved the way he had so carefully installed them. In Judd's will, this was his wish; for the heirs it was a commandment. They had no choice, they felt, but to protect these spaces. Others with a stake in Judd's career disagreed. Controversy has followed the artist posthumously, raising the question: What is the right way to steward an artist's legacy when some of his most significant works are not objects that can be bought and sold?

Judd purchased 101 Spring Street for \$68,000 in 1968, when the neighborhood—a warren of sweatshops and small factories—didn't have a supermarket, let alone Stella McCartney. "There was no SoHo when Judd bought his building," artist Carl Andre said. Working floor by floor, Judd transformed the building into a forceful expression of his aesthetic and philosophical preoccupations, installing artworks and objects in harmony with the architecture.

Judd spent the final decades of his life in Marfa, however, leaving 101 Spring to languish, a Minimalist version of Miss Havisham's wedding cake. Chunks of cast iron crumbled off the facade. Judd looked into repairing the structure in the early '90s, but balked at the expense.

Judd's children would realize the restoration their father could not. The siblings searched for the least invasive compromises possible, shackled to both building ordinances in a very different

SoHo and to their father's sometimes wildly impractical installations. Their adherence to his preferences was unbending and obsessive.

But the question was how to fund this extensive \$23 million overhaul, which would include replacing the building's 60 giant windows with UV- and temperature-regulating glass that still undulate like the original panes, and swapping the open spiral staircase corkscrewing through the space with an enclosed stairwell to meet modern fire codes. In order to create an endowment that would allow them to pursue grants and donations, Rainer and Flavin opted to consign to Christie's 36 of Judd's works, none of which had ever come to market. Twenty-five of them sold in a single evening auction in 2006.

The sale sparked fierce protest from people who had been close to Judd, including Stockebrand, who sat on the board of the Judd Foundation, and Arne Glimcher, the founder of Pace Gallery, which represented Judd at the time of his death.

"I didn't like the idea [of selling] all those works at auction," Stockebrand said. "I thought that it was too many and it came too quickly, and I resigned from the Judd Foundation board when that decision was made, because I didn't want to be responsible for it."

Glimcher agreed. "That auction got rid of all the best stuff in the inventory," he said, naming Richard Schlagman, then the owner of Phaidon books and a foundation board member, as the architect of the sale. "I think Schlagman did a terrible job with the estate by getting rid of most of the works at bargain prices." Some of those who had known Judd were relatively tolerant of the sale—*New York Times* art critic Roberta Smith, who worked for Judd briefly in the '70s, wrote that he "might have viewed the sale with a certain pragmatic equanimity.... He remarked more than once that one purpose of his smaller, portable sculptures was to make money to pay for bigger projects." Others thought that his children had carted off some of his best work—work that altered the course of art history—in favor of maintaining a shrine. The three-year restoration of 101 Spring Street was completed in 2013.

"It's almost a little unpleasant," said Paula Cooper, who represented Judd for six years before he left for Pace in 1991, of being inside the renovated building. "Maybe for those of us who knew him, it's kind of creepy."

Rainer and Flavin have given over their adult lives to their father, weathering criticism from those who, they say, don't understand



what Judd would have wanted. "Nobody whose opinion I respected opposed [the auction] so it wasn't much of a problem for me," Flavin said. If certain people in Judd's cadre saw vultures circling around the Christie's auction, Flavin has much the same opinion about the sale's detractors. "When he died, there were already dark forces gathering," said Flavin, conjuring wolfish bottom-liners who saw Judd's properties and artwork as so many assets to be liquidated. "It was very obvious that the stupidity was at our doorstep," he added. The Judd children saw themselves as the only thing standing between their father and prospectors looking to make a quick buck off Judd's sizable reputation. "No, we didn't think 22 years later we'd still be doing it," Flavin said of the foundation. "But we're not done yet."

Financially, the Judd Foundation appears to be in good health. Its revenue was \$5.4 million in the 2013 fiscal year, according to tax returns. The foundation's director of operations, Richard Griggs, earned around \$100,000; Rainer and Flavin each received salaries

ABOVE The exterior of 101 Spring Street in New York.

of roughly \$150,000. The operating budget as of June 2016 was \$3.1 million.

"There's this weird, subtle, unspoken thing that we expect good people doing good things to be struggling financially . . . and I think we need to embrace good people [making] smart, wise business choices," said Rainer. "Good people who are doing good things can be financially organized."



## When he died, there



Born in Missouri in 1928, Judd roared onto the New York art scene in the late 1950s. After receiving a master's degree in art history from Columbia University, where he studied philosophy as an undergrad, the artist rapidly asserted himself as a vocal fixture in the downtown milieu. Perhaps more than any other artist of his generation, Judd shaped the cultural discourse of his time—not only through his radical sculptures, but with his prolific writing on his peers. He championed the artists he admired (Yayoi Kusama, John Chamberlain, Claes Oldenburg) and succinctly eviscerated those he did not. Judd espoused utter contempt for contemporary figuration, and he lambasted lazy art historians who lumped the new work he, Andre, Dan Flavin, Frank Stella, and others were making under narrow terms of convenience like "Minimalism," as they had lumped Jackson Pollock, Willem De Kooning, and Franz Kline under "Abstract Expressionism." (Of the young painters who aped the Ab Ex titans, he wrote: "The situation is grotesque.") "[We were] not only hostile

to postwar European art, but hostile to 10th Street art," Stella said of his generation's far-reaching belligerence toward members of the old guard and the avant-garde alike. "We were pretty hostile to just about everything."

Judd preferred entertaining at home—the reverently preserved bottles at 101 Spring Street reflect his fondness for Scotch—but he occasionally hit Max's Kansas City, the beloved downtown art bar, where Andre once watched him nearly come to blows with Robert Morris. "It was an incredibly fertile time," said Andre.

## were dark forces gathering.

Judd initially showed with Leo Castelli, the keen-eyed dealer who had championed Robert Rauschenberg and Andy Warhol. Judd's stark box sculptures, industrially fabricated from his own designs, eventually came to define the art being made in New York in the 1960s as much as Pollock's drip paintings had the decade before. His success was hard-won, however. Describing a 1966 exhibition at Castelli, Hilton Kramer of the *New York Times* was in awe of Judd's boldness ("it is work that consigns to the trash can of history most of our conventional beliefs about sculptural craftsmanship"), but also lamented "the sense of loss that one feels in seeing art carried to such an extreme of depersonalization." No other artist of such renown had the "But is it art?" question lobbed his way more often than Judd. He left Castelli for the Paula Cooper Gallery, and had his first show there in 1985.

"We helped him be resuscitated," Cooper said in her office, her hands resting on a pale Judd desk with built-in slots for papers. "He was respected, but his work was not selling at all, he wasn't having museum shows. Nothing was happening, and we just believed so fervently in him."

Cooper and Judd enjoyed a close friendship, frequently meeting for drinks and long talks about art and architecture. Despite his reputation for apoplectic rants, largely born out of his writing, he was soft-spoken in person. Videos show a pensive artist with a sense of humor, prone—as his children are—to studying patches of tabletop while speaking, or to scanning far walls, as though his thoughts were written there in runes only he could decipher.

Douglas Baxter, a longtime director at Cooper's gallery, would also befriend "Don," as he was known to everyone, including his children. When Baxter left Paula Cooper to work for Pace Gallery in 1991, Judd followed, along with other artists Cooper represented, including Joel Shapiro, Robert Mangold, and Elizabeth Murray.

"It was one of the most rewarding relationships in my life, I guess because Don did have this reputation for being so demanding and difficult," said Baxter. "I think maybe he cultivated that, which made getting past it all the more special. I don't think there were a lot of

LEFT Donald Judd, Rainer Judd, and Flavin Judd in Marfa, Texas.

people who did get past that . . . maybe a couple dozen."

At the time, Judd's fabrication and his pared-down forms, which were about negative space as much as the solid industrial materials, were radical departures from the history of sculpture. Judd's innovations may have still packed a bit of shock value at the time of the Whitney show in 1988, but by the time of the Tate retrospective in London in 2004, Minimalism had become a lifestyle. Calvin Klein, for instance, shot a 1995 ad campaign in Judd's onetime residence in Marfa.



"I remember seeing these ads for Calvin Klein Home," said Chris D'Amelio, who works with the Judd Foundation as a director at David Zwirner. "They were like white walls, a wood floor, bed practically on the floor, white comforter with pillows, and a single lamp." It was Judd-Lite.

Zwirner began representing the Judd Foundation in 2010, a year after it brought in the estate of Dan Flavin. In recent years the gallery has become one of the foremost stables for blue-chip artists and distinguished estates in the world, and a major player in Minimalism. Arne Glimcher said that Pace would have been chosen to represent the foundation had the gallery agreed to buy from the foundation around 20 pieces from a group of modestly-sized Judd works called the Menziken. Glimcher felt the price was too high, and passed.

"It was a holdup, and I didn't want to be held up," said Glimcher. "I think Zwirner needed it badly, so he paid for the name." Flavin Judd said the foundation "selected David Zwirner as our gallery partner because of the strength of its program and interest in scholarly research."

Although the foundation insists that Pace has never had access to its complete holdings—something the foundation keeps private—Glimcher believes that few large artworks remain in it after the 2006 sale. In a move that riled Paula Cooper, Dan Flavin's former dealer, the Flavin estate decided to begin completing editions that were left incomplete at the time of Flavin's death in 1996, and those works have sold through Zwirner. There is no comparable scenario with Judd, however, who didn't work in edition or leave plans for unrealized works. "With Judd, nothing is being fabricated at all," said D'Amelio. "It's only what he made during his life."

Zwirner intends to bolster appreciation for Judd's existing oeuvre and to establish a Judd market in China, where his work—not to mention Minimalism in general—is virtually unknown. Even in the United States, Judd has been something of a slow burner.

"Twenty-six years ago, when I first started working, most of the people I would speak to about Judd would laugh at me for saying,

"look at this, this is really great," said D'Amelio. A small base of collectors sustained the market, while "most people thought, 'No, come on, it's a box on the wall. I don't want that.'"

Judd never concerned himself with the market or viewed his practice as a get-rich-quick scheme. "He would talk about how he and Claes [Oldenburg] never expected to make money," said Rainer. "They were artists and that was just the way it was, that they were going to make art, and things would get a little better than grapefruits and oatmeal all day long but . . . they couldn't foresee that art was something that was going to make a lot of money."

When Christie's sold Judd's 1963 wall sculpture *Untitled* (*DSS42*) in 2013, it set a new auction record for his work of \$14.1 million, silencing any remaining speculation that his market had been damaged by the 2006 sale. Still, its high price was partly attributable to its large size and pristine provenance. Judd's prices at auction may now outstrip those of Andre, Flavin, and the other giants of Minimalism, but they still lag behind the consistently stratospheric sums commanded by painters of his generation who had kindred preoccupations, such as Robert Ryman. (D'Amelio said Judd's work has sold for more privately than at auction.)

According to D'Amelio, having collectors come around to Judd "is a slow and beautiful process."

Judd's old SoHo building, which is open by appointment for tours, functions as a kind of Donald Judd museum, a space consecrated to his life in its daily particulars and highest ideals. That the two so often overlap within the spaces he created speaks to the artist's singular vision and consummate philosophy. On the third floor, a meditative realm of right angles, carefully arranged rulers and other precision instruments rest on an antique drafting desk, echoing the Platonic geometry of the giant aluminum box dominating the loft, a Judd sculpture from 1970. Its metal sides glow in the sunlight, appearing almost liquid at certain times of day, an effect one might contemplate while availing oneself of the Ethiopian headrest set on the floor nearby.

One wonders what the ever-opinionated artist would have made of his upcoming retrospective at MoMA. If 101 Spring Street is a museum retrospective in perpetuity, Judd installed it that way partly in reaction to conventional institutions. Museums have never been ideal settings for experiencing his work, and no one felt this more strongly than Judd himself.

"Temporary shows and group shows in museums are insufficient and are damaging to the idea of art and actually, to the work," he wrote in a letter to artist Annabelle D'Huart, one of the previously unpublished writings that will appear in the new book. "The space in the museums is seldom right, as it is usually awkward and pretentious architecture. There is not enough time to think out the placement of the pieces. And why, if an exhibition is somehow well done, destroy it after a month?"

Judd was not the first artist to chafe at the growing commercialism of SoHo in the 1970s, but he responded more drastically than those who simply found new digs elsewhere in New York. Judd started searching for a refuge distant from the claws of a rapidly transforming city and increasingly mercenary art world.

He "was always trying to get as far away from people as he could," said Andre.

He found his haven in Marfa, a sparsely populated ranching town in west Texas, deep within the Chihuahua Desert. It was here that his vision would reach its apotheosis. He dreamed up a bell jar where his work, along with that of his friends John Chamberlain and Dan Flavin, could stand forever. With help from the Dia Foundation, which famously funded projects beyond the means and conceptual parameters of most museums, Judd bought Fort D. A. Russell, a 340-acre property studded with disused army barracks and warehouses, in 1979. In the mid-'80s, when Dia attempted to sell off some of the works Judd installed in Marfa due to financial woes (the foundation ran on oil money), Judd threatened to sue, winning control of the fort and its contents in an out-of-court settlement. In 1986, he reopened the property as the Chinati Foundation, a public, permanently installed exhibition space.

Marianne Stockebrand began visiting Judd in Marfa not long after, and he traveled to see her in Cologne. Douglas Baxter remembers joining the couple in Germany in 1993, on his way to Istanbul. They visited a museum, and Baxter could hear Judd's laughter echoing in the next gallery.

"I'll never forget hearing him laugh," said Baxter. "The next day he went to the doctor in Cologne, and basically that's when he got the news that he was very sick. It was like one day he's laughing, and the next day he's dying."

Judd was diagnosed with lymphoma. He died a few months later, on February 12, 1994, leaving vast projects in limbo. Chinati, for instance, had no staff, no operating budget, no formal opening hours. Judd kept the amorphous organization financially afloat during his lifetime, and it could easily have ceased to exist when he died had it not been for Stockebrand. Marfa is now known as a mecca for art-hipster hajjis, but when Judd died, the town was still desolate.

"There was no functioning hotel," Stockebrand recalled. "There was—you couldn't say it was a restaurant—but there was a place where one could find food. It was quite curious and fun to be there, but it was sometimes very difficult to have guests when you couldn't accommodate them."

Stockebrand became director of Chinati when Judd died, and it was up to her to transform the project into a proper institution. She moved to Marfa in 1994 and began visiting potential donors for the virtually unheard-of foundation. She raised around \$140,000 the first year. By the time she stepped down from the directorship in 2010, the endowment totaled more than \$10 million, and annual attendance had topped 10,000 visitors.

Judd's uncompromising ambition was of the moment. The Minimalists were a dogmatic bunch. They always knew best and they liked making rules. Visitors, for instance, do not get to choose how much time they spend with Walter De Maria's *Lightning Field* (1977), another Dia-funded installation, this one in New Mexico. They must spend the night with the spare expanse of evenly spaced steel poles, sleeping in a designated cabin.

Flavin Judd thinks of 101 Spring Street as a testament to that vanished time and a vital bastion against cultural amnesia. "There's no awareness of history, so the present always [seems like] the best thing possible, which erases the need to preserve," he said. The Judd



21 May 86  
Donald Judd  
101 Spring Street, New York City  
I am writing from my studio in Marfa, Texas.  
It is a simple room with a desk, chair, and  
bookshelves. It is a quiet place, but  
there is a brief disturbance every day.  
But it is all we have and so  
it remains as it was when I  
left it. It is a constant reminder of  
the world outside and  
the world of civilization.  
Therefore the first question is  
just as rare but it is important  
as a student's question.  
It looks white, stark, and most

ABOVE The fifth-floor bedroom at 101 Spring Street.  
BOTTOM Donald Judd's handwritten note '21 May, 1986.'

Foundation is "fighting entropy by preserving knowledge."

There is poignancy to Judd's struggle against inevitability, a nobility to standing in the face of decay and degeneration. But his wishes—and those of his children—run counter not only to how the art world works, but how history works. The efforts to preserve every pencil eraser in Judd's home just as he left it recalls King Canute enthroned on the beach, staring down the advancing tide. For an artist who studied philosophy and art history, whose library testifies to his voracious appetite for perspective, Judd was adept at ignoring temporal (and financial) realities.

Nevertheless, reality occasionally infiltrates Judd's hallowed ground. The first floor of 101 Spring has hosted a variety of events. The record label Mexican Summer organized a music festival called Marfa Myths last March inside Judd's west Texas temple. ("The anti-Coachella," *Billboard* magazine called it.)

With an artist so outspoken, so specific about his own work, one constantly wonders, said Stockebrand, "What would Judd have thought? What would he have said? What would he have decided? And you can't really, you can only take guidance insofar as you are trying to understand his principles, and then you still have to make a decision. Not everything can remain exactly the way it was meant to be. Case by case, you have to make these decisions. It's tricky."

Judd once held a fairly optimistic view of history. "It is not surprising that art should progress, since societies do," he wrote in a previously unpublished note from 1963, included in the forthcoming book. Another note, written 20 years later, betrays a wearier stance. In it, Judd writes, "There is not so much progress as change." ■

# DON'T CALL IT A COMEBACK

BY M. H. MILLER

MATRICES BY JACOB LEWKOW



Detroit's  
Post-Bankruptcy  
Crisis



This past April, I spent a week in Detroit. I grew up about 20 minutes outside the city, though I've been in New York for the last decade. My parents lived in the Detroit area for more than 60 years before joining the mass exodus from Michigan during the most recent recession. I no longer consider Detroit my home. There were images of the city that circulated in my mind, exaggerated by the fog of memory: vast fields covered in burned rubble where houses used to be; For Sale signs hanging from the ground-floor windows of skyscrapers; being propositioned as I walked to my car in a more or less abandoned section of downtown by a man who didn't even seem to notice the blood pouring out of his own forehead from the nail that was stuck there; neighborhoods hanging on to their dignity by their fingernails.

Going back, I found that these perceptions were not necessarily wrong, but were at odds with another city, one that was unfamiliar to me. Midtown was clogged with traffic and development projects. The news on the front page of the *Detroit Free Press* when I arrived involved Dan Gilbert, who has built a kingdom in the city around his mortgage lending company, Quicken Loans, which opened its headquarters downtown in 2009. Like Henry Ford before him, Gilbert has attempted to mold Detroit into a company town, where business is both a job and a lifestyle. The latest story about this post-industrialist industrialist concerned Gilbert's \$1 billion investment plan to bring a Major League Soccer franchise to Detroit and build a stadium on the site of the unfinished Wayne County Jail, which has languished half-done for almost three years because of budget issues. Gilbert's plans irked Wayne County officials, who insisted on their intention to finish the prison, even if they didn't wield Gilbert's power. The city is divided about the influence of Gilbert and a few other wealthy figures. One person told me Gilbert "is doing wonderful things to create a critical mass." Another said, "When people talk about Quicken employees, they talk about Kool-Aid. They drank the Kool-Aid."

During my visit, I encountered a lot of people who seemed like they'd drunk too much Kool-Aid. I heard a woman say, without irony, "I don't believe in charity; I believe in share-ity." I listened patiently to people talk at length about their "hybrid design studios." I talked to people who moved here on a whim—all of them quick to mention the sizes, prices, and amenities of their new houses. The founder of a New York-based performance space who relocated to Detroit recently and bought up vast amounts of property went on and on, as we sat in his office in an abandoned warehouse that took up most of a city block, about how home ownership prevents the perils of gentrification. I went to a panel discussion in a crudely renovated building and heard someone give a pedestrian talk about self-actualization. I went to another panel discussion in another crudely renovated building and heard someone say, "Ideas are really important," as if he'd just come up with an important idea. I ate a large vegetarian meal at an urban farm and remained hungry.

Detroit has always been viewed as a sign of the times, a sustained

LEFT Woodward Avenue in Detroit.

metaphor for the American city in a state of perpetual crisis. After years of a declining population and a mounting debt somewhere in the 11 figures, the city filed the largest Chapter 9 bankruptcy in American history in 2013. To some, this was a turning point, a way of fixing what was broken and moving on. But where there was a pre-bankruptcy crisis, now there is a post-bankruptcy crisis. I work for an art magazine, so my assignment was to write about what was going on in the Detroit art scene. Detroit being a city of artists, and the arts being almost invariably on the front lines of gentrification, I also saw the recent history of Detroit's transformations, and all the hope and fear that have arisen as a result of them.

The week I was in town, 41 people were living temporarily in the Herman Kiefer Health Complex as part of a think tank called Ideas City, a program founded by the New Museum in New York. The hospital loomed against a bland, gray sky when I drove up to it on Tuesday morning. Spread out across seven buildings on an 18-acre plot of land near the Virginia Park neighborhood, the hospital opened in 1911 and served mostly as a treatment center and quarantine for tuberculosis, diphtheria, and other grim illnesses until the 1960s, when the wide availability of antibiotics curtailed the spread of infectious diseases. Albert Kahn designed an expansion that opened in 1928, and in later years the complex's vital records department was where Detroiters went to obtain a birth or death certificate. When Detroit declared bankruptcy, the maintenance fees to keep the hospital operational were deemed too high, and Herman Kiefer closed, leaving about 800,000 square feet vacant in an already struggling neighborhood. This place where life began and ended in Detroit for more than a century was left to be picked over by scrappers. In 2015 the city council approved a plan by New York-based architect Ron Castellano to redevelop the complex, at a proposed cost of at least \$75 million.

Billed by the New Museum as a "weeklong studio laboratory workshop" that would culminate in an eight-hour public conference, Ideas City brought together artists, writers, architects, urban planners, and tech entrepreneurs, all of whom were sleeping in special tents on the second floor of the complex's old power station and sharing a communal bathroom while they spent the week discussing how to revitalize Detroit. It seemed to me to epitomize what was happening in the city: a bunch of outsiders sitting around talking about what to do with all this space, while the people who live here look on in horror. (The New Museum at least thought to include a handful of locals.) I arrived at 8 a.m. and found the group lined up beside a long table for a buffet breakfast. The room was dim, lit only by a string of dangling lightbulbs. Castellano's investment hadn't gotten far enough to provide a reliable electrical system. Soon after I entered the building, a fuse blew and all the lights went out.

"My friend told me his relative was treated here for tuberculosis, like, 60 years ago," Kunal Gupta said. He was the founder of a "creative community platform" in New York. Like a lot of the group, he was wearing several layers of clothing because it was cold in the abandoned hospital. When I asked him what his company

does, he told me "the definition of what the company does is evolving." By way of further explanation, he said, "We really wanted to be a part of the Bernie Sanders campaign of success."

My plan was to interview Joseph Grima, Ideas City's director, an angular man with a background in architecture who is currently based in Italy. But he was running around trying to fix the lighting situation. (He didn't, at least not while I was there.) When I found him later, he was taping a screen to a chalkboard for a future PowerPoint presentation. "I can't talk to you until I deal with this," he said. We never talked.

Instead, I had a bowl of granola with Tiff Massey, a Detroit artist who was taking part in Ideas City. She opted for her own bed the previous night instead of staying in Herman Kiefer. Massey works with metal, and her hands were adorned with complicated mini-sculptures of her own design. I told her I was in town to write about some of the changes happening in the city. She looked at me doubtfully. "I'm rather suspicious of the development going on here," I offered.

"You're right to be suspicious!" she said. Her expression softened, and her voice seemed to cut through the thick fog of self-satisfaction choking the abandoned hospital. I asked her what she thought of some of the people moving into the city and buying up property. "It's not like you can just come in and set up shop," she said. "There's no infrastructure to support the smoke and mirrors." She said that one result of Detroit being "so hyped" is that "now everybody wants to be an artist." But, Massey explained, the city is "a developer's dream. It is not for the artists." Only a handful of people are profiting from the development, and they have "a monopoly on the city," she said. "So everything becomes this watered-down shit that you could get anywhere else."

As breakfast concluded, the group gathered in a circle for a talk by Satori Shakoor, a self-described "storyteller" who lived five minutes from Herman Kiefer. "Welcome to my neighborhood," she told everyone. She said she had been skeptical when she heard that something called Ideas City was coming to her home. "Who are these pompous, privileged people coming from New York, telling me what to do with my city?" she said. The audience chuckled awkwardly. "I was complaining out of, like, PTSD," she continued. "One thing that makes a city is children's laughter. I don't hear children's laughter on my street. I live on a block that looks like a mouth that's missing a lot of teeth." She discussed talking to the drug dealer, Rooster, who lives across the street, and asking him to make sure nothing bad happened to her. "The drug dealer was my neighborhood watch." Virginia Park, Shakoor said, is a vulnerable neighborhood, a neighborhood in foreclosure, strewn with empty or burned-down houses.

Someone in the audience raised his hand and asked about the tension between long-standing homeowners in Detroit and the people moving in because of the cheap real estate. Shakoor said the development boom has made everything more expensive. "Is there any cheap real estate in Detroit?" she asked. "In the hood," Massey said, almost under her breath. And here we were. Shakoor's struggling neighborhood had been designated the next frontier of development in Detroit. For how long would it remain her neighborhood? Before this point could be explored,



Alivia Zivich and Daniel Sperry, founders of What Pipeline.

Grima cut in, a little too chipper: "We are going to end this session!" There was polite applause.

Later that morning, the whole group piled into a bus for a tour of Detroit's West Side, led by Ingrid LaFleur. We would drive briefly down the Davison, the nation's first freeway, and through neighborhoods like Palmer Woods, past the Tudor mansions leading up to the bucolic Detroit Golf Club and Frank Lloyd Wright's Dorothy H. Turkel House. LaFleur told everyone she was an Afrofuturist. "I believe that when you heal the black body, you heal the city," she announced, standing at the front of the bus. At one point, a blond European woman asked her why she would live in Detroit, as opposed to any other city. "I would not live anywhere else in the country," LaFleur said. "Because this city is 82 percent black. It's about protecting my black body." In other cities, "We're pushed out, we're segregated. But this city is ours." LaFleur argued that calling Detroit's recent development a "comeback" would be a fallacy.

"I just want to point out, this whole time we've had businesses that function and make money," she said. "But they are aligned with a particular culture that doesn't seem to have value to people."

LaFleur may have been in charge—the bus drove us past the Mies van der Rohe-designed apartment building where she grew up in Lafayette Park—but after a few minutes, an Ideas City participant, Marsha Music, a Detroit writer of the generation that grew up here when the population was peaking (at about 1.8 million in 1950), took over the proceedings. She was a walking encyclopedia of the city's history. She went over how deeds to houses used to have a clause making homeowners promise not to sell their property to

blacks or Jews. She described her childhood in Detroit. She gave a short history of the riot of 1967, known locally as the Great Rebellion, which began on 12th Street, then the heart of Detroit's black business district, and spread out over the course of the next few days across the city, leaving dozens dead and more than 1,000 buildings destroyed. The bus burst into applause when she finished.

We turned down Fenkell Avenue and drove through the Brightmoor neighborhood, a former planned community where black migrants from the South settled during the manufacturing boom of the '20s. Now, scattered along Fenkell were rows of long-abandoned storefronts with boarded-up windows and faded marquees. "In my youth, this area was the place to be," Music said, neither happy nor sad, just stating a fact.

**E**arly in the week I went to the Detroit Institute of Arts, one of the world's great encyclopedic museums. It includes works by Rembrandt, Pablo Picasso, Edgar Degas, Vincent van Gogh, and—most famously—Diego Rivera, whose *Detroit Industry* mural hangs in a marble court. The DIA was the major story to come out of the Detroit bankruptcy. Back in 1919, the museum, due to a lack of funds, became a municipal department, and the building and the grounds became city owned. How could they have known that would come back to haunt them almost a century later?

Detroit's state-appointed emergency manager, Kevyn D. Orr, who ran the city during bankruptcy proceedings for 16 months beginning in July 2013, told the press that "everything is on

the table,” when asked if the city-owned portions of the DIA’s collection could be sold to pay off creditors. He then hired an appraiser from Christie’s to look into these possible assets. The price tag came in at about \$800 million, a fraction of Detroit’s debt, estimated at between \$18 and \$20 billion. Newspapers, magazines, and TV anchors across the country chimed in to editorialize about this, most of them following the argument of Roberta Smith, co-chief art critic of the *New York Times*, that the DIA was “one of the few remaining jewels in Detroit’s tattered identity, and is essential to the city’s recovery.” (The rare exception was Peter Schjeldahl of the *New Yorker*, who experienced such swift backlash to his belief that the city should sell the museum’s art to pay pensioners that he retracted that opinion and published a *mea culpa*.) The solution was the Grand Bargain, in which the museum raised \$100 million to contribute to \$800 million of benefits for pensioners, and reverted its ownership to an independent trust.

This situation could have been worse, but it was still messy. This was what Salvador Salort-Pons stepped into when he became director of the DIA in 2015. He had been a curator at the museum for eight years, and took over the top job from Graham W. J. Beal, who had been in the position for 16 years. Salort-Pons is a dapper Spaniard, with thick salt-and-pepper hair and a refined beard. I could picture him behind the wheel of a luxury car, talking into a camera about its features. I asked him if the idea of a fire sale at



Salvador Salort-Pons, director of the Detroit Institute of Arts.

the DIA had been exaggerated by the media.

“Well, there was a real possibility that the collection—parts of the collection—could have been put up for sale,” Salort-Pons said. “It was a real possibility. It was really tough at the time to be here. I was head of the European Art department. Just thinking that some sections of the collection could be up for sale and that Christie’s had done an evaluation of it was heartbreaking. And this was all very negative. But it also produced a very positive impact on the institution, which is that the DIA was in the newspapers all around the world because we had an amazing collection that could be up for sale. And that gave us an incredible marketing campaign that we didn’t pay anything for, and it gave the museum lots of publicity. We had lots of visitors. People were buying the catalogues!” He laughed. “And now we are known around the world. My friends who are not art historians, they’re businessmen and lawyers, they called me when we were going through the bankruptcy and said, ‘I didn’t know you worked in such a great museum! What a collection!’”

A 2012 millage, which expires in 2022, had residents from three counties vote to cover about two-thirds of the museum’s annual budget while the museum raises money to become financially independent. This was in exchange for a slight tax hike and free admission. (The fund-raising was delayed a year because of the bankruptcy.) Just as I was asking Salort-Pons about the nearly \$200 million in cash the museum still needs to raise in the next seven years if it’s to collect the \$400 million needed to achieve sovereignty from the counties, a woman and her friend walked up.

“Excuse me?” she said. “I’m sorry to interrupt. Are you Salvador?”  
“I am,” he said.

“Oh, my God, I am from Seattle. I haven’t been here in 30 years and this museum is un-frickin’-believable.”

“Thank you so much,” Salort-Pons said.

“Everyone is so nice! Everyone just raves about how much they love working here!”

He handed the woman and her friend business cards and told them to “let me know if I can be of any help.”

“Wow,” the woman said. “You look like a model!”

“No comment,” the publicist sitting with us said.

“Come back! And tell your friends!” Salort-Pons said, then turned back to me. “I promise you we did not have this prepared.”

Returning to our discussion of the huge fund-raising initiative the museum has ahead of it, I asked what happens if the DIA doesn’t meet its goal in the proposed time frame. Salort-Pons answered, “That’s a good question. We haven’t started to think about that.” But he was hopeful. He mentioned a \$5 million donation earlier this year from the Michigan-based William Davidson Foundation. He explained his plans for the future.

“I am from Spain,” Salort-Pons said. “I was born and raised in Madrid, and on the weekends you would go to the town square, because there were things to do there. It’s like the point of reference. And I would like the museum, the surrounding institutions, and the museum’s front plaza, to become that sort of town square, where everybody gathers and everybody’s welcome. Where we can be a diverse institution, and accessible for all. As the city grows, can the DIA be that town square? When I came

to Detroit eight years ago, I lived downtown the first year. And I'd lived in cities, and I always liked to walk and take public transportation. And I remember walking [around] eight years ago. It was weird. I was the only person walking. But not only that, I didn't know where to go. There was not a point of reference."

The city's museum district now finds itself in the center of a changing Detroit, just as it had been at the center of the bankruptcy. Nearby the DIA are the Charles H. Wright Museum of African American History, the Center for Creative Studies, Wayne State University's Elaine L. Jacob Gallery, and the Detroit Historical Museum. The Cranbrook Academy of Art, the monastic art school in the wealthy suburb of Bloomfield Hills, which has, among other features, a gorgeous Japanese garden on its well-manicured grounds, is also hoping to open a program in the area, Christopher Scoates, the school's director, told me on a visit there. Even with all the changes, he said, "It's a little bit of a Wild West. If you want to try it, and it fails, it doesn't really matter. That's a good thing. Failure's a part of best practices."

Around the corner from the DIA is the Museum of Contemporary Art Detroit, which opened in 2006. I met Elysia Borowy-Reeder, MOCAD's director since 2013, one afternoon in the museum's large café, which is open to the public but was largely empty. MOCAD's role in the Detroit art world is a little odd—the institution employs Jens Hoffmann, who lives in New York, as a "senior curator at large," and several local artists told me they thought MOCAD's programming could be dropped into any other city in the country, that it didn't "breathe Detroit," as one of them put it. "We're not the Museum of Detroit Artists," Borowy-Reeder said, when pressed.

But the museum does, in fact, work with the city in ways even local bureaucracy doesn't. In its backyard is *Mobile Homestead*, a replica of artist Mike Kelley's childhood home in Westland, a Detroit suburb, the last work Kelley finished before killing himself in 2012. A secret hatch in the closet of the room based on Kelley's bedroom leads, through a network of ladders and hidden rooms, to a subterranean studio 40 feet below, intended to be the artist's private work space. A few of Kelley's friends, like Paul McCarthy, have used the studio instead. ("It is disorienting," said Borowy-Reeder, who on occasion has to climb down to oversee maintenance on the dehumidifiers, sump pumps, and lighting.) More unexpected, though, is the sculpture's afterlife as a genuine community center. Kelley was vocal about his plans to have his underground lair masquerade as a vehicle for social activism, but this possibility always seemed remote to me. And yet, as the local government was flatlining and city services were slashed during the bankruptcy, *Mobile Homestead* became, for example, a default public library. A quilting workshop meets there once a month. On Wednesdays a small group of Alcoholics Anonymous newcomers convenes there. Borowy-Reeder told me that on Sunday nights, the museum's main building hosts the largest AA meeting in the state, which she speculated was so popular because it wasn't in a church. I'm not sure if this was what Salort-Pons had in mind when he talked about making the area surrounding the Detroit museums into a town square, but Borowy-Reeder was clearly pleased.

When MOCAD opened, an article in the *New York Times* called

the museum's location in Midtown a "barren strip" of Woodward Avenue. Woodward is a local icon and a main through-line in the city. One of the country's first paved roads and the site of the world's first four-way traffic light, it is among the last functioning remnants downtown of Detroit's crucial role in modernizing industrial America. Now, out in front of MOCAD and beyond, Woodward has become a symbol of a different sort: the street is torn up in preparation for the forthcoming M-1 light-rail, which some people consider a major investment in the city's future, and others look at as yet another sign of the utter disregard developers and the local government have for longtime residents. Important bus lines have been cut to make way for the project, and as far as public transportation goes, the light-rail is not exactly the MTA. It reminds me of Detroit's other pointless transit system, the People Mover, a three-mile monorail that literally runs in circles downtown, mostly empty. About a week after I left Detroit, a passenger fell onto the tracks and died; his body was dragged for nearly 14 minutes before anyone noticed. There are already hopes of extending the light-rail, but the initial stage is three miles of track going in a straight line, the route carrying people around the new developments, including through the Quicken Loans empire.

"I would say museums are always good for property values," Borowy-Reeder told me of the neighborhood surrounding MOCAD. "That's the one thing no one ever says, and it's absolutely true. Museums are great for property values. And we've been here for ten years. When it first opened, you would walk into the museum and check in, and they would give you a club, and you would go out to your car and put the club on your steering wheel, and then come back in, because cars were getting stolen from the parking lot." In the way I've heard other museum directors make prideful boasts about attendance or fundraising, Borowy-Reeder added, "A car hasn't been stolen since I've been here, for three years. I mean, things have changed around us for sure. But I like to think we were a pioneer."

If arts and culture are a key measure of growth in Detroit, the question now is how to sustain that growth, and how to do so in a way that doesn't destroy the lives of the people who already live here. This negotiation is made all the more difficult by the fact that there's no cultural affairs bureau in the mayor's office, no support from local government, and not a lot of money outside of highly competitive grants. Side jobs are what keep the creative community afloat in Detroit. Get a few drinks in a local artist or writer or musician, even those who have achieved some success, and they'll tell you about the hours they have to put in as a line cook, or in construction, or at the strip club.

On Thursday, I visited a business that has survived for years while others have faded away, Susanne Hilberry Gallery, the greatest of all Detroit art dealers. Hilberry opened her first gallery in the suburb of Birmingham in 1976, and before that worked at the DIA with Sam Wagstaff, the famous collector and mentor to Robert Mapplethorpe. In 2002 Hilberry moved her gallery to Ferndale, a less expensive suburb just a mile outside the Detroit city limits. From an aesthetic standpoint, it is by far the best space to view art that I've seen in Michigan. But Hilberry died in 2015, leaving



Bryce Detroit, Anya Sirota and Jean Louis Farges, co-founders of O.N.E. Mile project in Detroit's North End.

behind a troublesome gap. Hazel Blake, one of her directors, has been running the gallery since then. On the day I was there, cold rain fell from a dark sky, and I felt as if I had shown up late to a wake. I could tell Blake was shaken by Hilberry's passing. Her voice was quiet, and she'd sometimes interrupt herself to sigh heavily.

"We're still trying to figure out how to make this work, and where we should be," she told me. Despite Hilberry's reputation, running a serious gallery in Detroit was difficult. "I think it's always been hard," Blake said, "but it's gotten harder, definitely." There were other dealers in Ferndale, creating what had been for years the area's main gallery district, but they have all closed or left. "This place, Susanne was quite successful in a certain way, but this gallery never did tons of commercial business. I mean, she did a remarkable job, but it always felt like some kind of institution. We have a tiny staff. Right now this is the biggest it's ever been: three people full-time." I asked what her plan was.

"I really don't know," she said. "I'm trying to figure that out. Over the last couple of years, as Detroit's being built up and new businesses are opening, and there's a younger population living downtown, Susanne and I kind of struggled with the idea of moving to be in Detroit. We feel pretty isolated here, because we're not in the wealthier suburbs, and we're not in the city. We're in between. And maybe that's kind of nice, and this is a really

elegant space, and it's hard to imagine giving that up. So I don't know. I feel like there were a lot of unanswered things over the last few years, and then Susanne was really sick. And now I'm just beginning and I'm very intimidated."

This problem is not unique to Blake—a lot of people are wondering how they'll factor into Detroit's future—but to make matters worse, there are few commercial galleries here to begin with. This is an area that has produced some of the most famous art collectors of the 20th century, but none of them are buying art from the area.

If there is any gallery that might inherit the mantle of professional dealing in the city from Hilberry, it's What Pipeline, located inside a small, detached building in the parking lot of a Mexican bar. The space is run by Alivia Zivich and Daniel Sperry, who started the gallery in 2013 because they were neighbors and used to meet up on their communal porch to "bitch about what we were seeing happening" in Detroit, as Zivich put it. Both co-owners have day jobs—Zivich works for a nonprofit that organizes art festivals and Sperry works for the Wayne State University art collection. There were plenty of nonprofit spaces backed by foundational support, and a number of galleries showing predominantly street art, but "there was just nothing straightforwardly addressing the contemporary art world" in the

“If arts and culture are a key measure of growth in Detroit, the question now is how to sustain that growth, and how to do so in a way that doesn’t destroy the lives of the people who already live here.”

city, Zivich said. What Pipeline recently organized a summer show of Detroit artists, but their program mostly imports artists from Europe and elsewhere.

Since What Pipeline opened, a few more dealers have taken spaces, like Michael Jon and Alan, a gallery with outposts in Miami and Berlin, and the L.A. venue Moran Bondaroff, which took over a refurbished church last June. But the market in Detroit is small and the most successful galleries deal in street art, like the popular Library Street Collective, which brought Shepard Fairey to Detroit last year for a show. While he was in town, he also made a highly publicized mural on a Quicken Loans office building. The work has become a screen onto which people project their feelings about Gilbert’s gentrification. (“It’s really ugly,” Zivich said. Regarding Fairey, Sperry added, “Is this on the record? Yeah? I fucking hate him. Like, get out of here, Napoleon.”) In the last year, a number of galleries based in the suburbs have opened branches downtown—“real glamour spaces,” Zivich said. Sperry compared those spaces and their appeal to potential collectors to “financially affluent shopping experiences” that pander to people from the suburbs looking to buy a condo downtown and cash in on what he called Detroit mania. I asked them if there was pressure for What Pipeline to sell out its shows.

“Sell out our shows?” Zivich asked, exasperated.

“Are you kidding?” Sperry said.

“We sell one piece from a show and we’re like, Oh, my God! Amazing!”

“We don’t sell here.”

“We just figured we would always be paying out of pocket,” Zivich said, “and this was just something we were doing because we wanted to.”

I asked Sperry about Detroit mania and whether he thinks the fascination the rest of the country has for this city has peaked. “I think as far as a public interest story, journalistically speaking, yeah. It’s probably peaked, by inches.” But, he added, “maybe in the last four or five years, it feels like you can actually see the effect of artists moving here.” Zivich mentioned a biennial she worked on,



Hazel Blake, a director at Susanne Hilberry Gallery.

which started in 2012 as a series of outdoor video screenings in Midtown at night. The point was to get people outside after dark. She's helping prepare the 2016 edition of this event now, but there are no more vacant buildings or lots in the area. Zivich mentioned the light-rail, in which Gilbert has invested a lot of money.

"These development plans," Zivich said, "they are very specifically not for everybody. They're for getting people to come to the city, buy property, buy condos, go to the restaurants, go to the bars. It's for the middle class to bring money back into the city. It's very specific. So it is definitely leaving some people behind. The light-rail is not for the people trying to get to work. Hopefully down the line, it will extend, and actually become a usable tool. But I'm sure it doesn't feel good for everybody to see your bus line get cut, or your water shut off, and wonder how you fit into this new Detroit."

**O**n Friday, one more sad, rainy morning, I drove to Detroit's North End, which hasn't experienced much development, but could soon. This was the neighborhood where Smokey Robinson grew up, the site of the Phelps Lounge, the place where George Clinton became Dr. Funkenstein, and the birthplace of some of the most important music of the 20th century. Now, there are blocks that are half abandoned. As I drove down a street where many of the houses had fallen into disrepair, I had to brake hard for a wild turkey that was ambling across the road. In a worn-out garage on Oakland Avenue, I met with Bryce Detroit, Jean Louis Farges, and Anya Sirota, members of the One Mile Project, a multidisciplinary organization trying to use art and music to spur economic growth in the North End. At the center of their project is a life-size replica of the Parliament-Funkadelic Mothership, which the group uses as a traveling recording studio and DJ booth, putting local musicians to work in some of the neighborhood's historic music venues. Farges and Sirota, a white couple from the East Coast by way of France (Farges's home country), moved to Detroit seven years ago for teaching jobs at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, a universe away from this city, even though it takes only 45 minutes to get to by car. ("It's like Sweden," Sirota said. "Everyone does yoga and has dental insurance.") Detroit, a producer, artist, and cofounder of the Detroit Afrikan Music Institution, was born and raised here. We sat at a table in a corner of the garage. In another corner sat the Mothership. They had installed a roof on the space, which was protecting us from the rain, but elsewhere inside a group of birds were nesting and making a lot of noise. We talked about how the city was changing.

"To speak just, boom, straightforward as a native Detroiter," Detroit said, "I've lived here for sure the majority of my life. For the last 15 years, I've been observing this dominant mainstream narrative. First it started with the [belief that the] city is so depressed there's nothing there. And what is there is really just debris—even the people. That narrative, in the mid-2000s, up until 2012, started to go to a 'blank slate.' As if the debris had been cleared. And then this blank slate—this particular narrative aimed at 'creative,' young, white, recent graduates or those in their

mid-20s in creative industries, attracted them with this blank slate aesthetic narrative that one can design or do anything here. And over the last two years, there has been an influx, based on the success of that narrative. So my intent with this project is for this to be a direct counter to that dominant narrative of Detroit as a place that is blank, meaning devoid of people."

"A very important part of the discussion is, you cannot disconnect the art practice from the reality of the city," Farges said. "Of race, of politics, of economy—"

"You can!" Sirota said.

"You can, but if you do this it is—"

"Problematic," Detroit said, finishing the thought.

"This is problematic," said Farges. "This is the biggest African-American city in the G8. You need to understand that people live in the city of Detroit. Gentrification is an issue. Economics is an issue. Violence is an issue. I could say white privilege is an issue. All these questions are now on the table. Every Detroiter talks about that, and it cannot be disconnected from the, uh—"

"From the work," Sirota said.

"From the work we do."

I asked to what extent it was important for the three of them as artists with a stake in the city to educate the people who are moving in and changing its character. Detroit sucked on his teeth.

"We personally and collectively take part in a lot of conversations in Detroit and nationwide on the topic of art and race," he said. "So my prioritizing that work speaks to the value of providing education. . . . Yet." He spat out the last word as if it were something rotten. "In my ideal world, we are not responsible for that. I do that work from this framework of [our] being in transition." He banged his hand on the table as he spoke: "There is still a responsibility for people moving into this place to really just recognize that . . ." He trailed off and sighed. "They know there's something else here! On some real shit, like, people just be lying to themselves. They're walking down the streets with Africans, who've been here for decades and generations, acting like they don't see them. That's some shit the individual must control, like, regardless of community conversations and how much work is being done on the activist level and all that."

It's impossible to be an artist in Detroit and not spend time thinking about these issues. Within the city, there are endless conversations about what Detroit has been, is, and might become. (As a participant in one of the many panels I attended during my visit put it to me: "We have no money. What else are we going to do but sit around and talk about what we would do if we had money?") Earlier in the week, I met artist Sydney James for coffee in Cass Corridor, a historic district within Midtown full of expensive lofts and high-end retail. This is where the Shinola flagship store sells \$1,000 watches to people driving in from the suburbs. James grew up here, and is a street artist. (Of Shepard Fairey, she said: "What's really going on that we're putting all this hype on this man who put up a poster? That you could take down with some acetone? What's *really* going on?") James returned a few years ago to Detroit after a stint in Los Angeles. She recently bought a house in Conant Gardens, one of the first areas in the city where blacks could build and own homes, a neighborhood



Artist Sydney James.

where her grandfather built a house in the '30s.

"It's almost like the powers that be want Detroit to be viewed as this negative, horrible place," she said. "And I can think of the reasons why, but it doesn't make sense. Because if Detroit as a city fails, every city in this country will fail. People don't understand. My dad was a foreman, and he used to drive us all around the city, from corner to corner on days when he was just bored. We'd end up all around the city. We built this country! Like, the first freeway is the Davison! In the world! That's the first freeway. What would people do without us?"

For a while James was erecting art gardens in vacant lots across Detroit. Lately, she's been making large-scale murals on building facades. One prominent work is a self-portrait with three other local artists—one of them is Tiff Massey—all posed like the famous 1996 *Vibe* magazine cover featuring the Death Row Records crew. She cast herself as Death Row co-founder Suge Knight. "Because it's my painting," she said.

"But I did it as an educational piece, too," she continued. "Yes, all these things are happening, all these artists are coming from out of state, out of the country, but I want people to know that artists reside here already, and we're black, and we're doing big things, and we're black again." She laughed, but she wasn't joking.

James doesn't mind all the development, so long as it doesn't force out the people who made the neighborhood. "Honestly, the culture here is a real culture," she said. "Los Angeles lacks culture. And family—not just my blood relatives. Los Angeles is

the place of 'What can you do for me?' So you might be an artist, but you're not gonna share with me, and I might do something similar, because you're viewing me as your competition. Whereas here, even if I viewed you as my competition, it's a friendly competition. Like, 'If I'm winning, you're winning. So why don't you try this?' It's more of a community here, and it lacks that there. And other places, too. Detroit is special when it comes to that. I don't care if you're black, white, Mexican, that's just how it is here. And if you're not like that, I know you're not from here. I know you really don't have ties here. I know you just bought a place here." Detroiters eat those people alive, James said.

I told her that, in my experience, the way people talk about Detroit has changed, that when I used to tell people I was from here, they would look at me like I was lucky to be breathing; now they ask me how many houses I own. I thought about New York, my home for eleven years, a monumental public works project, where every day feels like a minor miracle. I thought then about the rent I pay in Brooklyn, how I live within a quarter-mile of not one but three high-end bike shops, all of which are nearer to me than the closest grocery store, and how the artisanal mayonnaise shop near my apartment is closing down while it looks for a larger space to meet demand. It could be seen as a cautionary tale, but I wondered if anyone was paying attention.

"Artists built your city, too," James told me. "They made your shit popular, and now you can't afford to be there."

M. H. Miller is Deputy Editor at ARTnews.

FROM  
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“Karaoke King” and art collector Qiao Zhibing is parlaying his popular Shanghai karaoke-club-cum-exhibition-space into a museum-cum-recreation-space

BY BARBARA POLLACK





**S**hanghai Night is a karaoke palace like no other—a lavish five-story complex with chandeliers, marble floors, and wood-paneled rooms for private parties. Visitors are astounded by the opulence, as well as by the young hostesses in white dresses who stand in the hallways with numbers pinned to their sides, waiting in hopes that some rich patron might hire them for the night. It seems crazy that such care would go into an establishment devoted to so pedestrian an entertainment as karaoke. But the most surprising aspect of Shanghai Night is its first-class collection of contemporary art: works by Olafur Eliasson, Tracey Emin, Antony Gormley, and Damien Hirst are all housed in display cases throughout the nightclub.

Shanghai Night is the brainchild of Chinese collector Qiao Zhibing, who, in just ten years, has made a name for himself as one of the leading buyers of international contemporary art in China. Now, poised to move beyond the nightclub as exhibition venue, the entrepreneur-collector is opening Tank Shanghai, a

combination of art museum and recreation facility built from five empty oil tanks standing on the shores of the Huangpu River. Scheduled to debut in December, the complex, designed by Beijing-based OPEN Architecture, measures some 640,000 square feet, with about 100,000 square feet of exhibition space. It will be the new highlight of the art-rich West Bund Cultural Corridor, a government initiative that already includes the Long Museum and the Yuz Museum; Oriental Dreamworks will also soon open its doors there. Qiao estimates the budget for the project at 100 million RMB, or \$15 million, most of it culled from his own resources.

"I started out simply wanting to decorate my clubs, but soon I wanted to increase the quality," says Qiao, speaking with the assistance of a translator while enjoying tea at an upscale Beijing hotel. Casually but fashionably dressed, the 50-year-old collector, accompanied by his ever-present girlfriend, Tsai Lihsin, speaks openly of his ambitions at the beginning of his enterprise. "So



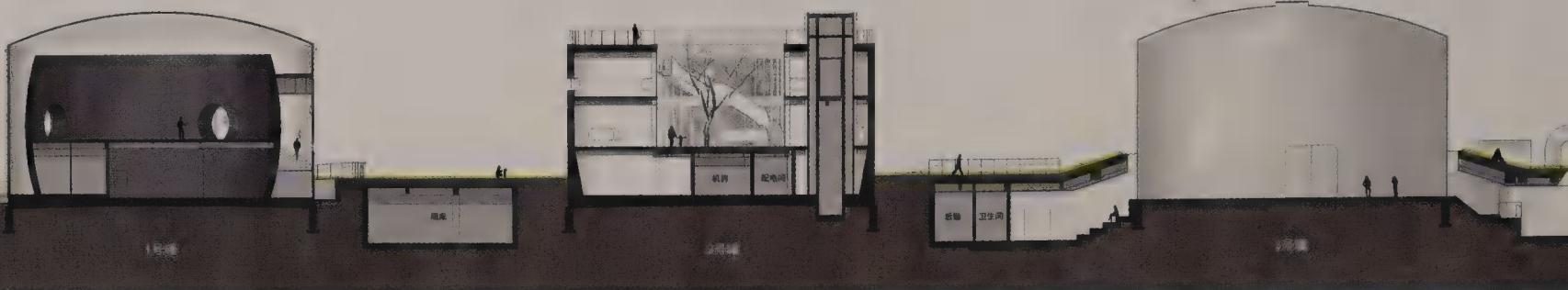
"I started out simply wanting to decorate my clubs, but soon I wanted to increase the quality."

-Qiao Zhibing

many people visited the clubs, and the collection was a way of showing off my taste. It's like having a dress code to maintain a high quality as part of the atmosphere."

Qiao sounded almost offhand when discussing his start as a collector, but in truth he was extraordinarily dedicated to his undertaking. Already a successful entertainment mogul, he went back to school to get a master's degree in arts administration from the Central Academy of Fine Arts in Beijing. He connected with artists and curators as he visited museums and artists' studios throughout the world. In 2006, while attending Art Basel in Switzerland together with Beijing curator Pi Li, he discovered the work of Shanghai artist Zhang Enli at Hauser & Wirth's booth and made his first serious purchase. Over the next three years, he

PREVIOUS SPREAD Tank Shanghai, Qiao Zhibing's art museum and recreational facility on the shores of the Huangpu River  
ABOVE The interior of Qiao's Shanghai Night club.



acquired works by Chinese artists of his own generation, such as Liu Wei and Xu Zhen, both of whom were already beginning to gain international followings with shows at Lehmann Maupin and James Cohan Gallery, respectively.

At the time, it was still rare for a Chinese collector to acquire works from galleries rather than auction houses and rarer still for one to frequent international art fairs. Qiao made his first purchase of a work by an international artist in 2009, when he bought an Antony Gormley sculpture from Continua Gallery in Beijing. "I was looking for sculptures with an immediate emotional impact," he recalled. Soon after, he began approaching Western art dealers, who were sometimes less than accommodating with this unknown entrepreneur from China. "They would ask questions like, 'Can you name a few contemporary artists?' just to see if I knew what I was doing," Qiao said. Now those same dealers welcome him with open arms and invite him to their homes. Qiao told me that on a recent trip, he went to dinner at David Zwirner's home, and the dealer's wife presented him with a bottle of fine Chinese rice wine. "She ran around New York for a day and found the last bottle, just to give it to me," he said.

When asked how he won over hard-nosed New York dealers, Qiao explained, "My passion touched them. This is also about your taste. If you pick the good-quality works, this would be very helpful. But it is also about long-term persistence. If you go there every year and buy frequently, they will know you are serious."

As Zwirner himself put it, "I have had many good times together with Qiao Zhibing and Lihsin over the past year, from visits to Shanghai and Hong Kong, as well as hosting them in New York and at Art Basel. I love their youthful energy and entrepreneurial spirit, and I admire their enthusiasm and commitment to collecting."

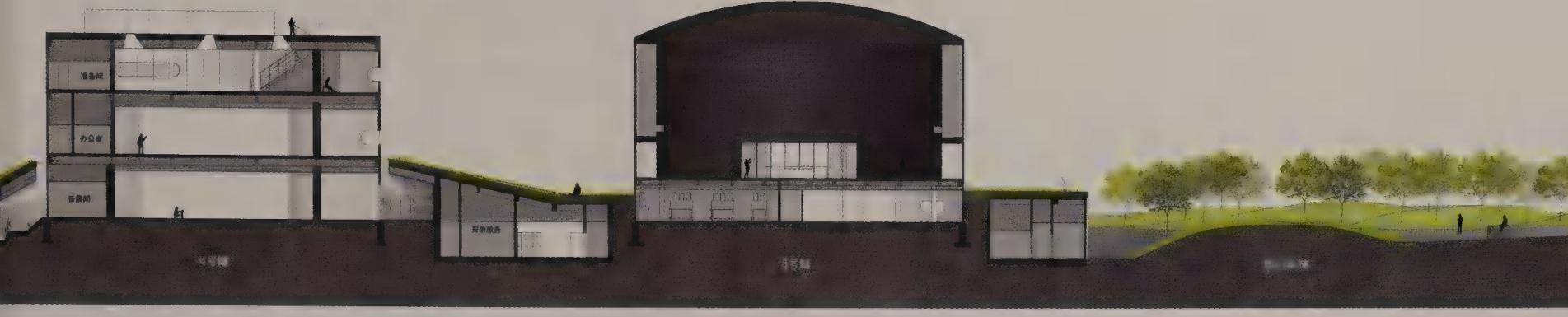
Qiao enjoys meeting the artists whose work he collects and often insists on visiting them in their studios before he commits to a purchase. On one such visit, Damien Hirst enlisted Qiao's help in making a spin painting, allowing him to pour the paints into the machine. Today that work hangs prominently at Shanghai Night. Sometimes artists come to him to see the club for themselves.

New York dealer Sean Kelly recalled the night Marina Abramović channeled Marlene Dietrich and posed for a selfie with Tsai Lihsin, directing every detail of the snapshot so that the result would be worthy of being called a work of art. Qiao admitted that, at the beginning, more than a few artists were hesitant to have their works displayed in a nightclub. But now that the venue is



1, 2 & 3: Architectural renderings of the future Tank Shanghai  
4: Artist Danh Vo visiting the center  
5: Qiao Zhibing helping Damien Hirst with a spin painting.





famous, he says, with museum directors from the Pompidou to the Serpentine Gallery showing up regularly, artists compete to get into the collection.

"If someone said, 'I'm going to put my collection in a night club in New York,' everyone would be aghast," Kelly said. "But somehow in China, the mere fact that someone like Qiao Zhibing is collecting in such a sophisticated way is an important statement, and the fact that he is exposing it to such a plural audience is actually quite a wonderful thing."

Shanghai Night may even have turned a number of casual observers into collectors. "Normally, people have the impression that collecting art is like entering very deep water, so they are prudent at the beginning," Qiao explained. "But I make it look so simple to get good works, they want to join in." He told the story of one of his friends from Sichuan who had already been friends with a number of artists and curators for several years but hesitated to begin collecting. Then he went to Qiao's nightclub, and that very night began making phone calls to put works on hold. "It was a life-changing experience," Qiao recalled.

He is certain that Tank Shanghai will bring his collection to a whole new level. "Up to now," he said, "I've thought of my purchases as a matter of individual taste, but today I am thinking for an institution." The tank complex, formerly an airport facility, will have five oil tanks turned into multilevel exhibition spaces as well as parkland, restaurants, and bars, a marina by the river, and a heliport. He is already inviting artists to visit the site and propose commissioned projects. Olafur Eliasson, Danh Vo, Theaster Gates, Martin Creed, Anish Kapoor, and Abramović have come to look things over. "First of all, we respect the artists' own choices," said Tsai, who is a partner on the project. "We really wouldn't intervene with their creation except if it is beyond our limits." One such project—an installation proposed by Kapoor conjoining the roofs of two tanks—proved impractical.

"Contemporary art has opened my mind in ways that have influenced every aspect of my life," said Qiao. "Many of my friends collect wine or cars, but I have sacrificed all recreational activities for contemporary art." And it looks as if he will be able to pass his devotion on to the next generation, too. His daughter, who is 20 and studying at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, often voices her opinion on his selections. By the time she graduates, Tank Shanghai will have opened, and perhaps, as often happens in China, the founder's child will become the museum's first curator or director. ■



Aida Muluneh, *Conversation*, 2016, digital photograph, 31½" x 31½". David Krut Projects.

## AROUND NEW YORK

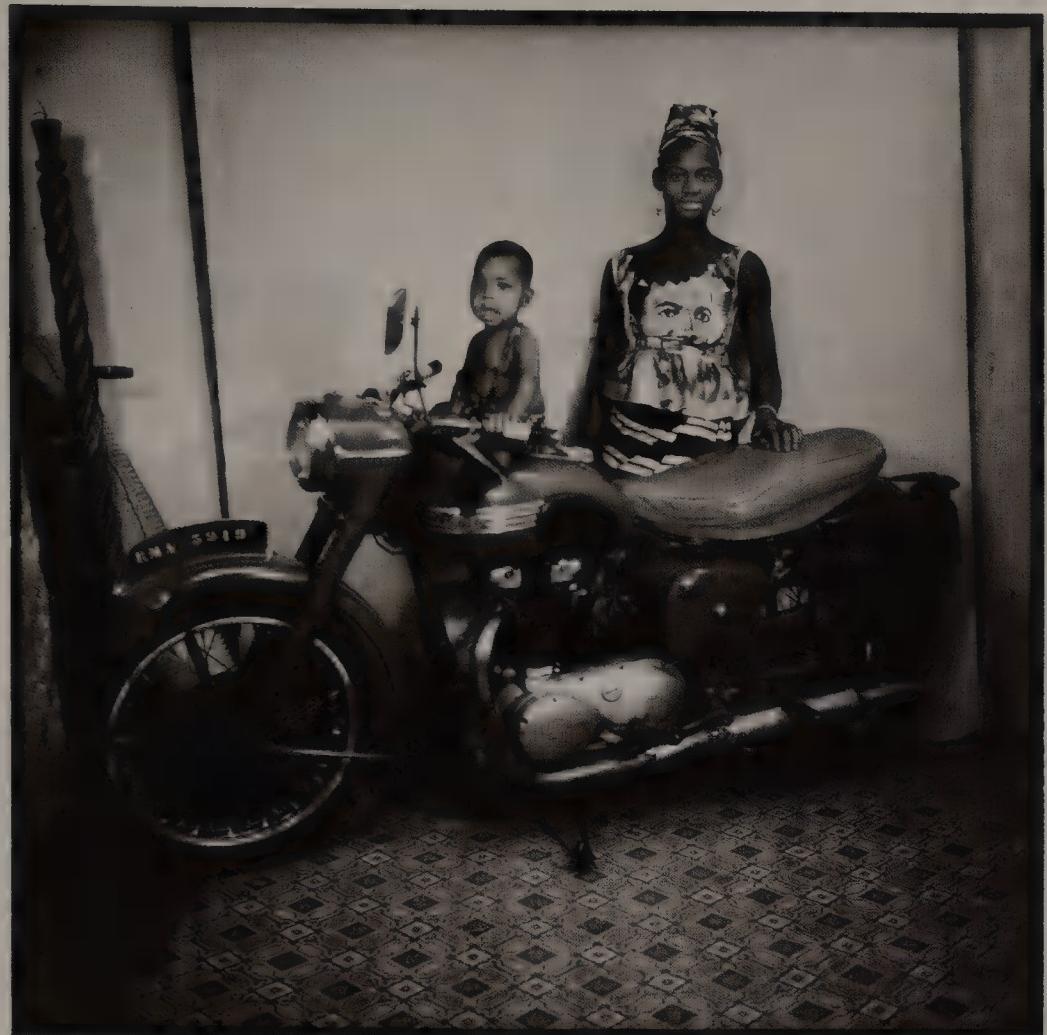
**T**he World is 9, a book accompanying **Aida Muluneh's** exhibition of the same name at **David Krut Projects**, opens with a 2016 photograph of a woman covered from her neck down in a length of brilliant red cloth. The color is a startling contrast to her face, ears, and throat, which are all painted chalky white. A line of black dots bisects her face, as though marking some basic division of being. She wears her hair in a halo-like pouf. Her gaze is stern but tender. Whoever she is, whatever she represents, her presence demands attention.

A series of photographs unfurls from this first image. Whether the woman is curled on the ground, standing gallant on

a rise, or balanced on a ladder, hers is a painted face, a steadied body, an orchestrated presence.

Muluneh, an Ethiopian-born photographer who returned to Addis Ababa in 2007 after years of schooling and working abroad, considers "The World is 9" a response to her grandmother's expression: "The world is nine—it is never complete and it's never perfect." "Each image," Muluneh writes in an introductory note to her book, "is an exploration of questions about life, love, and history." These explorations take the form of pictures of bodies, but they are bodies reimaged. "Each work is a reflection of conscious and subconscious manifestations of time and space," Muluneh concludes.

A body may belong to two worlds. I'm reminded of a photograph captioned "Body and Spirit." It's reproduced in G. T. Basden's 1966 *Niger Ibos*, a book whose unforgivable subtitle reads, "A Description of the Primitive Life, Customs and Animistic Beliefs, Etc., of the Ibo People of Nigeria by One Who, for Thirty-five Years, Enjoyed the Privilege of Their Intimate Confidence and Friendship." The image interests me for its depiction of an almost-naked man painted white from head to toe on the left side of his body. It was said—according to Basden's caption—that after certain ceremonies the Igbo (as the ethnic group is properly known) man believed himself to be half spirit and half man. Fellow villagers also



Mère et enfant à côté de la Moto - 1965 Malick Sidibé 2008

Malick Sidibé, *Mère et enfant à côté de la moto*, 1965–2008, gelatin silver print, 10¾" x 10¾". Jack Shainman Gallery.

believed this to be true. Basden's photograph is one stopping point in my consideration of Muluneh's work: I want to understand how a photograph can depict a body existing in multiple dimensions.

Muluneh's protagonist in *The World is 9* manifests against a range of backdrops—a rusted metal gate, a railway station, a room with a painted checkerboard floor just like the floors in the stagings of the great Bamako studio photographer **Malick Sidibé**. Sidibé's images of young

Maliens, which were shown at **Jack Shainman Gallery**, are another reference point, depicting bodies in between colonial rule and independence. However, in her use of backdrops, Muluneh is perhaps closer in sensibility to the late Senegalese photographer **Oumar Ly**, two of whose photographs were on view at **Sitor Senghor's** booth at this year's 1:54 Contemporary African Art Fair in New York.

Ly, who worked mainly in Podor, Sen-

egal's northernmost city, until his death this past March, photographed his subjects outdoors in their villages. His genius was to use as backdrops loincloths, the door of a 2CV, soot-covered walls and doors, or a pale-burnt sky. But where Ly's photographs provide a unique perspective on the commonplace, Muluneh's make the ordinary extraordinary. The world she depicts is, as British author Lemn Sissay puts it in a short essay in *The World is 9*, a "hallucination in the desert of the diaspora."

Muluneh's return to Ethiopia was to a land that had become foreign to her. In his essay Sissay elaborates on the cost of estrangement: "Finally we return. And we realize that returning is not easy. We had imagined a world that wasn't there. We realize that all people are returning from one place to another. Many of us with false expectations. Life is a constant process of separating and coming together. But as we realized that our dream was not the reality we had identified the grit [sic]. The world is nine and not a perfect ten."

THERE IS A TENUOUS relationship between imagined home and imperfect reality. In Muluneh's photograph *The More Loving One Part One* (2016), a woman stands on the topmost rung of a ladder, her right foot inclining downward. It is a balancing act. She faces another ladder—propped, like the first, against a painted sky—as if about to step on it. The expanse of sky surrounding her provides a sense of limitless vantage points and, at the same time, of unpredictable outcomes. Anyone living in a diaspora, who thinks frequently of home, will find the photograph symbolic.

To resolve the photographs in *The World is 9*, I reflect on Sissay's idea of a beauty that does not annul the need for questions. He writes: "There is great beauty in the world, but if the world were without questions there would be no beauty. If people were perfect there would be no need for personality or for God. Without the grit, no pearl. Imperfection is the grit of beauty."

There are kinds of beauty that are easily resolved. Almost always this beauty is presented as a commodity or ideal, to



Oumar Ly, *Untitled, Podor (Senegal)*, 1963–78 (printed 2016).  
C-print mounted on acrylic and aluminum, 19¾" x 19¾" x 2¼". Sitor Senghor.

be coveted or consumed. But Muluneh's women, although glamorous, are not so elementary in their appeal. They are made to look like questions.

I must not forget that these photographs depict the painted bodies of Ethiopian women. In many African cultures, whether Nubian or Igbo, a woman's painted body is understood to be both charming and symbolic. There is beauty, and in addition, propositions about life, its meanings and mysteries.

I bring into this consideration other photographs of Ethiopian women. Say,

for instance, the covers of the December 21, 1987, and August 18, 2008, issues of the European edition of *Time* magazine, which include stories on famines in Ethiopia. The two covers, appearing 20 years apart, are alarmingly similar. Each woman's right breast is bared. Each woman carries a starving toddler. Each woman is made to personify despair and elicit pity. The painted bodies of Muluneh's protagonists are not merely abstract, staged images. Their reimagined bodies—blue, red, yellow, or white—are in conversation with earlier, more reductive representa-

tions of Ethiopian black skin.

In "Disguise: Masks and Global African Art" at the Brooklyn Museum, through September 18, one of the first works encountered is a striking photograph by Nigerian-born, New York-based artist Iké Udé. *Sartorial Anarchy #23* (2013) shows a dandyish figure, likely the artist himself, wearing a 20th-century French fencing mask, a 16th-century Western European ruff collar, a 1940s Nigerian embroidered men's gown, and 1990s American golf pants.

When Udé was a child, he participated



in a regular family ritual of being photographed after acquiring new clothes. Just as Muluneh's *The World is 9* addresses the multiple meanings of home, so too does Udé's photograph. Like Muluneh, Udé makes the pedestrian fantastical. Where older photographers like Sidibé worked with clients who posed with new purses and shiny motorcycles, Udé presents new clothes on a reconceived, outlandish body.

Included in the same show are British/Nigerian artist and filmmaker Zina Saro-Wiwa's photographs of masquerades in Nigeria's Ogoniland region. Participants in these performances, called Ogele, wear large, ornate masks that reflect recent political history. The Ogele is "a masquerade full of wit, personality, and swagger, performed exclusively by men, that began in the late 1980s," Saro-Wiwa explains in a statement published in the exhibition catalogue. One photograph is of a half-naked, blindfolded man, wearing white sneakers, pants made from plastic spoons, and an oversize raffia skirt. Another is a portrait of a mask carver. Glancing away from the camera, he holds a mask out to face it. The photograph is a portrait not of the man, but of the mask.

Saro-Wiwa's interest in masks helps me better understand Muluneh's interest in traditional African body art. Like painted skin, masquerades emphasize the elaborations human bodies can take on. But most important, they give form to tangled questions of identity, history, and experience. "Back in Nigeria," Saro-Wiwa notes, "I read an academic text examining how African masks derive their value. A year ago I had read this with interest. But now all I care about is getting inside masquerade, to explore what value it can have for me." I perceive in Muluneh's images methodical ways of approaching and expanding on the meaning of configured bodies.

EMMANUEL IDUMA

FROM TOP Zina Saro-Wiwa, *The Invisible Man*, 2015, pigmented ink-jet print 28½" x 44". Iké Udé, *Sartorial Anarchy #23*, 2013, pigmented ink-jet print, 46" x 37". Both in "Disguise," at Brooklyn Museum.



Installation view of "Sculpture on the Move 1946–2016," 2016, showing works by, from left, Henry Moore, Eduardo Chillida, and David Smith. Kunstmuseum.

## AROUND BASEL

In mid-June, during the annual art fair here, an enormous banner hung opposite Basel's convention center. The banner listed the current exhibitions in the canton's museums as if to say, "Remember us?"

Art fairs, with their frothy nimbus of money and celebrity, have lately been stealing fire from museums. But this year was different for Basel's cornerstone institution, the 80-year-old **Kunstmuseum**, which had just completed an ambitious expansion in April. The elegant extension, designed by Basel-based architects Christ & Gatenbein, lacks the flexible room dividers so ubiquitous in other new museum buildings such as the Whitney. But as art historian Mechtilde Widrich points out in her essay for a book devoted to the new building, the real contrast here is with the art fair, that most ephemeral of exhibition spaces. Couldn't our jittery, pack-up-and-go-to-the-next-place art world use a dash of permanence?

Aptly, the first exhibition within the Kunstmuseum's unbudgeable walls was a

survey of sculpture, the medium that, due to space limitations and shipping costs, you are least likely to encounter in great quantity at art fairs. A sequel to the Kunstmuseum's 2002 show "Painting on the Move," **"Sculpture on the Move 1946–2016"** followed sculpture as it came off the pedestal, abandoned the museum, and finally embraced materials and techniques that rendered the term "sculpture" itself insufficient to describe it.

Giacometti's small 1950 bronze *L'homme qui chavire* (Falling Man), a figure that seems about to tumble off its base, made a clever start to the exhibition. Nearby is the artist's *La jambe* (The Leg) from 1958, which sits squarely on its pedestal but hints that sculpture will soon be standing on its own two feet. Answering it, past a room of Arp and Calder, was Louise Bourgeois's 1949 *Pillar*, a totem in blue-and-white painted wood whose support has shrunk to a small metal plate; the piece appears to rise directly from the floor.

In an appropriately transitional space—

a stairwell gallery presided over by Christ & Gatenbein's huge oculus, perhaps a nod to the one gracing Frank Lloyd Wright's Guggenheim Museum in New York—followed a quick segue to the 1960s. Here were two key sculptural disruptions: A film by D. A. Pennebaker captures Jean Tinguely's sculpture-as-performance *Hommage to New York* (1960), in which a jury-rigged machine violently self-destructs in MoMA's sculpture garden; in a photograph of Allan Kaprow's 1961 *Yard*, a riotous pile of rubber tires in the backyard of Betty Parsons's gallery that famously blurred art and life, Kaprow's jubilant expression as he shows it off to a colleague is worth the price of admission. Nearby sat an impassive stack of 1964 Warhol Brillo boxes, the very same ones that had a tough time passing through Canadian customs for a Warhol show in 1965 because the Canadian National Gallery's director refused to grant them the status of "sculpture."

The 1960s and '70s, the decades that saw sculpture get its groove on, were the heart



FROM TOP Katharina Fritsch, *Dolls*, 2016, epoxy resin, polyurethane, and acrylic, overall dimensions variable, installation view. Schaulager. Yngve Holen, *Hater Headlight*, 2016, autobus headlight and powder-coated steel, 15¾" x 37¾" x 35½". Kunsthalle Basel.

of this show. The street came into the museum: a wall was given over to George Segal's ghostlike 1970 plaster figures of Bowery bums, one leaning against a section of boarded-up storefront, smoking, the other passed out in front of it. So did the supermarket: over in a corner, Claes Oldenburg's colorful 1961–62 *Stove* with its droopy groceries played the funk to Segal's folk.

In the show's most arresting juxtaposition, Duane Hanson's hyperrealistic 1975 *Man With Hand Cart* shared space with Ellsworth Kelly's elegant 1963 fold of painted metal, *Blue Red Rocker*—proof that in these decades anything went, from the sublimely abstract to the incontrovertibly gritty.

And what would such a survey be without the jaunty movements of Gilbert &

George (who introduced neo-Dada song and dance in their *Singing Sculpture*, 1970) or the broad sweeps of Robert Smithson (whose *Spiral Jetty* of the same year represented Land Art's adieu to the museum)? Trumping all of it, though, was Eva Hesse's *Untitled* (1970), a group of translucent fiberglass and resin shapes that rose like alien life-forms higher than a human.

The unnerving corporeality of Hesse's work found more definitive expression in a gallery devoted to sculpture from the 1980s. Aside from some small Franz Wests and Jeff Koons's classic stainless steel *Rabbit* (1986), the exhibition largely focused on the latter part of the decade and its concern with identity politics and the body. Standing sentinel in the middle of the room, Charles Ray's life-size *Male Mannequin* (1990) appeared to be a perfectly ordinary store mannequin save, crucially, for its genitals, which are modeled—meticulously—on Ray's own. Where, the piece asks, does stock imagery of bodies end and real bodies begin?

Two works in this section of the show took advantage of the corner, usually sculpture's dead space. Felix Gonzalez-Torres's 1990 pile of candies—taken by visitors and continuously replenished by museum staff—is the exact weight of his late lover's body at the time of his death from AIDS. Martin Kippenberger's 1989 self-portrait has the artist facing the junction of two walls as if in shame, his face hidden from view.

A short walk down to the **Kunstmuseum Basel | Gegenwart** (formerly known as the Museum für Gegenwartskunst, it was rechristened when the expansion opened) the show moved into the '90s and beyond. Beyond, indeed. Sculpture is now so thoroughly unmoored from its base that Rirkrit Tiravanija can park a car in the museum and show, next to it, a film made by sticking a camcorder out one of its windows during a journey.

Taking center stage at the Gegenwart was *Cellule no. 5* (1992), one of the live-in sculptures that the Israeli-born French artist Absalon completed a few years before he died of AIDS at age 28. A cylindrical bunker with narrow windows—he intended to dwell in these himself, in various cities—it resonates with today's interest in tiny houses. Concerned with



Peter Fischli/David Weiss, *The Way Things Go*, 1987, color video transferred from 16mm color film, with sound, 30 minutes. Fondation Beyeler.

architecture in a different way was Monika Sosnowska's insect-like handrail toyng with the conventions of Soviet-era buildings, a piece that brings me to my one real complaint about "Sculpture on the Move." Out of 59 artists in the show, only 7 were women: 12 percent is a poor grade in 2016. Any number of women could have had a place here, from Niki de Saint Phalle, Louise Nevelson, Lee Bontecou, Alice Aycock, and Barbara Hepworth to Roni Horn, Doris Salcedo, Magdalena Abakanowicz, Lynda Benglis, Lygia Clark, Marisol, and Meret Oppenheim. Whenever sculpture's on the move, women do a lot of the moving.

Danh Vo's 2011–14 *We the People* was as good a note as any on which to end. Here was a re-created actual-size fragment of the Statue of Liberty. One imagines Lady Liberty in full, exploding out of the room, out of the museum, out onto the street, tipping toward the Rhine, heavy, both physically and symbolically, too expansive to fit in any space. Where does sculpture go from here? What's its next move?

PERHAPS SCULPTURE'S next move is applying the '80s interest in the body to our interactions with technology, as in the work of **Yngve Holen**. The 34-year-old German made a splash at the **Kunsthalle Basel** with abstract pieces constructed from items with which our bodies regularly interact: sections of fencing, parts of MRI machines, scooter headlights. A Porsche Panamera sliced in four, while impressive, was somehow less affecting than the sliced teakettles—called Parasagittal Brains—Holen has shown in the past. But truly new for the artist was an actual representation of the human body, a collaboration with the musician who has renamed himself Aedrlsomrs Othryutupt Lauecehrofn (AOL), which consisted of 3-D digital prints of the artists' faces and vocal chords lining a small room and emitting long, dissonant "A" and "O" sounds.

If sculpture's next move is a reconsideration of 20th-century history, then it's being made by German sculptor **Katharina Fritsch** and Belarusian-born, Brooklyn-based artist **Alexej Koschkarow**, who teamed up a third time for an exhibition at the **Schaulager** consisting of just five

sculptures and a few drawings installed in a specially designed structure. Fritsch's Day-Glo coffin and maidens (the latter based on traditional corn husk dolls) met Koschkarow's ceramic stove (which doubled as an exploding grenade), as well as one sculpture evoking a Nazi guard tower and another, smaller, one of a Jewish ghetto that seemed to limp away on rickety legs.

Or maybe forget about whose move it is, and just savor the pairing of **Fischli/Weiss** with **Alexander Calder** in the marvelous, why-didn't-someone-think-of-this-earlier exhibition "Alexander Calder & Fischli/Weiss" at the **Fondation Beyeler**. Beyeler curator Theodora Vischer has given these artists, as familiar and beloved as good books, an entirely fresh reading. The underlying theme was precarious balance, whether in Calder's delicate hanging arrangements of wood, metal, and wire or in Fischli/Weiss's photograph of a warty carrot atop two others, the whole propped up by two forks and a cheese grater.

Snoozing outside the first gallery were Fischli/Weiss's recumbent *Rat and Bear*, stuffed costumes (worn for a film) equipped



Alexander Calder, *Self-Portrait*, 1907, crayon on paper, 5 $\frac{7}{8}$ " x 9". Fondation Beyeler.

with animatronic technology so that they appear to sleep, their tummies rising and falling. Above them drifted a Calder mobile. The last time many of us saw Rat and Bear, they were lying in the atrium of the Guggenheim as part of the recent Fischli/Weiss retrospective there. They looked more comfortable at the Beyeler; Calder's gently fluttering mobile could as easily have been the breeze-rustled branches of a tree as the motion of the cosmos.

Next, a group of Fischli/Weiss's 2009–12 "Walls, Corners, Tubes" (exactly those shapes, made of unfired clay or cast black rubber and mounted on plinths) led, like a trail of breadcrumbs, to Calder's spindly 1936 sculpture *Tightrope*, a wire supporting four vaguely anthropomorphic metal forms. Beckoning one onward was Fischli/Weiss's tiny, pedestal-mounted sculpture of a drunken mouse leaning against a street-light, the one example here from their celebrated series "Suddenly This Overview," and a friendly warning that this show was going to be more than a little tipsy.

*Tightrope* was a clue that the circus had rolled into town, and there it was in the

next gallery, where a film showed Calder manipulating the tiny wire-and-cloth performers he made for his tabletop *Circus*, 1926–1931 (sadly, the real thing is too fragile to leave its permanent home at the Whitney Museum). A few of the little figures, including a dog with a clothespin body, shared space with a crude crayon drawing Calder made at age nine of himself surrounded by tools—a coping saw, a hammer, a brace, a pair of pincers. The artists came from different worlds and eras—Calder, born at the tail end of the 19th century, earned an engineering degree and worked as a fireman in a ship's boiler room before becoming an artist; Fischli and Weiss met in the late 1970s Zurich punk rock scene, when they were both around 30 years old—but they shared a tinkering sensibility, and a sense of the studio as a workshop or laboratory.

This sensibility is perhaps best exemplified in Calder's work by his *Small Sphere and Heavy Sphere* (1932/33), in which displacing the larger, iron sphere causes the smaller, wooden one to move around the space, banging up against the objects ar-

rayed around it (including a box, several bottles, a can, and a gong), and in Fischli/Weiss's by *The Way Things Go*, their 1987 film of a massive Rube Goldberg-style chain-reaction contraption they set up in their studio (a sparkler sets fire to a fuse and releases a tire, which rolls down a ramp and knocks over a ladder before hitting an oil drum, setting in motion a toy car with a candle on it, which burns through a fuse—and so on).

All that tinkering had to lead somewhere, though, and the artists, in their different ways, pondered humans' place in the universe. Calder collected bits of wood and other materials to create what Marcel Duchamp and James Johnson Sweeney called "constellations." Fischli/Weiss projected hundreds of questions ("What good is the moon?", "Are my feelings correct?") in white against a black backdrop in a dark room. The exhibition concluded at its most sublime. In Fischli/Weiss's *Rat and Bear (Mobile video)*, 2009, Rat and Bear have effectively become a Calder: they drift through the air, silhouetted against dust motes that approximate stars.

SARAH DOUGLAS



Installation view of “Samara Golden: A Trap in Soft Division” (detail), 2016. Yerba Buena Center for the Arts.

## AROUND SAN FRANCISCO

**A**fter being closed for nearly three years of construction, the **San Francisco Museum of Modern Art** reopened to the public this past May with 170,000 square feet of exhibition space—more than double what it had before—and a boatload of marquee art on a 99-year loan from the collection of Gap founders Doris and Donald Fisher. The material in that haul is blue chip—curators will need to find ways to counterbalance its conservatism—but there is no doubting its towering quality.

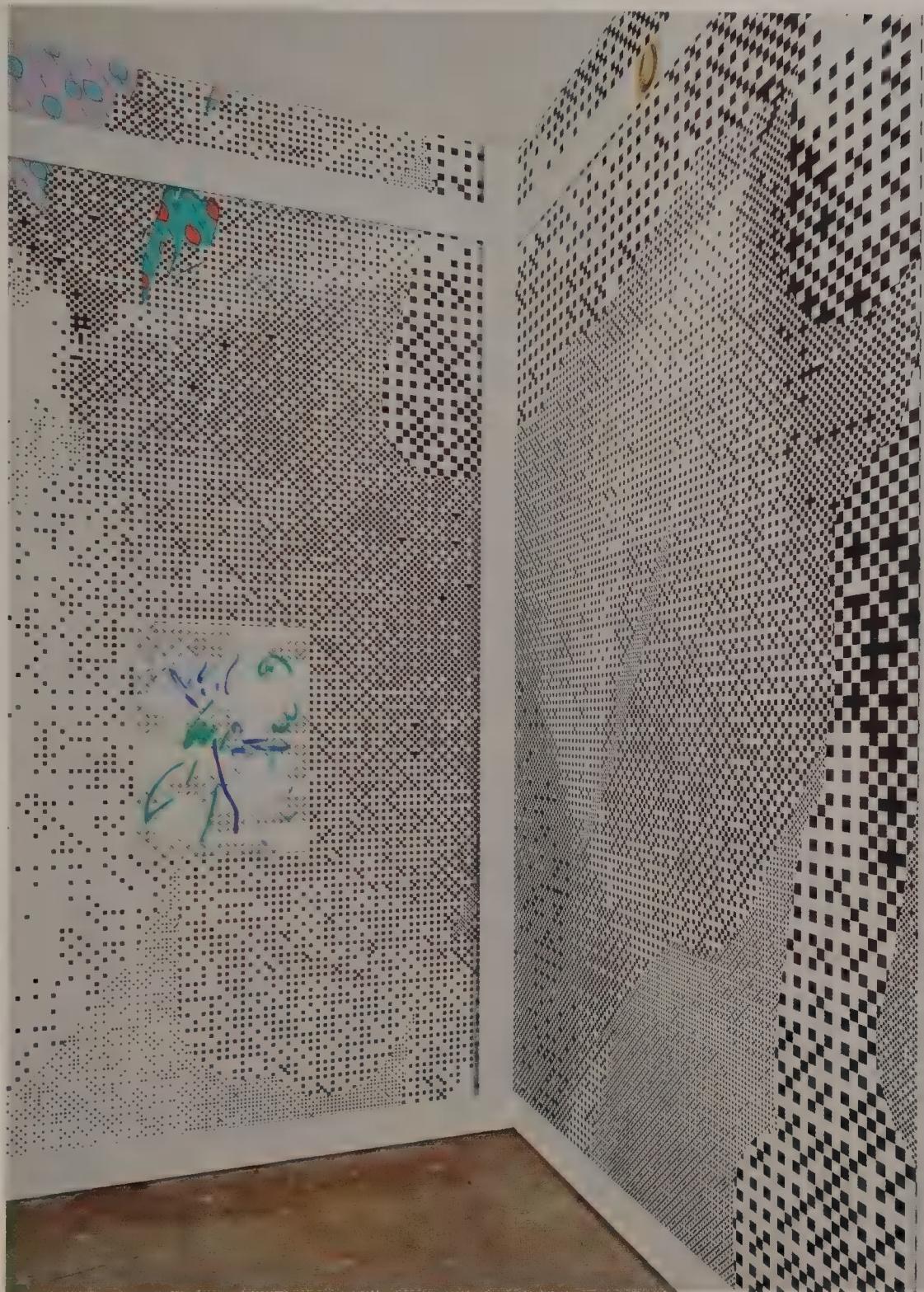
The museum’s opening was one of the main events on the art world’s spring calendar, and the usual globe-trotting suspects could be spotted all over town,

many admitting that they had not been to the City by the Bay in some time. Galleries and museums, nonprofits and project spaces put on their Sunday best and offered up their choicest wares. The big question on everyone’s minds: is San Francisco, flush with tech money, shedding its sleepy reputation and joining the ranks of the world’s art capitals?

One clear sign of change is located directly across the street from SFMOMA, a **Gagosian Gallery** (number 16 in the empire), which inaugurated its space with “**Plane.Site.**,” an exhibition that paired 2-D and 3-D works—one of each—from international brands like Mark Grotjahn, Jasper Johns, Pablo Picasso, Richard Serra, Andy Warhol, Ra-

chel Whiteread, and, for a bit of home-town flair, the late, great, underrated artist and architect David Ireland. A Bruce Nauman mobile of disembodied resin-and-fiberglass heads delivered some welcome complexity to what was otherwise little more than an anodyne display of attractive high-end goods.

In October, S.F. stalwart **John Berggruen Gallery**—in business for nearly half a century—will move to a space next to Gagosian San Francisco. Until then, Berggruen is still operating out of its airy two-floor space nearby, where it presented “The Interactive Character of Color, 1970–2014,” a fine display of works in various mediums by **Bridget Riley**. What is there to say about Ri-



Laura Owens, *Untitled* (detail), 2016, acrylic, oil, Flashe, silkscreen inks, charcoal, pastel pencil, graphite, and sand on wallpaper, dimensions variable, installation view. CCA Wattis.

ley but that, at 85, she remains woefully underappreciated in the United States? Trademark stripe and ripple paintings hung alongside more intricate compositions involving intercutting patterns as well as the odd misfire (like a weird 2011 number with overlapping circles in various shades of yellow). Riley's canvases set the eyes dancing, but it is her drawings and prints that break hearts—her genius brushes aside typical issues of

medium and scale. Riley's works on paper promise an intimate experience and deliver one more grand. They disclose huge secrets tenderly.

Riley has inspired some questionable work by young artists (the derivative, Op-minded paintings of Tauba Auerbach and Hugh Scott-Douglas come to mind), but she feels like a fertile source for **Laura Owens**, whose multivalent paintings are puzzles for the eyes. Ow-

ens's solo exhibition at **CCA Wattis**, "Ten Paintings," was the best show in town. She covered the walls with wallpaper that at a distance appeared to be a vastly enlarged view of crumpled white paper. Up close, though, it seemed to be the work of a gargantuan dot-matrix printer run amok—just maybe trying to make a late J.M.W. Turner painting out of cascading black and white squares. Bits of newspapers, strips of telephone books, and hijacked fragments of Owens's MS Paint-style paintings appeared as well, printed or painted directly on the wallpaper. It was difficult to ascertain how, exactly, some images were made.

Digital or real? Mark or print? Owens strives to create environments that render such binaries moot. That's an impressive endeavor, but also a frightening one, mirroring, as it does, the contemporary breakdown between the physical and the virtual. Particularly intriguing here was that her actual painterly moves were more subtle, more restrained than in the past, with only a few of the huge, frosting-like brushes of paint she has bestowed on recent works, like the "12 Paintings" shown at 356 Mission in Los Angeles in 2012. She's honing her art, getting weirder, creating not so much a painting show as a gallery-size collage of information and static—although when the exhibition closes, slicing up the walls will produce ten individual paintings, which will cartwheel off to new, independent lives.

In a back gallery, Owens showed her grandmother's humble little needlepoints of flowers and landscapes, suggesting that all those dots in the front room were—again, just maybe—a stitching pattern for a sprawling tapestry that she was only beginning to fill in. A few strips of faux-fading paper embedded in the wallpaper had telephone numbers (all area code 415, San Francisco's) and an invitation to text questions. I gave it a whirl and recorded voices responded from behind the walls: "The thing is, I just don't feel like telling you the answer," one said. "Sometimes," another replied. No easy answers. Owens knows we would have it no other way.

**Samara Golden's** show at the **Yerba**



Red Horse. *Drawing of Dead Cavalry Horses*, from "Red Horse Pictographic Account of the Battle of the Little Bighorn," 1881, graphite, colored pencil, and ink, 24" x 36¼". Cantor Arts Center.

**Buena Center for the Arts**, "A Trap in Soft Division," also harbored mysteries. The gallery it was housed in appeared, at first glance, to be empty. On the floor, in the center of the room, though, mirrored tiles reflected the gallery's grid of 18 recessed skylights above, each containing a model of a room with a window and a sofa. All the rooms had the same basic layout but with variations—different objects strewn about or subtly different decorations—suggesting that we were spying on an apartment over time, or even seeing it in different universes. A Yayoi Kusama "Infinity Room" redirected from hypnotizing abstraction toward the messy stuff of the world, it was a show about time and the way things change, about how little decisions can have larger

consequences. It was deeply moving.

For raw charisma, though, it is difficult to beat the works of **Isaac Julien**, who had his debut show with **Jessica Silverman Gallery**, "Vintage," with photographs connected to three of his films. Two beautiful young black men in tuxedos dance through smoke in a huge black-and-white C-print, from *Looking for Langston* (1989); a man, reaching upward, is seen from behind in dramatic silhouette, in an image from the S-M-imbuied *Trussed* (1996); and in photogravures related to *The Long Road to Mazatlán* (1999–2000), smiling cowboys gaze out, a little dazed, at the viewer. Julien's work succeeds by crafting and reinforcing circles of seduction—drawing you first to the actor, then to the scene,

then to the story, with technical prowess.

AT THE NORTHWEST EDGE of the city, the **Legion of Honor** had a blockbuster **Pierre Bonnard** show, "Painting Arcadia," which I could have happily spent a day in, and across the Bay Bridge was the wide-ranging "**Architecture of Life**" at the **Berkeley Art Museum and Pacific Film Archive** (recently expanded and remodeled by Diller Scofidio + Renfro with mixed success). Organized by BAMPFA's director, Lawrence Rinder, it combined renowned treasures like Ruth Asawa's hanging wire sculptures and a Caillebotte bridge scene with obscure jewels like musicologist Harry Smith's string figures and Lee Bontecou's swirling sci-fi drawings.



Mindy Rose Schwartz, *Before* (detail), 2008, mixed media, 30" x 18" x 6'. Queer Thoughts at Et al. etc.

Down south, on the peninsula, the **Cantor Arts Center** at Stanford University showed "Richard Diebenkorn: The Sketchbooks Revealed," featuring selections from 29 notebooks recently given to the institution by the estate of the Bay Area painter's widow, Phyllis Diebenkorn. They would be a pleasure at any time, but they were doubly so since

Diebenkorn and his gang of mid-century Bay Area denizens are not prominently featured at SFMOMA.

And then, presenting the sort of work that gets short shrift almost everywhere, there was the Cantor's "**Red Horse: Drawings of the Battle of the Little Bighorn**"—a dozen works, on loan from the Smithsonian, that the Minneconjou

Lakota Sioux artist Red Horse made in 1881, five years after Custer's defeat. It was a rare privilege: the drawings had not been displayed in 40 years. Red Horse depicts the violence with graphite, colored pencil, and ink, drawing with simple lines and gently shading patches. The Native Americans are portrayed in detail, adorned in ornamented garments and headdresses. The U.S. soldiers are distinguished only by their facial hair, all nearly identical. Blood is everywhere—spilling out of the neck of a horse and the heads of men who have been scalped. "No prisoners were taken," Red Horse is said to have remarked, while explaining the rows of dead army men. "All were killed; none left alive even for a few minutes." Words fail.

A few minutes away, in Palo Alto, **Pace** has opened its newest space with a small sampler of **James Turrell** works—one color-shifting wall piece and some of his holograms, which always feel a touch goofy and flat. A long line of people waited along velvet ropes at the opening, a sign of the Bay Area's fervent interest in contemporary art.

**BACK IN THE CITY**, in the fast-rising Dogpatch neighborhood sits another sign of increasing engagement (and one of the most-talked-about ventures in town): a chicly refurbished warehouse called the **Minnesota Street Project**, a for-profit enterprise started by area collectors Deborah and Andy Rappaport aimed at uniting many of the city's dealers in a single location. With poured cement floors, sleek staircases, and room for ten galleries, it has the vibe of a high-end mall—wan, and, depending on your temperament, maybe even a little depressing. The quality of exhibitions varied.

The most hotly anticipated outing at Minnesota Street was the temporary joint venture by New Yorkers **Anton Kern** and **Andrew Kreps**, which turned out to be a lackluster affair, the two sharing two rooms to present a few works by their gallery artists. Kern had a bronze sculpture by Mark Grotjahn and a large painting by Chris Martin, both strong and funky, and Kreps had an intricate Pae White mobile and a painting by Andrea



Isaac Julien, *Pas de Deux*, 1989/2016, Kodak Premier print, Diasec mounted on aluminum, 70¾" x 102¼". Jessica Silverman Gallery.

Bowers, but the displays felt random. As at Gagosian, it looked like an art fair booth, albeit at a lower price point.

**Et al.**, one of a handful of auspicious young outfits in town, won the Minnesota competition—Best in Mall?—with an untitled exhibition organized by the Chicago-turned-New York wunderkinds **Queer Thoughts**. The artists: Mindy Rose Schwartz, Stefanos Mandrake, Lulou Margarine, all bracingly cool figures. Margarine spilled a large quantity of cinnamon across the floor and hung cartoon flowers on the walls, pushing scatter and Pop art to deadpan extremes. Ditto for Mandrake, whose contributions included a rock of craggy black “unknown material” on the floor and a plastic deck chair on the wall. Schwartz showed a rococo sculpture-meets-cosmetics desk-meets-reliquary that fea-

tured swirly brass flowers, a drawing of a decapitated man bleeding into a river, and two ghoulish plaster heads. Florine Stettheimer would have loved it. It was an exhilarating display—the artists were given plenty of space to flex their muscles.

Another delightful surprise was **VI Dancer**, a project space operating in the sunroom of a third-floor apartment on a dead-end street South of Market. “Memo Ruth,” a *sui generis* solo show by New York artist **Lali Foster**, was on view, with paper leaves tossed around the floor, a clipboard on the wall holding a drawing of a makeshift trap, and an address book, open to the letter M. On the page was an immaculate drawing of a tough-looking Jennifer Melfi, the psychiatrist character from *The Sopranos*. On that series, Melfi was the victim of

a sexual assault, the first one to be fully and forthrightly depicted on television.

As the sun set, the mood in that little room was haunted and thrillingly enigmatic. You could say something similar about San Francisco, where real-estate prices are soaring (making New York City’s seem reasonable by comparison), where institutions like SFMOMA and CCA are swinging for the fences, and where big-money dealers are beginning to dip their toes in.

To become a thriving art metropolis, the city could use more big guns of the Gagosian and Berggruen variety. But it also needs more of those scrappy, nimble, risk-taking venues like VI Dancer and Et al. Things are happening, but depending on the support that local collectors and museums provide, you sense it could all go either way.

ANDREW RUSSETH



Rosalyn Drexler, *F.B.I.*, 1964, acrylic and paper collage on canvas, 30" x 40". Rose Art Museum.

## AROUND BOSTON

In 2017 Mark Bradford will represent the United States at the Venice Biennale, with Brandeis University's **Rose Art Museum** acting as the show's commissioning institution. Bradford's exhibition will be the second consecutive show for Venice's U.S. pavilion presented by a university art gallery in the Boston area. (It follows Joan Jonas's 2015 project for Venice, for which the MIT List Visual Arts Center was the presenting organization.)

Boston's small but storied campus galleries have long served as stepping-stones for museum curators and directors on their way up, including Contemporary Arts Museum Houston director Bill Arning; Museum of Contemporary Art, Los

Angeles, chief curator Helen Molesworth; and Baltimore Museum of Art director Christopher Bedford. Although their target audience is nominally students and scholars, these institutions fill a vital need for noncanonical programming in a city with a scarcity of both commercial and not-for-profit exhibition spaces. Their importance in this regard for the broader gallery-going public was on display this past spring and summer, with a number of exhibition firsts at university art museums around Boston.

Organized by the Rose Art Museum, "**Rosalyn Drexler: Who Does She Think She Is?**" was the first full-career retrospective of the painter, playwright, novelist, and—briefly, in the 1950s—wrestler, who

is now in her eighties. For the past 50-plus years, Drexler has been enlarging, collaging onto canvas, and overpainting film posters, pinups, and tabloid photos. Her earliest such pieces resonated with the Pop art of their time while anticipating, in their canny deconstruction of media imagery, the work of such Pictures Generation artists as Sarah Charlesworth.

The Rose's exhibition included large-scale canvases like *Love and Violence* (1965)—in which a man grabs a woman by the throat, while frames from a horror film unfold below against a blood-red background—as well as photo and video documentation from the 1960s through the 1980s of Drexler's theater pieces, which premiered at such avant-garde New

York venues as the Judson Poets' Theater and Theater for the New City. Brandeis students staged *Room 17C* (1983), the artist's feminist fusion of Franz Kafka's *Metamorphosis* and Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*.

Drexler's latest revival, along with such exhibitions as the Brooklyn Museum's 2010 show "Seductive Subversion: Women Pop Artists, 1958–1968" and last year's "International Pop" at the Walker Art Center (both of which included her work), is part of a recent reevaluation of Pop art that goes beyond the largely Anglo-American, white male artists with whom it has historically been associated.

The **List Visual Arts Center** at MIT, in partnership with the Contemporary Art Museum St. Louis, presented "**Tala Madani: First Light**," the artist's first solo museum exhibition in the United States. Madani paints in the loose and confident manner of Marlene Dumas, Maria Lassnig, and Neo Rauch. Her canvases show bald male figures lactating, defecating, gripping their unruly phalluses, and staring dumbly into bright lights. Of two short animations in the exhibition, one ends with a gob of feces hurled at the viewer and the other with the protagonist bleeding to death.

Although the Los Angeles-based artist is from Iran, Madani's politics have less to do with international relations than with gender. In the show's catalogue, she explains to artist A. L. Steiner, "I do think that it would be different if I were a man painting this way. My work wouldn't be read as critiquing men."

In an adjacent gallery at the List, the London-based collective **Villa Design Group** installed a heavily shellacked Art Deco stage set and performed *This Is It or Dawn at Bar Bazubka*, a queer, melodramatic version of Eugene O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh*. Like Madani's raunchy figuration and Drexler's vaudevillian plays, this piece deployed camp and theatricality as strategic vehicles for political satire.

AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY'S Ethelbert Cooper Gallery of African & African American Art, "**Art of Jazz: Form/Performance/Notes**" presented historical and contem-



Tala Madani, *Love Doctor*, 2015, oil on linen, 16" x 14½" x ¾". List Visual Arts Center.

porary visual responses to jazz, broadly conceived. Electric-blue walls picked up hues from canvases by Norman Lewis (*Blue and Boogie*, 1974) and Lina Viktor (*Arcadia*, 2014). Poetry by Langston Hughes and photographs of Billie Holiday and Duke Ellington accompanied album covers by Josef Albers, Ben Shahn, and Andy Warhol.

In homage to Dizzy Gillespie, Walter Davis's collage *Nights in Tunisia* (ca. 1986) ripples with colored paper, paint, woven strips of sheet music, map fragments, and onomatopoeic text clippings. Christopher Myers's mixed-media installation *Echo in the Bones* (2014), featuring Myers's invented musical instruments, shared space with a music video for Petit Noir's song "Best."

A satellite show at the nearby Harvard

**Art Museums** consisted of works from the museums' permanent collection including Matisse's *Jazz* portfolio and a Hans Namuth photograph of Jackson Pollock at work. Taking an interdisciplinary and transhistorical approach, the exhibition shrewdly used jazz as a starting point for an exploration of African-American cultural expression and its global influence.

Upending entrenched notions of contemporaneity was at the heart of "**Everywhen: The Eternal Present in Indigenous Art from Australia**," also at Harvard Art Museums. The show, guest curated by indigenous Australian Stephen Gilchrist, consisted primarily of works made after 1970 by such artists as Emily Kam Kngwarray, Judy Watson, Doreen Reid Nakamarra, and Christian Thompson.



Carl Van Vechten. *Bessie Smith*, 1936, hand gravure from original 35mm negative, 22" x 14". "Art of Jazz," at Ethelbert Cooper Gallery of African & African American Art.

Comprising over 70 pieces, "Everywhen" presented them first and foremost as contemporary art. In the abstract painting *Yari Country* (1989), Rover Thomas uses quadrants of deeply saturated beige, brown, and charcoal to narrate an ancient aboriginal legend. Adopting 19th-century

ethnographic display strategies, Yhonne Scarce's installation *The Silence of Others (Series of Six) N2360, N2409, N2357, N2394, N1858, N2358* (2014) features blown-glass replicas of aboriginal food items, each inscribed with a number. These numbers correspond to numbers as-

signed to members of the artist's family, the subjects of an ethnographic study by anthropologist Norman Tindale during the late 1930s.

Alongside these contemporary works, the exhibition incorporated vessels, cradles, and coffins borrowed from the Metropolitan Museum of Art and Harvard's Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology. Entering museum collections as artifacts rather than artworks, these objects were given accession numbers and are displayed in galleries as "Oceanic" art rather than as 19th-century, modern, or contemporary art.

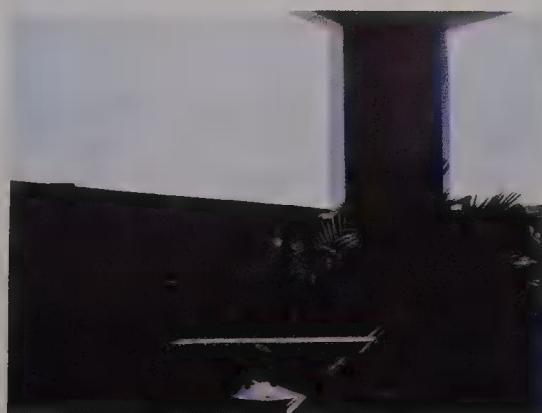
According to the catalogue's summary of the first comprehensive chemical examination of Australian bark paintings, the arrival of European mediums and artistic methods in Australia never eradicated the use of traditional ones. This scientific demonstration of the ways artists adapted their tools and traditions without abandoning them reinforced the show's premise that indigenous and contemporary are not mutually exclusive terms.

In the basement of Wellesley College's **Davis Museum**, "The Game Worlds of Jason Rohrer," the first museum retrospective devoted to a video game designer, glowed blue with computer screens. In 2012, Rohrer's *Passage* (2007) was among the first video games to enter the collection of the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

Along with topical themes like police brutality and oil drilling, Rohrer's games explore the infinite and unknowable. Players of *Between* (2008) switch between sleeping and waking modes, only discovering the objectives of the game as they progress through it, while *Inside a Star-filled Sky* (2011) was inspired by a concept from Hindu cosmology.

The exhibition's co-curator, Michael Maizels, describes returning to a historical model of the museum as a venue "to show not 'art' but material cultural artifacts." It's the sort of thing that campus galleries, less encumbered than larger institutions, do best. In Boston, this summer, they approached contemporary human artifacts with scholarly rigor, situating their subjects in new affective networks of identity politics.

SAMUEL ADAMS



Guga Ferraz, *Paisagem sem título* (Untitled Landscape), 2016, photograph, triptych, in “ComPosições Políticas.” Centro Municipal de Arte Hélio Oiticica.

## AROUND RIO DE JANEIRO

**M**ost people, when they think of Rio de Janeiro, think of its sweeping beaches, inland lagoons, and tree-fringed mountains. But while the idea of Rio as fabulous tropical city can be apprehended, appropriated, amplified, and even fetishized, it's just an idea. The reality is complex, unstable, and impossible to qualify.

This is, in part, because the flip side of Rio's heady mix of beach and urban culture is its chronic violence and inequality. The city's social and economic fault lines regularly slip into tragedy, the result of persistent poverty, gang warfare, land conflicts, and police abuses. A June 2016 campaign by Amnesty International highlighted the more than 2,500 people killed by police officers in Rio since 2009, the year the self-proclaimed “Marvelous City” won its bid to host the 2016 Olympic Games. “The policy of ‘shoot first, ask questions later’ has made Rio one of the most lethal cities on the planet,” said Amnesty Brazil’s director, Atila Roque, in launching the campaign.

French artist **Jean-Baptiste Debret** (1768–1848) was one of the first to take on Rio's contradictions. The hundreds of

lithographs and watercolors he produced during his 15 years in Brazil—from 1816 to 1831—included documentary prints and paintings of street and interior scenes from Brazil's then capital, some of them depictions of forced labor and the public flogging of slaves.

Made 100-plus years later, the woodcuts of carioca printmaker and illustrator **Oswaldo Goeldi** (1895–1961) portray early 20th-century Rio as a squalid, oddly desolate place. In works like *Street Fight* (ca. 1926) and *The Thief* (1955), Goeldi pictured the same nocturnal city described in the work of his contemporary, journalist, and author João do Rio (1881–1921), whose writings include chronicles of dive bars in the downtown Lapa neighborhood complete with shady characters and late-night quarrels. Like do Rio, Goeldi homed in on corners of the city rarely seen by visitors, as in *Favela* (ca. 1925), in which a woman tends a table of meager wares, dwarfed by a high, nondescript wall.

During the years of Brazil's military dictatorship (1964–1985), Brazilian artists turned to new modes of art making, including performance art, which, as Claudia

Calirman notes in her book *Brazilian Art under Dictatorship: Antonio Manuel, Artur Barrio, and Cildo Meireles* (2012), were also well-suited to the evasion of censorship and persecution. **Artur Barrio**, for example, who lived in Rio during the most repressive years of the regime—from the late 1960s to the early 1970s—“created site-specific artworks in public spaces, merging political content with nonpermanent artistic practices,” Calirman writes. His *trouxas ensanguentadas* (bloody bundles), packages of bones and butchers’ scraps resembling dismembered human bodies, were displayed in public, “as a guerrilla-based strategy for opposing the military regime.”

Flirting with the instability of Rio's commercial image is *Eu Só Vendo a Vista* (1998), by Rio-based conceptual artist **Marcos Chaves**, which presents a picture-postcard view of Sugarloaf Mountain, the sentinel peak at the mouth of the city's Guanabara Bay. The poster-size image is emblazoned with the title of the work—a play on words meaning, depending on how you read it, “Just seeing the sights,” “I’m only selling the view,” “Only I sell the view,” or “Sale for cash only.”



FROM TOP Marcos Chaves, *Eu Só Vendo a Vista*, 1998, offset print, 27½" x 39¾". Filé de Peixe, "Welcome to Catumbi," 2012, traffic sign, installation view.

BOTH IN AND OUT of Rio's galleries this past spring, the city's complexities were much in evidence. Rio-born painter **Eduardo Ventura**'s "Paisagens Improváveis" (Improbable Landscapes, 2015–16), unveiled in a solo exhibition at **Sergio Gonçalves** gallery, depict Rio's literal underside: the quiet, sooty spaces beneath the elevated highways, access ramps, and bridges that crisscross the city. Based on images ob-

tained using online mapping tools, Ventura's impressionistic, palette-knifed scenes bring a different Rio into focus, stripping it of exoticism and presenting it instead as a city delineated by the same dull asphalt, concrete, and steel that make up the fabric of every modern metropolis.

Liminal space also featured in emerging carioca artist **Gustavo Speridião**'s impressive solo show at downtown's **Centro**

**Municipal de Arte Hélio Oiticica**. Holding its own amid a riot of slogans, political posters, and surreally re-captioned appropriated images was Speridião's *Nuvens na Perimetral: A Ida* (Clouds on the Perimetral: Going, 2005), a vertiginous, sped-up video of Rio's Perimetral elevated highway. In the video, white cubes have been daubed onto the structure's concrete columns. The cubes dance and twist like images in a flipbook as the camera zooms along the freeway's underside.

Until the Perimetral's 2013–14 demolition as part of Rio's ongoing metamorphosis into South America's first Olympic city, the hulking overpass hugged Rio's shoreline from downtown Santos Dumont airport northward, past the old port and on toward the bridge to Niteroi, on its way effectively severing downtown from the sea. The area the Perimetral used to occupy now makes up part of Porto Maravilha, the refurbished former port zone that includes Pier Mauá, site of the annual Art-Rio art fair, and the Rio Museum of Art (MAR). Diagonally across from MAR, on the far side of Praça Mauá, the unforgiving expanse of concrete that is Rio's newest square, the brand-new, fish-shaped Museu do Amanhã (Museum of Tomorrow), designed by Spanish starchitect Santiago Calatrava, juts into Guanabara Bay.

Cais do Valongo, by contrast, though only a ten-minute walk from Calatrava's gleaming, water's-edge attraction, receives little attention. Unearthed in 2011 during the Porto Maravilha renovation project and identified as the site of Rio's infamous 19th-century slave wharf, the archaeological site has been preserved but is unmarked save for a few hard-to-spot signposts. According to a 2014 report in the *New York Times*, Rio was the entry point for more slaves than any other city in the Americas. Between 1811, when the wharf was built, and 1842, when it was repurposed, more than 500,000 African slaves disembarked there, making it a vital part of the sorrowful history of the Atlantic slave trade. In the words of UNESCO's website, "[Valongo] is a testimony to one of the most brutal episodes in the history of humankind." Yet despite the endless clatter and clang of pre-Olympic constructions, no visitors' center was in place in time for the summer Games.

A 2012 action by the Rio art collective **Filé de Peixe** (Fish Fillet) posed questions about which parts of Rio get memorialized and which don't. For the project, documented on the group's website, the artists installed a large, shiny street sign, incongruously printed in English with the words WELCOME TO CATUMBI, at a junction in the old, run-down neighborhood of Catumbi. An official-looking plaque affixed to a nearby wall commemorated a present-day, ongoing, commercially organized dance-party, "O Retorno d'Astória," itself a homage to Rio's first black music dance hall.

"Ramos," a 2008–10 series by Brazilian photographer **Julio Bittencourt** also focuses on a particular locale—the Piscinão do Ramos in Rio's deepest North Zone. A shallow artificial lake surrounded by trucked-in sand, the Piscinão is located at the northernmost end of Complexo da Maré, a vast conglomeration of *favelas* (low-income communities) and long-established working-class neighborhoods. Bittencourt's dark-toned color photographs capture locals taking their ease far from the famed South Zone beaches of Copacabana, Ipanema, and Leblon, sticking close to home and thereby avoiding potential problems—at the height of summer and during major events, Rio's police frequently mount controversial roadblock operations, stopping and searching buses traveling from the North Zone to the affluent South, profiling passengers, mainly poor black youths, and removing them from the buses.

A work by Gê Vasconcelos in "**ComPosições Políticas**"—a group show held, like Speridião's one-person exhibition, at the Centro Municipal de Arte Hélio Oiticica—documents one such raid. Vasconcelos's "Testemunho" (Witness, 2016) is a series of photographs he took on a Saturday outing from his home in Maré to the South Zone seashore at Leme, alongside Copacabana—"an odyssey in search of salt and sun." The journey turns sour when police board the bus and Vasconcelos is singled out, searched and arrested for a small quantity of marijuana in his possession. Managing to retain his camera, he surreptitiously records parts of the process, from search and arrest to his booking at the police station, before being released a few hours later. The photographs are presented in the form of an



FROM TOP Gustavo Speridião, *Nuvens na Perimetral: A Ida* (still), 2005, video loop, 13 minutes, 25 seconds. Rafucko, *Expo MonstruáRio 2016*, postcard anti-souvenir of Vila Autódromo, 177½" x 118", in "ComPosições Políticas." Both at Centro Municipal de Arte Hélio Oiticica.

A5-size booklet which, like Brazilian artist Lygia Clark's geometric metal "Bichos" (Creatures, 1960–64), can be reconfigured by folding it in different ways.

CURATED BY ISABEL FERREIRA, "ComPosições Políticas" was the culmination of a one-

month residency in which 12 artists from different parts of Rio worked at **Bela Maré**, an arts center within the Complexo da Maré. Some of the artists lodged with local families during their residency, while others already lived in and around the area. As part of the project, each participant was asked to



Naldinho Lourenço, *Danielly*, 2016, photograph, 177 $\frac{1}{8}$ " x 118", in "ComPosições Políticas." Centro Municipal de Arte Hélio Oiticica.

respond to images with particular meaning for them. Wagner Novais chose the photographs of murdered young men that are printed on memorial T-shirts along with their names: Junior, Wesley, Beto, Carlinhos. Novais's installation, *Saudades Eternas* (Eternal Longing, 2016), comprised a collection of such shirts together with video testimonials from some of the boys' mothers.

Elsewhere in the exhibition, *Meia Casa, Meia Vida* (Half a House, Half a Life, 2016) by Guga Ferraz, brought together drawings and a scale model of half a house—the remains of one of the hundreds of homes recently demolished in Vila Autódromo, a favela that grew up in the 1960s on land now bordering Rio's Olympic Park. While part of the community survives, by April 2016, despite fierce protests and sometimes violent clashes with security forces, many of its residents had been relocated. One couple disagreed on whether or not to give in and move out, so they split their house in two, leaving half to be demolished while the other half was left, crumbling at the edges but still standing. One side of Rio makes way for progress; the other digs in.

Artist and filmmaker Rafucko's piece *MonstruáRio* 2016 (the title is a play on

the words for "monster" and "showcase") began as a collection of "anti-souvenirs" for the Olympics. A postcard shows a desolate Vila Autódromo, while a commemorative china plate is embossed with the macabre logo of BOPE, a police special forces unit. A customized pair of Havaiana flip-flops is stamped with an image of a row of black men lined up alongside a bus, their hands behind their heads, while a toy car is riddled with 111 bullet holes, a reference to the horrific November 2015 police massacre of five boys coming home from a night out in Rio's North Zone.

These anti-souvenirs, and in particular the fact that they were being offered for sale, led to fierce criticism and even a protest outside the exhibition against what critics saw as a wrongful appropriation of the black community's troubles, apparently for profit. Rafucko apologized for the offense, and replaced the anti-souvenirs with real Olympics souvenirs, but decided to continue calling his exhibition "MonstruáRio"—"a showcase whose intention is to hide the monstrosities committed by the state against the people."

Questions about who gets to speak for which Rio, and why, were more satisfactorily resolved in another work in the show,

this one by Naldinho Lourenço. The piece was based on a photograph the artist took during a protest against police violence associated with the attempted "pacification" of Complexo da Maré favelas in the run-up to the 2014 World Cup. In the image, blown up to life-size proportions, a young woman is captured in balletic motion, one arm raised in emphasis as she addresses a line of police officers in riot gear inside the favela. Lourenço invited Maré residents and visitors to imagine what the woman might be saying, and on the wall around the huge image, handwritten phrases proliferated, among them, "Who polices the police," "Nothing pure in this world," and "We are the ones we have been waiting for."

Having learned of Lourenço's project the woman in the photograph, Danielly Cantanhede, contacted him and explained what she had really been saying and feeling that day. Added to the image as a printed text overlying part of the photo are her words, which begin, "I was saying, Peace with no voice is not peace, it's fear. In that photo, I was demanding my right to come and go. I'm a citizen. I work, and I pay my taxes. I'm black, I live in the favela, and I was asking for more respect."

CLAIRE RIGBY



Performance view of Amy Von Harrington and Jaye Fishel's *The Holes of Your Memory*, 2016, in "Queer Biennial II," at Industry DTLA.

## AROUND LOS ANGELES

When I visited Los Angeles this past June, the city was having a queer moment, one anchored by history. Drawing from their 2011 joint acquisition of almost 2,000 artworks by **Robert Mapplethorpe**, the **J. Paul Getty Museum** and the **Los Angeles County Museum of Art** staged a two-part retrospective of the photographer's work. Also at LACMA was **Catherine Opie's** "O Portfolio" of the late 1990s, and at **JOAN** there was **Aura Rosenberg's** "Head Shots" from the same decade. Bringing things into the present, but focused on exploring the recent past, was the freewheeling **Queer Biennial**

II at various venues but with its opening and main group show at **Industry Gallery DTLA** in downtown.

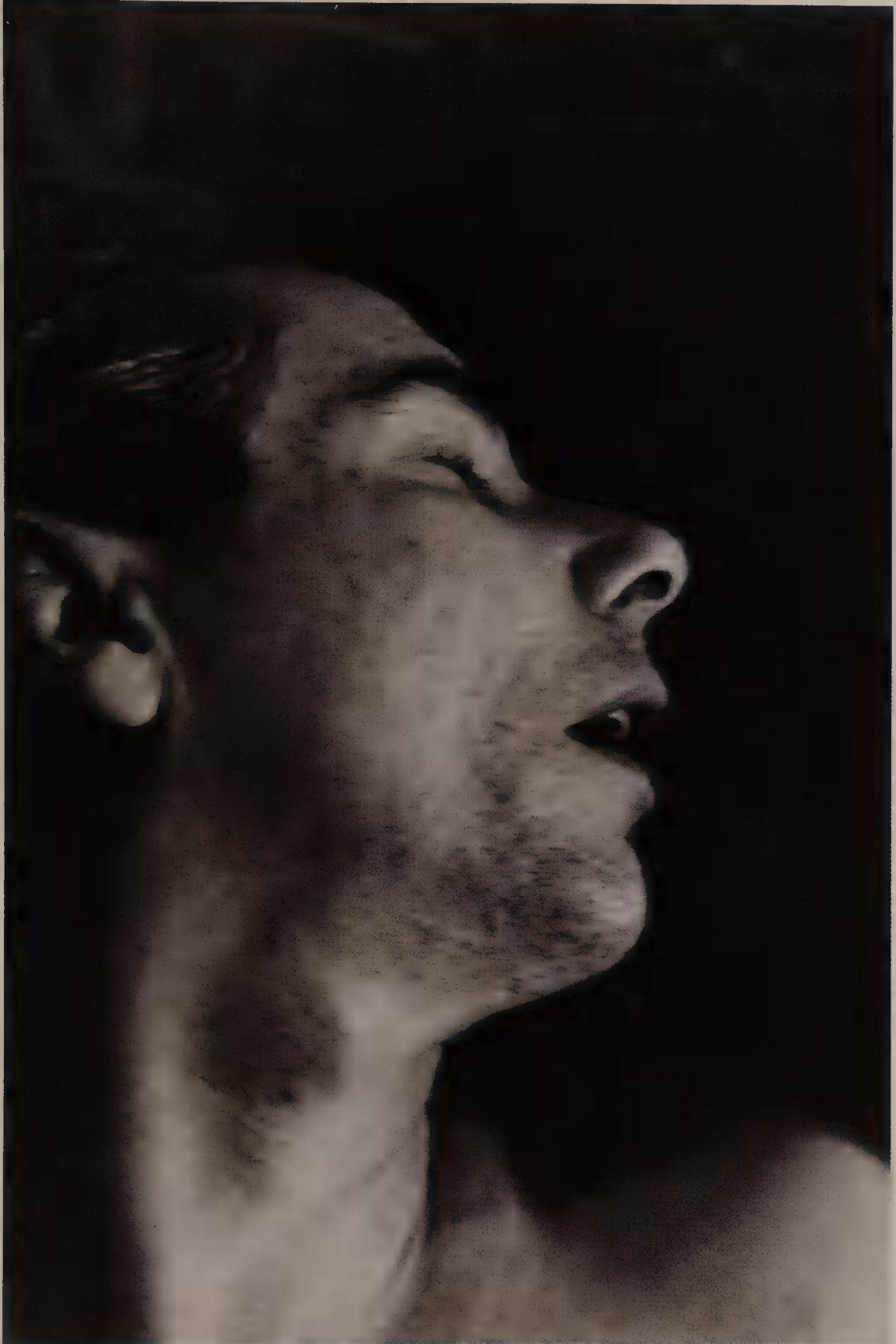
Is there a more affecting icon of the AIDS era than Robert Mapplethorpe's 1988 *Self-Portrait*? He faces us, emaciated, gripping a cane with a skull for a handle. He would die of AIDS-related complications the year after he made the picture, which hung in the Getty's presentation of "The Perfect Medium." The show, curated by Paul Marineau for the Getty and by Britt Salvesen for LACMA, offered an exhaustive look at Mapplethorpe's career.

At both venues were his flower photos and studio portraits (including, at

the Getty, the fascinating 1978 vertical polyptych *Downtown Art Dealers*, a who's who of the period's top gallerists). These ranged from the heartstoppingly beautiful to the merely decorative.

A surprise in LACMA's at times haphazard exhibition were Mapplethorpe's early works, including his first experiments with photography as well as an altar from 1970 that harked back to the artist's Roman Catholic upbringing. The piece incorporates, among other things, fur, fabric, a lampshade, a hammer, a Jesus figurine, and holy water, and brought to mind memento mori and the Mexican and Chicano altars for Día de los Muertos.

Both shows also featured Mapple-



Aura Rosenberg, *Mike Kelley*, from "Head Shots," 1991–96, gelatin silver print, 12" x 16". JOAN.

thorpe's nudes, including those that aestheticize (some would say fetishize) the black male body and that to this day remain a point of contention in discussions of his legacy.

The standout of the two exhibitions, Mapplethorpe's "X Portfolio"—images of homosexual sadomasochistic sex—was

shown in full at the Getty. In the "X" photos, Mapplethorpe merged graphic content with classicism, the latter influenced by his partner and patron Sam Wagstaff's collection of early photography. On view nearby, a sampling of Wagstaff's holdings, now residing permanently at the Getty, provided welcome context.

For many years, Mapplethorpe and his "X Portfolio" were synonymous with the controversy it caused. In 1990, at the height of the so-called culture wars, Hamilton County prosecutors charged the Contemporary Arts Center in Cincinnati and its then director Dennis Barrie with obscenity for showing the photos. The previous year, the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., had canceled a retrospective of the artist's work, which also included a selection of images from the "X Portfolio," for fear of losing its funding. (The now defunct institution's reputation never fully recovered.) Today, however, these scenes of fisting, urine drinking, and other S&M acts are less shocking for what some may perceive as their depravity than they are for their extraordinary intimacy, and their testing of what pleasure can be.

The "X Portfolio" has been influential, and in at least one case that influence was direct: in 1999 Catherine Opie, then immersed in San Francisco's bondage community, made a series of photogravures in response to the "X" pictures, which she has credited with having a liberating effect on her. Her "O Portfolio," which is rarely exhibited, was not shown to its best advantage at LACMA, where it was tucked into a hallway between the photography department's offices and the museum's Ancient World Galleries. Seven close-ups of bondage scenes, these images require using one's imagination to complete the picture, and a poorly lit hallway wasn't the best place in which to do this.

Completing the picture was something one couldn't help but do at JOAN, where the 61 gelatin silver prints that comprise Aura Rosenberg's "Head Shots" series (1991–96) were shown in a single line wrapping around the gallery's walls. As the title suggests, these are close-ups of men's faces at the moment they achieved orgasm. Artist Mike Kelley, one of Rosenberg's subjects, got the joke. In a 1995 fax to Rosenberg, displayed with other ephemera related to the series, he wrote, "And because these are head shots, and not cum shots, we fellows finally have the choice, like the ladies, of faking orgasm. Only the photographer knows for sure. Aura, I hope it was as

good for you as it was for me."

But there is also a very serious side to the project, argue the exhibition's curators, JOAN cofounder Rebecca Matalon and artist Adam Marnie. In a text accompanying the show, they argue that if the AIDS crisis, which was at its peak during the six years Rosenberg worked on the series, "is not a subject of the work, it is an implicit and important cultural and historical lens through which to consider a series of photographs depicting the sexualized male body as a site of pleasure."

THE AIDS CRISIS remains a key subject in contemporary art, as young artists deal with its devastating effects on the queer community. Held in the run-up to L.A.'s Pride celebrations, the second iteration of the Queer Biennial, titled "Yooth: Loss and Found," took HIV/AIDS, both past and present, as its point of departure. A mournful ink-jet print on canvas by Chicano artist Miguel Angel Reyes entitled *Remember Me* (1998–2016), for example, showed the bust of a muscular man, his shoulders and chest in focus, but his face blurred, as if partly erased.

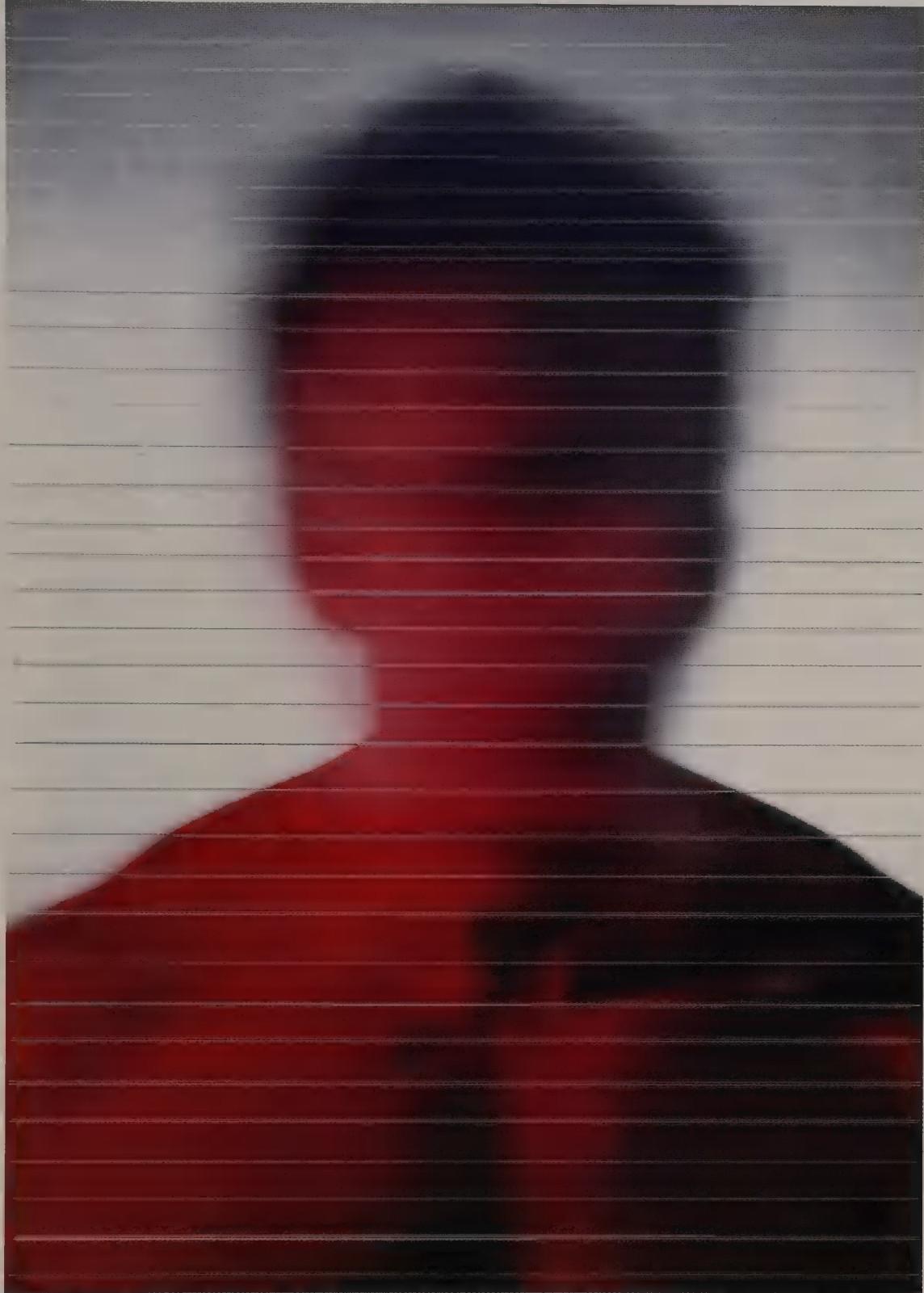
Curated by a team of nine under the direction of the Biennial's founder, Rubén Esparza, the show brought together a largely European and American slate of artists, most of them not well known. Included were older ones who had survived the AIDS era and younger ones who came up after the advent of antiretroviral therapy.

The opening night was raucous, filled with art and performances that toed the line between elegy and eros. The show was thoroughly, even defiantly queer, as was the crowd.

Four cute ceramic works by Canadian duo Pansy Ass Ceramics (Andy Walker and Kris Aaron), portrayed images of heroes of the epidemic's early years: activists Vito Russo (who died in 1990) and Larry Kramer, and the late artists David Wojnarowicz and Keith Haring, both of whom died of AIDS-related complications in the early 1990s. A mirror piece by Greg Firlotte, titled *Things I Can Only Say in a Mirror Part I* (2016), was emblazoned with the words I WANT TO FUCK YOU SO BADLY THAT I CAN ALMOST



FROM TOP: Robert Mapplethorpe, *Joe, N.Y.C.*, from the "X Portfolio," 1978, selenium-toned gelatin silver print mounted on black board, 17 $\frac{1}{8}$ " x 17 $\frac{1}{8}$ ". J. Paul Getty Museum. Pansy Ass Ceramics, *Heroes: Keith Haring (Ignorance = Fear)*, 2016, bone china, 7" x 4", in "Queer Biennial II," at Industry DTLA.



Miguel Angel Reyes, *Remember Me*, 1998–2016, ink-jet print on canvas, 42" x 64", in "Queer Biennial II," at Industry DTLA.

TASTE IT. The work's bald expression of desire was echoed throughout the Biennial, no more so than in Jannis Birsner and Matt Lambert's *VTIUM* (2016), a collage of black-and-white photographs of men performing various eyebrow-raising sexual acts, and Ross Bleckner's *Dick*, a group of close-up color photographs of penises from the '80s, '90s, and 2000s, unframed and tacked to the wall

(and, yes, I got cruised while looking at them).

Throughout, artworks asked viewers to reflect on the challenges that members of the LGBTQ community—and especially trans people of color—continue to face. Seated at a small table and wearing a white lace dress with a nude corset, Daphne Von Rey, a trans, HIV-positive performance artist, presented a new

work, *Marché Aux Fleurs*. Viewers were invited to take a white rose from a vase containing water mixed with Von Rey's blood; few did, however, a reminder of the stigma still attached to one's HIV status in many communities. A mirror work by JT Bruns, displayed on the floor and broken during the opening, directed viewers to **ALWAYS LOOK BACK**.

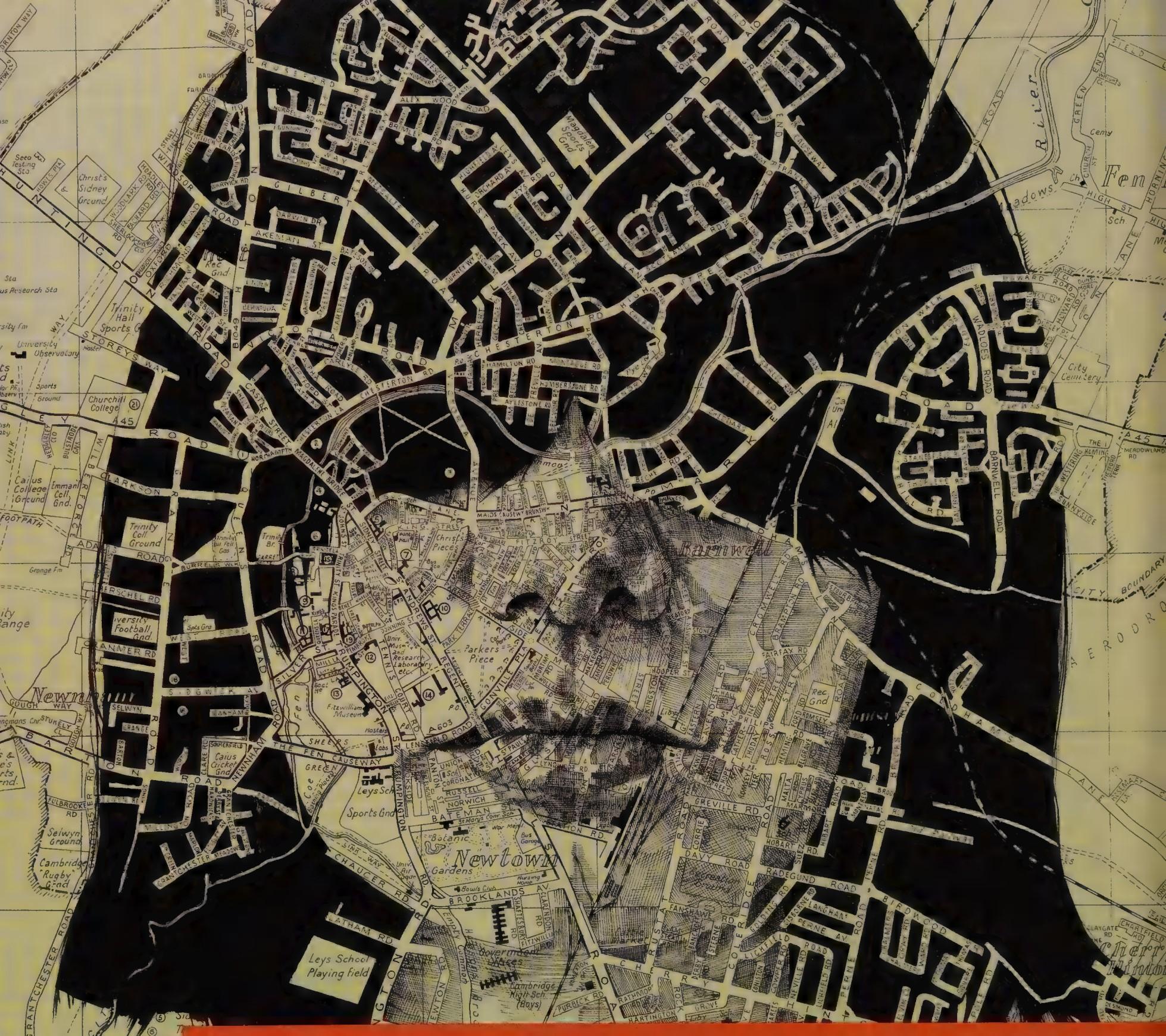
Over the course of the evening, two performers, Valerie Reding and Ivan Monteiro, walked around wearing skirts embellished with inflated black condoms. Audience members were encouraged to pop a condom with a needle and then write something with a marker anywhere on the artists' bodies. At a time of declining condom use among gay men in the United States, with a consequent up-tick in new HIV transmissions, the performance served as a sobering reminder that AIDS, while no longer a death sentence in the U.S., is still among us.

Amy Von Harrington and Jaye Fishel's performance and installation, *The Holes of Your Memory* (2016), provided some comic relief, and some solace. Dressed in neon-colored full body suits, the artists beckoned visitors to lie down with them on a mattress decorated to appear like a vagina. There, one could lounge and take part in a vaguely sexualized version of 1970s attachment therapy—comfort through cuddling.

IN THE EARLY HOURS of Sunday, June 12, a few days after my return to New York from L.A., a man armed with two legally purchased semi-automatic weapons killed 49 people and wounded 53 others at the gay nightclub Pulse in Orlando, Florida. A Twitter story in response to the massacre by @fuzzlaw, a self-described "aging dyke," read in part: "But we were winning. Then, Pulse. 50 dead. 50 wounded [...] Kids. [...] For us, this violence is...not unexpected. We know it's possible. We've seen it. But you all...dammit, you've never had to worry about it, not collectively. We never wanted this for you. We thought we had protected you."

There are days when it feels as though the world is making progress. Then there are days when everything goes to hell.

MAXIMILIANO DURÓN



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THEN AND NOW

# PICABIA, GRASSHOPPER OF MODERN ART

CONTINUES

Experimenting first with Impressionism, then Pointillism, and then Cubism and Dada, Francis Picabia (1879–1953) made himself impossible to categorize. On the occasion of his October retrospective at MoMA, we try to take his measure in the pages of ARTnews. Was he “one of the leading exponents of cubism in France,” or had he “ruined an amazing talent by trying to shock the bourgeois”? Painter Philip Pearlstein wondered how Picabia helped bring “such foreign ideas to our pragmatic shores.” Picabia’s layered “transparencies” looked back as far as classicism and ahead to the likes of David Salle and Sigmar Polke, and finally, confounding audiences, came his brash “girlie” paintings.

—THE EDITORS

JAN. 25, 1913

Picabia, one of the leading exponents of cubism in France, arrived on La Lorraine on Monday.

“Cubism is modern painting,” said Mr. Picabia. “I think, in fact I am certain, that cubism will supplant all other forms of painting. I was originally an impressionist. Now, cubism is not a development of impressionism. In my case it was a personal revolution of taste.”

—“French Cubist Here”

FEB. 22, 1913

Francis Picabia is now here, to explain, if possible, the meaning of his work and why he became a “brigand in art.” To be sure, Picabia does not call himself a “Cubist,” whose work he says “barring the few technicalities in painting, such as reproducing the original in cubes, has much the same theory as that of the Old Masters.” Picabia says also that “he does not produce the originals, but simply impressions of original subjects.” In this room of the “Cubists” there is a so-called picture with a curious title, “A Nude Lady descending a Stairway,” which is already the conundrum of the season in New York. Up to the present writing, I understand that no one has yet been able to make out of what looks like a collection of saddle bags, either the lady or the stairway.

—“A Bomb from the Blue”

APRIL 28, 1928

Picabia is the grasshopper of contemporary art, leaping lightly from ism to ism and having a very gay time of it. He brings a juicy wit to a sometimes sterile field.

There are no dull moments. . . . There are wicked wiggles in every line; sly, mocking curves; a wink and a knowing smile behind each picture. But Picabia’s is a purely mental humor in spite of the fact that his subjects are so obviously physical; there is brilliant repartee; there are disembodied *contes drolatiques*; but the exhibition is quite innocent of any sensuality. Picabia, one feels, is a solitary observer of emotional activity rather than one who needs a partner to realize its pleasures.

—“Francis Picabia: Intimate Gallery”



Francis Picabia, *Je revois en souvenir ma chère Udnie*, 1914.

NOV. 10, 1934

Picabia could have been a great painter had he chosen the right path. As it is, he seems to have ruined an amazing talent by trying to shock the bourgeois. The first canvas which we saw was that bit of mischief entitled “Junge,” which probably started out as a rather nondescript water scene containing a sail boat, some water and a slice of flattened landscape in the background. With some perverted instinct, perhaps cerebrally clothed in what Gertrude Stein terms the “fourth dimension,” or else cramped by a scarcity of canvas, Picabia was unsatisfied and superimposed a head on top of all this. The result of such eccentric tricks is obviously to obscure the painter’s genuine talent.

—“Francis Picabia: Valentine Gallery”

## SEPTEMBER 1970

How did such foreign ideas invade our pragmatic shores? Picabia helped bring them here at the time of the 1913 Armory show. He was one of the few European artists to make the trip (he could afford it). And he held a series of newspaper interviews at the time of the opening, and again several weeks later on the occasion of a one-man exhibition, at Alfred Stieglitz' avant-garde gallery, of watercolors made in New York after his arrival. This series of watercolors is, for me, Picabia's highest accomplishment as a painter, and is central to his subsequent development. His interviews, given prominence in newspapers, were reprinted and widely circulated. He briefly was Mr. Modern Art, and his statements were crucial, I believe, to the evolution of esthetic opinion in this country.

Consider the following: "You of New York should be quick to understand me and my fellow painters. Your New York is the Cubist, the Futurist city. It expresses in its architecture, its life, its spirit, the modern thought."

— "Hello and Goodbye, Francis Picabia,"  
by Philip Pearlstein



ABOVE Francis Picabia, *Femmes au bull-dog*, ca. 1941. TOP Picabia, ca. 1921.



FEB. 10, 2015

We're venturing back to 1915 today, when Dada was raging and Picabia was making his classic mechanical drawings, which often harbor slyly humorous and erotic undertones. This one . . . is from a series of witty portraits that Picabia made of friends and colleagues, in this case the French-American photographer and critic Paul Haviland. . . . The electric lamp embodying Haviland is missing its plug, cut off from its power source . . . a reference to Haviland leaving New York, where he was part of the thriving scene around Stieglitz, to help his father with the family's china business in Limoges, France. He ended up staying there and becoming a gentleman-farmer after his father's death in 1922, cut off from the avant-garde scene of his youth.

— "Picabia Alert #4: A Portrait of Paul Haviland in Zurich," by Andrew Russeth

APRIL 2000

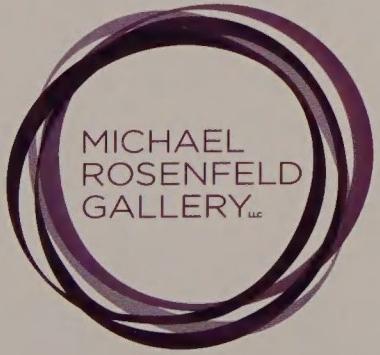
This intriguing exhibition . . . is dedicated to what came later, with more than 25 paintings executed between 1927 and 1951. Some are in another of Picabia's principal styles—the "transparencies." . . . These late works look back to classicism, to Siennese Madonnas, to Picasso, to Marcel Duchamp, and ahead to, especially, [Francesco] Clemente, David Salle, Markus Lüpertz, Sigmar Polke, and Georg Baselitz. Picabia's breadth is evident here, as is his versatility and the strength of his artistic personality.

— "Francis Picabia: Michael Werner,"  
by Barbara A. MacAdam

SUMMER 1984

When critics write of the quick and crude paint sketches of women smoking and staring that [David] Salle began layering onto his paintings, they usually attribute the development to the influence of art-historical sources: to a similar layering in the work of the German painter Sigmar Polke, say, or to the image-dissolve overlapping in the "Transparency" paintings Francis Picabia did in the late '20s. Salle did visit Europe in 1977, but says he never saw a Picabia or a Polke.

— "The Artful Dodger," by Gerald Marzorati



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Alfonso Ossorio (1916-1990), *Exposed Head* (detail), 1966, congregation of mixed media on panel,  
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Yves Klein, *Monique (ANT 59)*, 1960  
Dry pigment and synthetic resin on paper  
mounted on canvas  
30 1/8 x 15 7/8 inches (76.5 x 40.3 cm)  
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